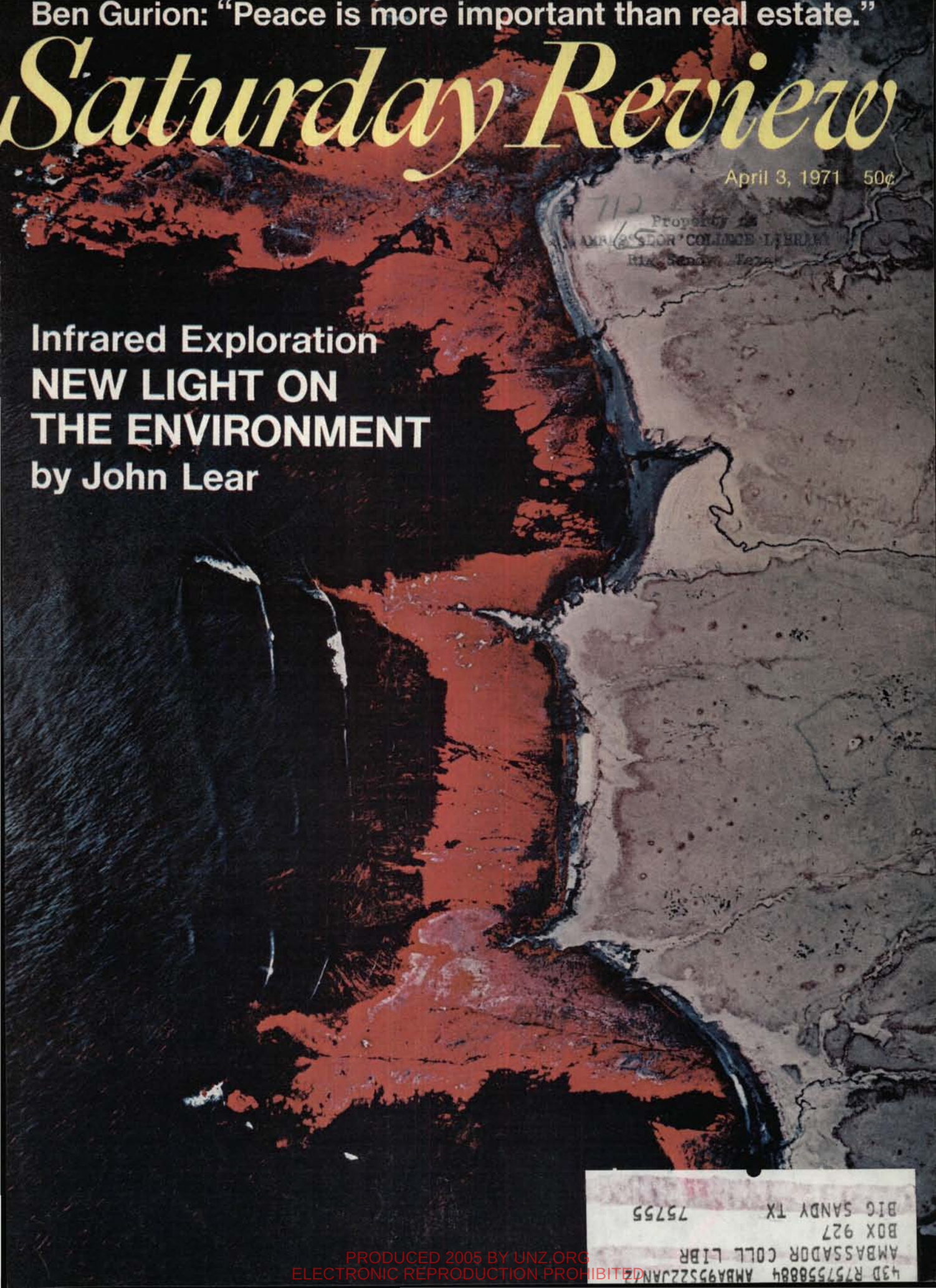
Ben Gurion: "Peace is more important than real estate."

Saturday Review

April 3, 1971 50¢

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Infrared Exploration
NEW LIGHT ON THE ENVIRONMENT
by John Lear



H3D R757558884 AMBA952522JAN
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU SHOULD HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT VEGA.

MOTOR TREND: "We nominate the Chevrolet Vega (for the 1971 Car of the Year Award) because not only is it a new car, but it represents a number of concepts fresh to the American auto industry." (A note: we weren't just nominated—we won. Vega is Motor Trend's Car of the Year.)

"For the money, no other American car can deliver more."

"The base Vega is a magnificent automobile in its own right without any options at all."

CAR AND DRIVER: "Technically, the Vega has the most impressive list of credentials of any American small car."

"It provides an excellent combination of performance and economy."

"Vega is quick and nimble without the sports car harshness most American sedan buyers find objectionable."

". . . a car for all occasions."

CAR LIFE: "The motoring press took an 850-mile trip in three Vegas and three competitors. The Vegas won. The most impressive part of the trip was the phenomenal cornering power of the three Vegas."

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED: "The roadability and handling (of the Vegas) on the GM sports-type car course was excellent, quick and sure. The vinyl-covered bucket seats were extremely comfortable. These cars are easy to get in and out of due to their large doors."

ROAD TEST: "Chevy pulled out the stops on this one. Aluminum ohc engines, four body styles, high-style options put it in a class by itself....The Vega is innovative without being complex."

ROAD & TRACK: "The best-handling passenger car ever built in America."

GARY SPEDOSKE: "I'll take one of each."

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA
CHEVROLET

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATCH UP ON THE BOOKS *you have promised yourself to read...*

AN INVITATION TO READERS
who may have considered membership in the
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

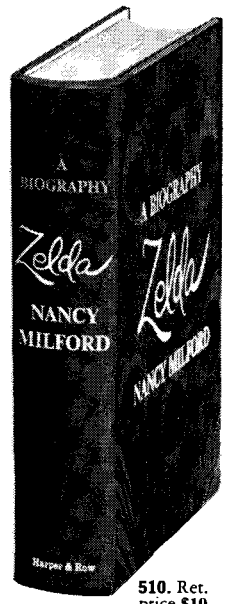
ANY 4 FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within the next twelve months at special members' prices

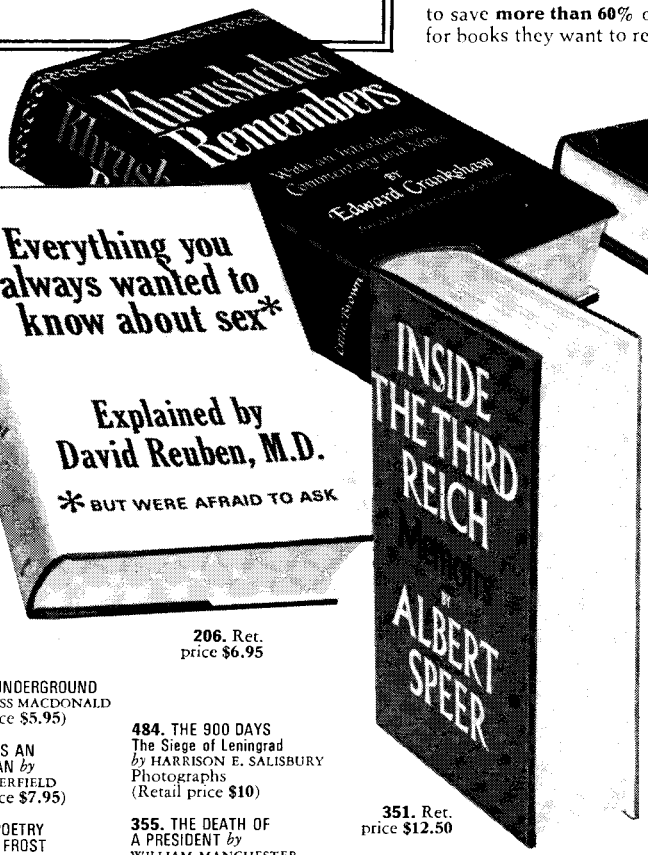
THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will prove, *by your own actual experience,* how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can **keep you from missing** books you fully intend to read.

As long as you remain a member, you will receive, each month, the Book-of-the-Month Club *News,* which describes the monthly Selection as well as scores of other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts—up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical in size, quality and format to the publishers' editions.** If you want the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. However, there is no obligation to purchase any particular volume. If you do not wish the Selection or any other book offered —or if you want one of the Alternates—simply indicate your decision on the form provided each month and mail it so that it is received by the date specified on the form.

If you continue after this experimental membership, you will earn, *for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy,* a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only **$1.00 or $1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes or sets—will entitle you to a Book-Dividend® which you may choose from over 100 fine library volumes available over the year. This unique library-building system, together with the sizable discounts on Selections and Alternates, enables members to save **more than 60%** of what they would otherwise have to pay for books they want to read and own.



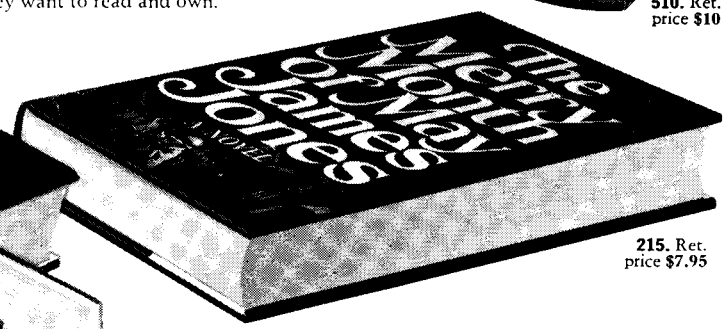
510. Ret. price **$10**



206. Ret. price **$6.95**

531. Ret. price **$10**

351. Ret. price **$12.50**



215. Ret. price **$7.95**

129. THE UNDERGROUND MAN *by* ROSS MACDONALD (Retail price $5.95)

152. GOD IS AN ENGLISHMAN *by* R. F. DELDERFIELD (Retail price **$7.95**)

127. THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST *Edited by* EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM (Retail price **$10.95**)

328. MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS *by* ANTONIA FRASER. Photographs (Retail price **$10**)

123. CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM *by* CHARLES E. SILBERMAN (Retail price **$10**)

431. THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER (Retail price **$15**)

THESE TWO BOOKS COUNT AS ONE CHOICE

200. HOW CHILDREN LEARN *and* HOW CHILDREN FAIL *by* JOHN HOLT (Retail prices total **$9.45**)

484. THE 900 DAYS The Siege of Leningrad *by* HARRISON E. SALISBURY Photographs (Retail price **$10**)

355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT *by* WILLIAM MANCHESTER Charts and maps (Retail price **$10**)

234. THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON Illustrated (Retail price $15)

126. ROOSEVELT: The Soldier of Freedom 1940-1945 *by* JAMES MAC GREGOR BURNS Illustrated (Retail price **$10**)

260. THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS (Retail price **$11**)

103. THE NEW ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM *Edited by* NORMAN LEWIS (Retail price **$5.50**)

580. MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING *by* CHILD, BERTHOLLE, BECK. Illustrated (Retail price **$12.50**)

201. LOVE AND WILL *by* ROLLO MAY (Retail price **$7.95**)

130. THE GRAHAM KERR COOKBOOK *by* THE GALLOPING GOURMET Photographs (Retail price **$7.95**)

529. A WHITE HOUSE DIARY *by* LADY BIRD JOHNSON. Photographs (Retail price **$10.95**)

485. KNOW YOUR ANTIQUES *by* RALPH *and* TERRY KOVEL. Photos (Retail price **$7.95**)

434. SEXUAL POLITICS *by* KATE MILLETT (Retail price **$7.95**)

275. MISS CRAIG'S FACE-SAVING EXERCISES Photos. (Ret. price **$5.95**)

302. ISLANDS IN THE STREAM *by* ERNEST HEMINGWAY (Retail price **$10**)

381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by* WILL *and* ARIEL DURANT. Illustrated (Retail price **$15**)

319. THE COLLAPSE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC: An Inquiry into the Fall of France in 1940 *by* WILLIAM L. SHIRER. Maps (Retail price **$12.50**)

528. CRIME IN AMERICA *by* RAMSEY CLARK (Retail price **$6.95**)

205. PAPILLON *by* HENRI CHARRIERE (Retail price **$8.95**)

110. THE NEW CENTURIONS *by* JOSEPH WAMBAUGH (Retail price **$6.95**)

140. THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER, M.D., 3rd rev. ed. Illus. (Retail price **$9.95**)

530. THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE: The Pentagon of Power *by* LEWIS MUMFORD (Retail price **$12.95**)

161. JOY OF COOKING *by* ROMBAUER *and* BECKER Illus. (Ret. price **$6.95**)

156. STILWELL AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE IN CHINA, 1911-1945 *by* BARBARA W. TUCHMAN Photos. (Ret. price **$10**)

318. RICH MAN, POOR MAN *by* IRWIN SHAW (Retail price **$7.95**)

512. THE WARTIME JOURNALS OF CHARLES A. LINDBERGH. Photos (Retail price **$12.95**)

517. THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE with the Apocrypha Standard Edition (Retail price **$9.95**)

THESE THREE BOOKS COUNT AS ONE CHOICE

174. IN SOMEONE'S SHADOW, LISTEN TO THE WARM, STANYAN STREET & OTHER SORROWS *by* ROD MC KUEN (Ret. prices total **$13.50**)

107. THE WAY THINGS WORK: An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Technology (Retail price **$9.95**)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
280 Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017 **A166-4-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the four volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all four volumes. I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after buying these four books. A postage and handling charge is added to all shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE FOUR BOOKS YOU WANT [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... **1-52**

City & State..... *Zip*.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

A funny thing happened to me while waiting for the speeches to begin at the National Book Award ceremonies. I began to think about my own list of winners in a category I had just invented—consciousness-changing books. It started this way: We didn't have a winner this year, but we did have a strong contender in The Sciences in Ian McHarg's DESIGN WITH NATURE, a brilliant discussion of how urban development can be accommodated without destroying the landscape. Definitely a consciousness-changing book because it makes the reader approach old problems a new way. Thinking about McHarg led me to some of the other books we published in 1970 that fit the category.

SEXUAL POLITICS is one. Published in July, it has been praised to the skies, damned to the depths and reduced one reviewer to such a state of agitation that he had to call on the memory of his mother to help him administer the *coup de grace.*

CELEBRATION OF AWARENESS by Ivan D. Illich is another. Illich's outspoken attacks on establishment theory and practice—particularly in education—are producing new ideas and techniques in many areas. This magazine called Illich "a symbol of the controversies that rack modern man," a description that could serve as well for another of our authors, Daniel Berrigan, whose NO BARS TO MANHOOD we published a few months back, and whose new book, THE DARK NIGHT OF RESISTANCE, will come out this June. There are others, too: Theodore Roszak whose THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE is our paperback best-seller and Hans Küng whose recent INFALLIBLE? is surely raising a number of consciousnesses at the Vatican. I was still running down the list when the winners of the judges trouped on to the stage at Alice Tully Hall. I was pleased with their list of winners. I was pleased with my own too.

L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DESIGN WITH NATURE* ($19.95), by Ian McHarg; SEXUAL POLITICS ($7.95), by Kate Millett; CELEBRATION OF AWARENESS ($5.95), by Ivan D. Illich; NO BARS TO MANHOOD ($5.95) and THE DARK NIGHT OF RESISTANCE ($5.95), by Daniel Berrigan, S. J.; THE MAKING OF A COUNTER CULTURE ($7.95; paperbound, $1.95), by Theodore Roszak; and INFALLIBLE? AN INQUIRY ($5.95), by Hans Küng, are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 436 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018.
*A Doubleday/Natural History Press Book

April 3, 1971

Saturday Review

Cover story, page 53

Infrared Exploration New Light on the Environment

Cover photo: Amchitka Island, the Aleutians, by Geotronics on Kodak Ektachrome Infrared 2443

IDEAS

14 An Interview with David Ben-Gurion by John McCook Roots

17 Holding the Fort on Audubon Terrace by Malcolm Cowley

EDITORIAL

20 Who Dies for What?

BOOKS

23 Alienated, Alienating Victorian Man of Letters by John W. Aldridge, an essay review of "The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford" by Arthur Mizener

23 Index of Books Reviewed

25 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

31 Poetry Quarterly by Daniel Jaffe

ENVIRONMENT

53 Infrared Exploration—New Light on the Environment by John Lear

58 The Prescribed Environment by Harry F. Dowling, M.D.

THE ARTS

THEATER

22 Henry Hewes reviews "The Philanthropist," "Father's Day," and "Abelard and Heloise."

MUSIC

42 Irving Kolodin: Journey with Jenkins; Moser, Pilou, Elias, Price

PHOTOGRAPHY

44 Margaret R. Weiss scans David Finn's varied studies of Henry Moore's "Bridge-Prop."

MOVIES

52 Arthur Knight assesses "THX 1138" and "The Andromeda Strain."

TRAVEL

47 David Butwin roams South Philadelphia's Little Italy.

COLUMNS

6 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

8 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

12 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

18 John Ciardi: "The Graph"

21 Letters to the Editor

GAMES

25 Literary Crypt

26 Your Literary I.Q.

42 Wit Twister

74 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1930

CARTOONISTS: George Dole, John Ruge, Vahan Shirvanian, Bob Schochet, Marvin Tannenberg

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. *Norman Cousins, President and Editor; William D. Patterson,* Executive Vice President and Publisher; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Vice President and Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Vice President-Advertising; Irving Kolodin, Vice President-Programs; Joseph S. Iseman, Secretary; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Advertising Services; Martin A. Blum, Director of Promotion and Research; George Reeves, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $12 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIV, No. 14, April 3, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
© 1971 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.
Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is a simple, easily learned method which makes for vastly increased creativity — quantitative and qualitative. It also makes problem solving a high skill!

There is a diagnostic method which revolutionizes memorization and information retention — for children as well as adults!

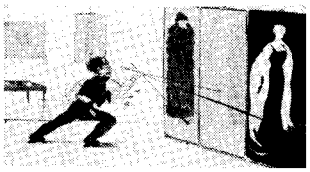
There is an easily learned, special perceptual skill which makes it possible to learn to play chess brilliantly!

A year's intensive work has gone into the first issue of I.Q., the first and only magazine totally concerned with LEARNING. No theory, no academic discussions, no generalized and non-utilizable material. But immediate application material for adults, teenagers, children and infants distilled from all the advanced scientific work which relates to all forms of learning.

I.Q. was designed to serve all learning needs—vocational and avocation—from a comprehensive grasp of computer technology to golf, from motivating young people to continuing education for adults, from intellectual skills to physical skills.

Here is a sampling of articles and features planned for the first issues:

1. Diagnosing peak intellectual activity periods: This is a rarely used temperature test which can precisely identify the time of day which makes for optimum comprehension, retention, and conceptual grasp. It also differentiates times of day best for intellectual performance and times best for rote retention.



2. Compensating for defective schools: There is too much bad teaching, too much teaching methodology inappropriate to the individual child and young adult. When you can't change schools, what do you do? Clear, easy to use diagnostic tests and step-by-step instructions on how to repair damage and increase learning efficiency.

3. Providing infants with Intelligence Maximization: At last, it has been demonstrated that the first months of infancy can minimize or maximize intelligence development. What do you do? What are the clear instructions

which govern parental behavior, the infant environment, the language and message systems which potentiate the infant?

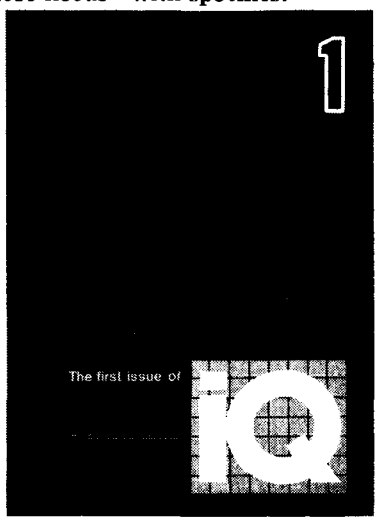
4. Answering the Hunger for Continuing Education: Lists of books are all well and good. But how do you design an authoritative program—better than what is generally available in universities or colleges with continuing education programs? What about new forms of reading skills? What about professional self-testing?

5. The Answer to School Drop-Outs: There has been too much sermonizing and too many generalities. The latest studies agree on the need for diagnosis, short-term motivation techniques, the development of better learning skills. The techniques are reasonably simple—once the problem is identified.

6. New Skills Acquisition in the Middle Years: The problem is not one of learning—but relearning. Remarkable techniques have been available for many years—had somebody cared to put them in such form that anybody could apply them. That form now exists!

I.Q. has planned an almost inexhaustible series of articles, features, tests, devices—all with the learning needs of all components of the general public in mind. It has reached out for the best minds, the most important researchers, the best learning technicians in the world. The only criteria that were set—no theory, no generalities. Readability, usability.

Whatever your learning needs, whatever the learning needs of your family, I.Q. will address itself directly to those needs—with specifics!



The cost of a trial subscription

$6.00 for 6 months

It may be worth $6.00 to learn a brilliant new way to play chess—brilliantly. But what is it worth if you can save your child's intellectual life and your job at the same time?

Nuff said!

P.O. Box 97903
Chicago, Illinois 60690

I enclose $6.00 for a trial, six-issue subscription to I.Q., the only publication devoted exclusively to all forms of learning for everybody.

☐ **Please bill me $12.50 for my one-year subscription to I.Q.**

Name

Address

City State Zip

©I.Q. T.M. Reg. Pend.

SR-4-3

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A two-inch empty pipe
can carry 230,000 telephone conversations.

The pipe is no bigger than your wrist.

Yet what really makes it news is that there's absolutely nothing inside.

Except room for 230,000 simultaneous telephone conversations.

In the years to come, millimeter waveguide pipe will be buried four feet underground. In a larger cradling pipe to give it protection and support.

It'll also have its own amplifying system about every 20 miles. So your voice will stay loud and clear.

Even after 3,000 miles.

Yet this little pipe is capable of carrying a lot more than just conversations.

It can also carry TV shows. Picturephone® pictures. Electrocardiograms. And data between thousands of computers.

All at once.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are always looking for new ways to improve your telephone service.

Sometimes that means developing a better way to use two inches of empty space.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We all have a birthplace to visit!

GREECE

Everyone should return to his origins . . . to pause, to be refreshed. We all have a birthplace to visit, so why not return to Greece where it all began. Andromeda, Oedipus, Agamemnon were born here 3,000 years ago and were immortalized through the dramas of Aeschylus, Euripides and of men who believed that all people share a common humanity that transcends centuries and geography.

Traveline's wide range of tours, itineraries, cruises and package programs have been carefully planned to give the traveler a variety from which to choose according to his time limit and budget. Our 1971 Cruise & Tour Guide is a mini-cyclopedia, comprehensive and fully attuned to the preferences of today's American vacationers visiting Greece, the Eastern Mediterranean and the nations of Western Europe . . . and it's free for the asking!

We also offer all-inclusive tour packages based on the lowest possible air fares of major transatlantic airlines.

For further information, see your travel agent or mail in coupon to:

TRAVELINE INC.
680 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10019
(212) PL 7-0909

Name_____
Street_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____ BS

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Buck Passeth

IN THE THIRD edition of Webster's Unabridged we find this:

"buck, 1: an object formerly used in poker to mark the next player to deal or to deal a jackpot, the winner of each jackpot placing the buck in front of him. . . ."

OK? Now we have the derivation of the colloquialism "passing the buck." It has become a way of life. Especially among teen-agers. So adroit and inventive are they that no youngster, caught up in some procrastination, or delinquency, or even in a barefaced lie, ever says, "You're right, I'm wrong, I'm sorry." Or even the simpler "Mea culpa."

Instead, when a parent confronts a kid, corners him, and is about to convict him of even some minor dereliction, the youngster's mind begins to churn, and out comes a passed buck right off the top of his tousled head. As in:

"Dorothy, your report card is very poor."

"I know, Mother, but I've told you time and again that my math, history, and English teachers all hate me fanatically."

Or: "What do you mean by sneaking in here at eight in the morning? Where were you all night, young man?"

"But, Dad, the prom broke up so late that I simply had to stay over at her apartment, because you wouldn't let me have the car last night."

Extreme buck-passing? Not at all. Factual. No names will be mentioned here, in order to protect the innocent parents, who stand there stunned, only able to ask, "How's that again?" And even on the instant replay the buck that is passed doesn't square.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature—about the only law the current crop respects. In cases like the two cited, any able-minded buck-passing kid knows that it's not the time to tilt at windmills. It's a time to grasp at straws. It's not a time for drowning. It's a time to swim out to the nearest lifeboat. Any port, no matter how ridiculously illogical, in a storm.

As they stand there with angel wings sprouting from their shoulders, with halos materializing overhead, the children have thrown themselves on the mercy of the court, hoping for sympathy and absolution. The Untouchables.

The schoolgirl, having skillfully passed the buck, has now become a demilitarized zone. The prom boy pictures himself as the victim of an act of God. In their books, if anyone deserves corporal punishment, it's the three teachers and the father.

The girl with those bad grades is certain her teachers hate the jib of her mini and the falseness of her lashes. Never mind the fact that she hasn't cracked a book or shown the slightest interest in math, history, or English.

The boy who was refused the car thinks of himself as a prisoner in his own home; his father is the jailer and the keeper of the car keys. Never mind that the last time he took the car he crashed into the garage door. And besides, he doesn't have a driver's license.

And then there's the double-play buck-pass. For instance, the cute little angel with the long lashes is asked by her math teacher to stay over a moment after class. That was the same day Dorothy was called on to answer a math problem. She rose and said, "The square what of what, Miss Conly?"

The confrontation: "Dorothy," says kindly old Miss Conly, "you are a very pretty and bright girl. I feel certain you could get passing grades in math, if only you did your homework every evening."

"Oh, Miss Conly, I do try to do my homework. But you simply don't realize what it's like to live with two parents who have the TV set going full blast every night. I get up-tight sitting upstairs in my room trying to study with all that noise from their television set! There's just no way. What's a girl to do?"

The double whammy! And never mind that she has the same program going on her private little Sony upstairs. That's the root of her having asked, "The square what of what?"

However, buck-passing is not an invention of the young. They latched on to it after watching men in public office to whom the buck has been passed but who refuse to deal with the problem and so pass the buck to another player. As in:

"It's not Nixon's war; he inherited it from President Johnson." Or, "I know he said in 1968 he had a plan to get out of the war in South Vietnam. And he did. But his generals didn't tell him we'd have to get out through Cambodia and Laos."

The only truly honest buck-passing these days is Flip Wilson's: "The devil made me do it!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Did Book Find Find?

In October 1970, the Book Find Club's main selection was "The Lost Crusade" by Chester Cooper—an insider's comprehensive account of the U.S. political and military experience in Vietnam.

In November, "Nixon Agonistes," Garry Wills's brilliant and provocative "psycho-biography" of the President.

In December, "Crisis in the Classroom," by Charles Silberman, the superbly researched critique of the American educational system.

In January 1971, Charles Reich's "The Greening of America," the highly controversial probe into the new world of "Consciousness III."

In February, "The Military Establishment," by Adam Yarmolinsky, a major work on the single most powerful establishment in our society.

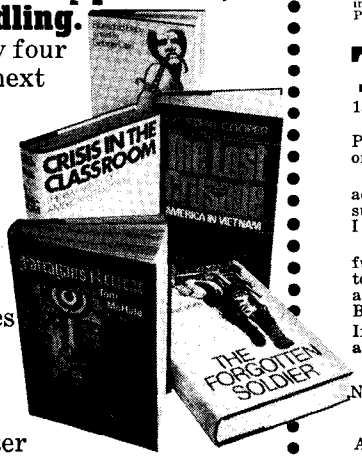
In March, The Book Find Club offered two powerful new novels. "Farragan's Retreat," by Tom McHale, a highly acclaimed trip into the farthest, wildest reaches of contemporary fiction. And "Blueschild Baby," by George Cain, a first novel by a young black man who lived through the hell of prisons and narcotics that he writes about.

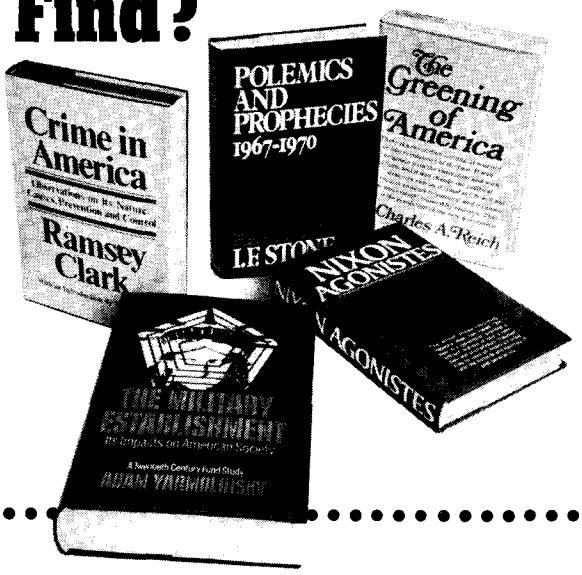
We believe these books tell you what the Book Find Club is all about. It is a thoroughly modern book club whose editors are dedicated to finding the books that speak to the issues of our time. Books that shed new light on the human condition of today. Books that run the gamut from the hilarious "Radical Chic and Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers" by Tom Wolfe to "Crime in America" by Ramsey Clark, from "The Wheel of Love" by Joyce Carol Oates to "Polemics and Prophesies" by I. F. Stone. If these books, these issues, this diversity are important to you, we invite you to become a trial member of the Book Find Club.

Select any three books on this page for the special introductory price of $1. plus postage and handling.

You need then purchase only four additional selections in the next year, all at special members' prices, substantially below the regular list prices of the books. (You will also be eligible, starting with your first regular selection, to buy bonus books at a fraction of the regular prices from the Book Find list of bonus books.)

You may cancel your membership at any time after buying these four books.





☐ **866. Farragan's Retreat.** Tom McHale. A wildly imaginative comedic novel that mines the Irish Catholic social lode. Pub. ed. $6.95

☐ **425. The Greening of America.** Charles A. Reich. A reasoned analysis of the alienation of our youth, a provocative prophecy of our future. Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **869. The Forgotten Soldier.** Guy Sajer. Vividly gripping account of a young German soldier's experiences on the Eastern Front in WW II. Pub. ed. $8.95

☐ **842. Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers.** Tom Wolfe. Uproarious chronicle by the pop stylist on Blacks, Bureaucrats and the Beautiful People. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **841. Crime in America.** Ramsey Clark. Confronts head-on one of the most emotional and fear-charged domestic issues. Pub. ed. $6.95

☐ **865. Blueschild Baby.** George Cain. A first novel hailed in the N.Y. Times Book Review as "the most important work of fiction by an Afro-American since Native Son." Pub. ed. $6.95

☐ **423. Nixon Agonistes.** Gary Wills. The probing book about the character of Richard M. Nixon. Pub. ed. $10.00

☐ **870. America and Russia in a Changing World.** W. Averell Harriman. The great diplomat's own story of personal relations, conferences, inside experiences. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **424. Crisis in the Classroom.** Charles E. Silberman. Outspoken indictment of the nation's public schools. Pub. ed. $10.00

☐ **845. The Wheel of Love.** Joyce Carol Oates. Newest collection of short stories on the many facets of love by the National Book Award winner. Pub. ed. $6.95

☐ **502. The Military Establishment.** Adam Yarmolinsky. The scope, the depth, the impact of the military on American society. Pub. ed. $10.00

☐ **867. Polemics and Prophesies 1967-70.** I. F. Stone. Insightful journalism by "Washington's conscience." Pub. ed. $10.00

☐ **872. Decision.** Richard Harris. The absorbing narrative of the successful struggle to defeat the nomination of Carswell to the Supreme Court. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **873. Crazy Sundays.** Aaron Latham. Newly researched and well-written book on F. Scott Fitzgerald's adventures in Hollywood. Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **861. Super Spectator and the Electric Lilliputians.** William O. Johnson, Jr. A behind-the-tube look at the billion-dollar business of sports broadcasting. Pub. ed. $6.95

☐ **422. The Lost Crusade.** Chester L. Cooper. An insider's comprehensive account of American intervention in Vietnam. Pub. ed. $12.00

☐ **421. "R.F.K. Must Die!"** Robert Blair Kaiser. Detailed story of the Robert Kennedy assassination, in-depth study of Sirhan. Pub. ed. $9.95

☐ **419. Sisterhood is Powerful.** Robin Morgan. Anthology of influential writings from the Women's Lib movement. Pub. ed. $8.95

☐ **416. The Age of Aquarius.** William Braden. Significant analysis of the struggle between humanists and technologists. Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **816. My Lai 4.** Seymour Hersh. Complete account of the tragic Vietnam massacre. Pub. ed. $5.95

☐ **807. Malcolm X.** John Henrik Clarke. 21 writers discuss the "prophet." Pub. ed. $7.95

☐ **813. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask.** David Reuben, M.D. Pub. ed. $6.95

☐ **808. Civilisation.** Lord Kenneth Clark. The great exploration of Western history and culture illustrated through man's creative works. Pub. ed. $15.00 (Counts as 2 books)

The Book Find Club.

132 West 43rd Street, New York 10036

Please send me the 3 books I've checked in the boxes above and bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. (Civilisation counts as 2 books.)

Also enroll me as a trial member of the Book Find Club. I need accept as few as 4 additional selections in the next 12 months, always at substantial savings off the publisher's price, plus shipping and handling. I may cancel at any time thereafter.

I understand that I will receive the free Book Find News, which fully describes each month's selections and alternates. If I do not wish to receive a current selection, or I wish an alternate instead, I may advise you by using the convenient reply card provided with each Book Find News.

If I do want the current selection, I need do nothing and it will be automatically sent to me.

Name_____
(please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

SR-210

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The New Calendar

ONCE AGAIN they've passed a law while our boys were Over There. Certainly you've noticed that February 22nd was celebrated on Monday the 15th? (And in my desk calendar the 15th is marked "Washington's birthday." Surely not the fault of an over-paternalistic Congress.) A few other fiestas have been moved to Monday, and, since we now have these worthwhile changes under way, let's hope they will go the whole hog.

If a birthday can be moved, certainly it's not too much of a trick to move a couple of months around. Starting at the logical place, why should January be the beginning of the new year? *Nothing* starts in January, not your car, not your blood, not a flower. It is a singularly nothing month. Any fool knows that the year starts around March. All right, April. Don't jump to a conclusion, please. I have no intention of calling April "January." I want the year to start there, but, like everybody else, I'm bored to death with the *word* January. It's named after some mythological whatever who never existed, and isn't it time we stopped that sort of thing? So January (April) will now be called Spring. (Don't worry, I'm coming to that.) Spring will be followed by May, because I like the sound of it, and then will come Jane, Juliet, Thermidore, December, Cider, Brrrr, November (because it's the ninth month), Forgetit, Miami, and Gusto.

The days of the week shall be changed, in order, to: Sunbeam, Washday, Tricia, Pierre, Five, TGIF, and Doubletime. These are so obviously self-explanatory that there's no need to bore you with reasons.

The seasons must be changed too. On the New Calendar (and I hate that word, something should be done) the first season will be known as April. The reason for this is that April is a beautiful word and deserves to be around longer. April will now last through the months of Spring, May, and Jane. After the season of April come Vacation, Brumaire, and Kringle. Brumaire means foggy, or some such, and Kringle sounds so jolly I'm sure there's no argument *there.*

Having come this far, the next thing to do is to rename the numbers from one to ten. Those suggested here should please one and all, young and old alike. Ready? Ugg, boo, thrip, quantico, tink, si, zebulon, ork, neek, and dixie.

Now these little suggestions may strike a few folks over thirty as being on the rash side, but it truly isn't so. Nothing actually changes except for the better. For example, Oh to be in England now that April's there actually gives you two extra months in London, etc., etc.

By the bye, Washington's birthday (original) under the old system would be the 22nd of February, 1971. Under the new, improved method, it comes out to be the boo boo of Forgetit, Ugg Neek Zebulon Ugg.

All power to the People! (And a little to Con Edison.) —HENRY MORGAN.

Stomach Trouble Is My Business

Poirot chuckled discreetly.
—AGATHA CHRISTIE.

Inspector Alleyn cleared his throat politely. —NGAIO MARSH.

THE Assistant Commissioner coughed rackingly. The District Commissioner blew his nose painfully.

"What we've got, then—," began the AC. He doubled over in a choking fit.

"In police stations throughout England—," said the DC. He gasped for breath.

"Is a wave—"

The AC straightened slowly.

"Of coughing—"

The DC breathed carefully through his mouth.

"Nose-blowing—"

In a corner, Sergeant Ort's stomach rumbled.

"Stomach-rumbling—"

The AC wondered why Sergeant Ort's stomach rumbled all the time. It must be something he ate.

"English cooking—"

Rain dashed against the window. The AC wondered why rain was always dashing against the window.

"English weather—"

The telephone rang.

"Our wives—"

A second telephone rang.

"Calling up to complain—"

Sergeant Ort, in the corner, unobtrusively drank a pint bottle of gin.

"What's it all mean?" shouted the DC.

The room was silent except for the sounds of the telephones and the rain and catarrh and post-nasal drip and defective steam heat and broken plumbing.

"I'm afraid it's pretty clear," the AC said.

"You mean—?" the DC said.

Outside in the yard two camouflaged vans collided futilely.

"No more discreet chuckling," said the AC. "No more polite throat-clearing."

Sergeant Ort inconspicuously drank a pint bottle of rum.

"No," said the DC.

The DC wheezed. The AC snuffled. Sergeant Ort burped giddily.

"What we've got here," said the AC wearily, "is the new realism of the English detective story."

—GEOFFREY BUSH.

Just Slip Me a Fin

I'D LIKE to put in a good word for fish. First came the fuss about mercury in tuna. Now swordfish are getting a bad name. Any day now Ralph Nader may condemn filet of sole.

But if fish become posthumously undesirable, it's not their fault, it's ours. Let's face it: The fish image has never been good. Don't we call untrustworthy people "fish-eyed"? Doesn't a nasty situation "smell fishy"? Why, even Franklin D. Roosevelt got easy laughs out of "Martin, Barton, and Fish."

Meanwhile, fish just keep swimming around, letting their profile go to hell. They never even bother to hire a dolphin as a spokesman. They just watch us complaining about the price of lobster, putting parsley and lemon butter on our halibut, and waiting for the end of Lent.

Other non-humans, of course, have pressure groups. But did you ever hear of a club of *fish*-watchers? Or a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fish? This despite the fact that sardines are crowded into cans like subway passengers.

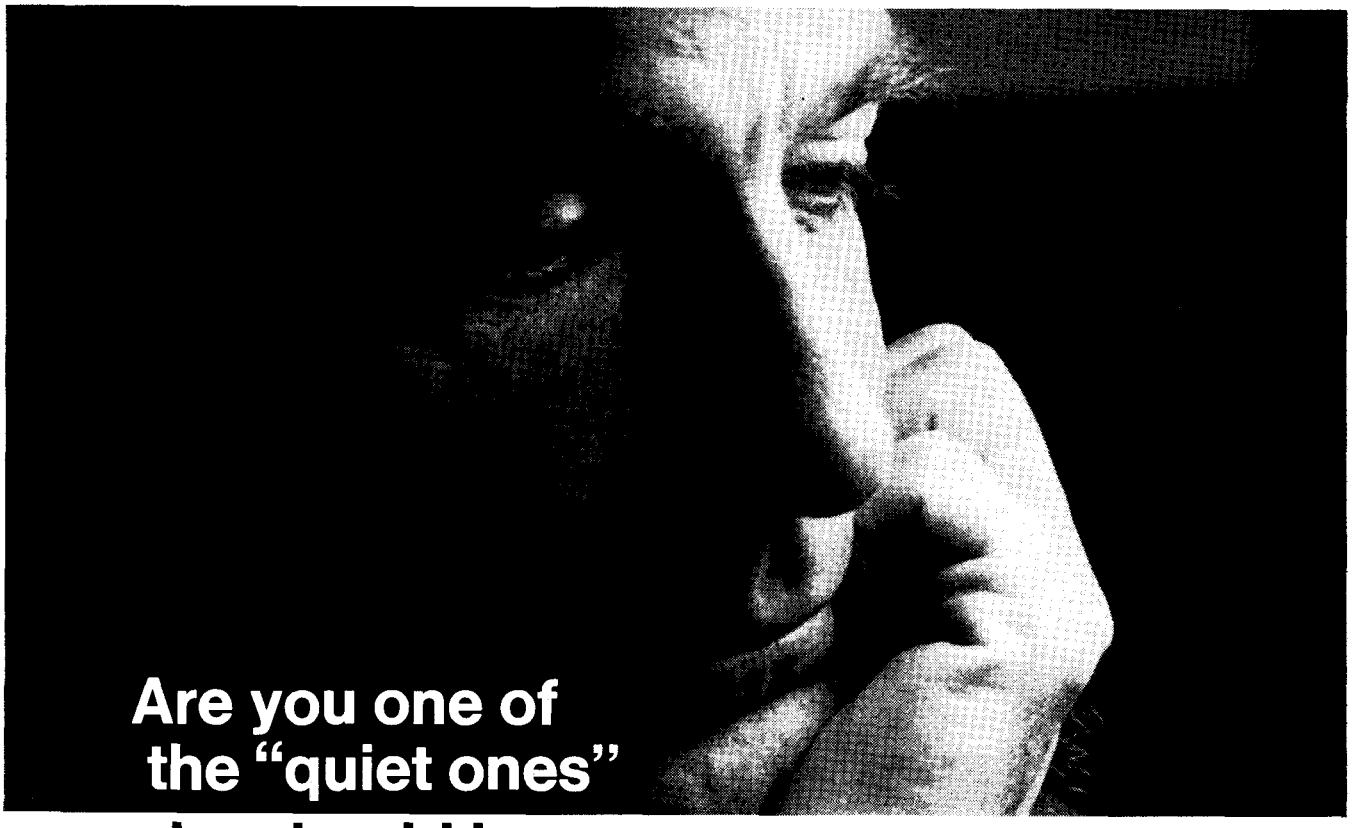
Take the literary scene. Look at Lassie. And Dick Whittington's cat. Look at the break lions got in *Born Free.* Even the mongooses had Kipling as a press agent to plug them. But when it comes to fish heroes, all you're left with is Moby Dick, a real bad fella. And, anyway, he was a mammal.

True, Hemingway had some fish in *The Old Man and the Sea.* But they were just there to play straight to the Old Man. Besides, they got no billing in the title. What would have been so wrong with "The Old Man, the *Fish,* and the Sea"?

So, I'm starting a lobby. Our slogan is "Fish Are Delish." Maybe it's no "Gay Is Proud," but it'll do for openers.

—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Are you one of the "quiet ones" who should be a writer?

Often, it's the quiet ones who have the most to say. Who are less quick to speak because they choose their words with care. Who shun small talk in favor of ideas more deeply felt, more sharply seen.

These quiet ones have an inner quality which may find its fullest expression in the world of writing. Indeed, some of the finest novelists and poets, some of the most successful journalists and playwrights, are people of an essentially quiet nature.

If you are usually reserved in a crowd . . . a bit detached from the others . . . you may well have the kind of sensitivity that is the sign of a writer. You may be bottling up a talent that could change your life.

Now, there is a way to find out whether you're one of the fortunate "quiet ones." Simply send for our free writing Aptitude Test. When you return it, we'll grade it for you—also free—and tell you whether you have some of the abilities necessary to take up writing.

A plan to help others

Famous Writers School was created over 10 years ago to help people like you make your voices heard . . . to help promising amateurs learn how to write. The famous authors who founded the School have all had long and successful careers—now they're offering to pass along to you what they learned. Naturally the famous authors themselves don't actually grade your papers. But they created the materials for the course and developed the method of teaching.

The School is geared to your individual needs . . . your personal working habits. You learn at home...in your spare time... at your own pace. Your instructors go over your manuscripts word by word, line by line, blue-penciling them exactly as an editor would. Along with these on-the-page corrections, they also send you detailed letters, containing further suggestions for improving your work.

Many students sell their writing

Such concentrated attention often shows results. No one can promise success, but many of the School's students have been able to sell their writing.

Glen Evans of Cos Cob, Conn., writes, "Until I signed up for the Famous Writers Fiction Course, the itch to write seemed a vague urge. Now it has become a way of life. I've sold twenty-one short stories, two confession stories and eight feature articles to fourteen national publications. I am on my way, thanks to your School."

"I have received a formal commission to co-author a book," says Gerald C. Frewer of Cape Kennedy, Fla. "Famous Writers School was, perhaps, the greatest contributing factor in my becoming better equipped to deal with such a project. Thanks to your School, the year ahead appears to be shaping up . . . rewarding and fruitful."

Free Aptitude Test offered

If you've been keeping quiet about your talent, here's a chance to do something with it. The first step is to mail the postpaid card for the free writing Aptitude Test. We'll send along with it an illustrated brochure telling you all about the School. There is no obligation, of course. (If card is missing, use the handy coupon below.)

The Guiding Faculty of the Famous Writers School:

Faith Baldwin, John Caples, Bruce Catton, *Bennett Cerf, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans,* Rudolf Flesch, J. R. Radcliff, Rod Serling, Max Shulman, Red Smith, Mark Wiseman, Phyllis McGinley, Clifton Fadiman, Paul Engle.

FW An educational service of FAS International, Inc.

Famous Writers School
Dept. W-5258, Westport, Conn. 06880

I want to know if I have writing aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and illustrated brochure.

Mr.
Mrs.....Age.....
Miss [Circle one and please print]

Street.....Apt. #....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW PAPERBOUND EDITION

Esoteric Christianity

by Annie Besant

■ In this well-known work, originally published in 1901, Dr. Besant presents her thesis on Christianity's esoteric truths and on how the understanding of them can enrich the reading of the Christian Scriptures. Dr. Besant, a remarkable woman on the world scene around the turn of the century, was a great reformer, educator, student of comparative religion, and author of many books on metaphysical and religious subjects. Printed many times in the past 70 years, *Esoteric Christianity* is now issued as a Quest paperbound, 277 pp. $1.95

Also in cloth at $3.25

At bookstores *or postpaid from* Quest Books Dept. SR, Box 270, Wheaton, IL 60187. *Free—Spring Quest descriptive list.*

Picture? Snap! Its computerized shutter assures perfect exposure in B/W or color. Automatically. Gift yourself! Get the picture?

MINOX® C

The new electronic camera you never leave at home.

MINOX COMPANY A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Political Note—via the Associated Press from Alice Rowan of Denver, Colorado:

> HELENA, Mont.—During debate in the Montana House of Representatives over a bill that would give full adulthood to 18-year-olds, Rep. Henry Cox, R-Billings, asked:
>
> "Do adults have as much fun in adultery as infants do in infancy?
>
> "Of course the answer is no," he went on, as laughter broke out.

Nervous laughter, we presume. Elsewhere on the same general subject, many readers, of whom Patricia Wakefield of Helotes, Texas, was first, sent us our Advertisement of the Week, from *Rudder*:

> SHALLOW-DRAFT CRUISER
>
> "The uncommon boat for the uncommon man," is Kenner's comment on its new 35' Rum Runner, a swift, shallow-draft cruiser with a look all its own. Powered by a single 210-hp sterndrive, the modified-V hull runs at 24 mph and turns quickly enough to scoot right back on its own wake, according to the builder. Draft is 12" with drive unit raised. A pilothouse with big windows is forward; below are berths for sex in cabins fore and aft.

Welcome abroad. Meanwhile, Betty Haselden of Newport News, Virginia, made our week on the eating-out front with her story on the Hotel Warwick from the Newport News-Hampton Roads *Times-Herald*:

> From near the turn of the century to a dozen years into it, the Warwick was the epitome of elegance in dining.
>
> The original dining room was on the second floor of the old building that was destroyed by fire in November, 1961. You reached it by elevator or by a cranberry jelly and lettuce and tomato salad.

With everybody, of course, dressing. Finally, on the book front, not one but three publishers—Harper & Row, Stein & Day, and Praeger—are all bringing out biographies of the great Russian novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. And, as if that weren't enough, all three books about the author of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *The Cancer Ward*, and *The First Circle*, written by different people, bear exactly the same title—*Solzhenitsyn*.

Gee, if only *one* of them could have added the "Aleksandr."

During the week we met with Muki Tsur, the Israeli editor who, together with fifteen other editors, assembled that remarkable book *The Seventh Day* (Scribner's, $6.95)— one which is subtitled "Soldiers' Talk About the Six-Day War."

"To see it in the form of a book," Mr. Tsur told us, "is strange. It was not for a book. We did it because people who came back from the war literally couldn't speak about it. They would just sit silent and sad. We thought that it was important, while it was still fresh in their minds, to give them at least the possibility of expressing themselves. We did not want only the taste of victory to be expressed. We wanted to record for ourselves that even the biggest victory was for us a sad and even an evil experience.

"Originally," Mr. Tsur went on, "it was to be just taped discussions. We didn't know what we were going to do with them. Even after we had hundreds of tapes, we still had no plans—only to have discussions. But after a while, because so many people wanted to hear the tapes and it wasn't practical to have them hear them any other way, we decided to have it printed.

"Then, even after we had it all printed, we still had no idea of making it available outside the kibbutz movement. We still wanted it to be an intimate thing. But then after a while it began circulating among the Israeli people. In the beginning we had asked only the kibbutz for money for the payment of printing. But soon there was a real publisher in Israel, then an English translation was published, first in Israel and then in England, and now it's published over here."

There are still many kibbutzim, Mr. Tsur continued, that don't agree with the book. First of all, there are many that don't agree with the basic idea that it was a good thing to put in the feeling of soldiers killing, the morale of the soldiers, the feeling of soldiers in battle, and so on. "I myself changed my views about the book. The book opens with a short piece I wrote about an old man with whom I was sitting on guard duty by the kibbutz fence. 'Wherever I go,' he said, 'war follows me.' Later his own son was killed—in that Israeli sub that just disappeared from the face of the earth. The man still believes his son is alive. I felt very strangely. For months I could not open the book.

"Also, it's very different—because these people are speaking, not writing, and when you read speech it is very

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

different from reading writing. Afterwards, some of them would say, 'I didn't say that.' But at the time, they did.

"It was difficult, too, when the book arrived at the censors' office. Some of them were very critical. That started up a whole other discussion. Big commanders fought about it—and again, about whether or not the book should be done in the first place."

We asked him what his job was in the kibbutz. "I had so many," he said. "I was a gardener, I was a teacher, I was a waiter." For the first time he smiled. "You'd better say 'chief waiter.' One day an American wanted to introduce me, and he asked me what I did. I told him I worked in the kitchen. He introduced me as 'chief dietician.'"

Where did you fight? we asked him. "Right in my own kibbutz," he said. "It was a great luxury to be able to fight in your own kibbutz. And it was the best place. You know where your children are, and where your wife is, and what is more she knows where you are."

We asked him about the current peace negotiations. Was Israel going to make a concession? "Is it," he asked us back, "a concession to sign a peace? I would like to see a compromise. But, as somebody says in *The Seventh Day*, I don't want to go to war every ten years. If somebody has a compromise for us that will prevent this, that's fine."

How did he feel about the Palestine Liberation Front? "I would say," he said slowly, "there are two levels. One is the level of principle. The other is the level of propaganda. When the discussion is on the level of principle, I would like the Palestinian to understand that just as I recognize his motivation to express the liberation of his people, so I would ask him to recognize my motivation to exist.

"We can't imagine," he continued, "the Middle East without the Arabs, but the Arab apparently can imagine the Middle East without us. If he would just understand the tragedy of this, I should think we could arrive at some agreement."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1929)

(LOUIS) KRONENBERGER:
THE CUTTING EDGE

One can almost agree with the then greatest personage in England, the Duke of Wellington, when a man stopped him in the street and said: "Mr. Robinson, I believe." "If you believe that," said the duke, "you'd believe anything."

"I thought my medicine bill was high until I considered what I received."

A young mother of three thinks about her family's bill for drug products and wonders what might have happened without them.

When I totaled up a year's medical bills, I found a family of five can use a lot of medicines.

Then I began checking back to see where the money went. There were Barbara's immunizations . . . and I can't feel bad about that. I'm old enough to remember when polio, for instance, was a real crippler.

Then there was the time Bob threw his back out. The medicines really gave him relief from the pain. The flu missed us . . . and I guess we should give the vaccine credit. And our doctor did come up with something that stopped those miserable headaches of mine. They were a nightmare while they lasted.

I had almost forgotten about the scare we had with Jimmy's ears. The doctor said it was a serious infection . . . something that could have deafened him for life. The antibiotic he prescribed cleared it up in a few days.

I've read somewhere that the average American spends about eighteen dollars a year at the pharmacy for prescriptions. Of course, our medicine bill for last year was higher than that . . . but, when I consider the values received, I've got to feel it was worth the money. We spent a lot more just patching up the old car and never thought twice about it.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review
April 3, 1971

David Ben-Gurion talks about Israel and the Arabs...

"Peace Is More Important than Real Estate"

by JOHN McCOOK ROOTS

Amid the imponderables of a Middle East thrown violently out of focus by the death of President Nasser, one towering personality remains—Israel's legendary elder statesman, David Ben-Gurion, father of the Jewish state, for fifteen years its iron-handed first Prime Minister, author of its declaration of independence, creator of its incomparable armed forces, and possibly the closest our age has come to the "philosopher-king" concept immortalized by his favorite author, Plato.

Today, when the question of conquered Arab territories has become a key issue, Ben-Gurion's forthright views on the terms and spirit of the final settlement assume a unique importance. Long enough out of office to see beyond the battle, yet intimately involved with the struggle for survival whose guidelines he originally laid down, the architect of Israel's rebirth as a nation speaks from a wealth of experience possessed by none of the current leaders on either side. Most Arab heads of state were figuratively in knee pants when Ben-Gurion first became a world figure. Most of those in the present Israeli cabinet are his pupils.

Recently I spent an afternoon with this remarkable man at his desert retreat—kibbutz Sde Boker—deep in the Negev. With Nasser's funeral rites in Cairo still a vivid memory, I wanted to know how Nasser's long-time rival envisaged the future of the Middle East. I was also anxious to probe the questing mind that, during early Egyptian air raids, immersed itself in the Greek and Chinese classics, to see if there might be found wisdom to illumine some of the confusions of the world scene.

The omens for peace were not auspicious. Israel's resolute Prime Minister Golda Meir, herself a Ben-Gurion protégée, was still insisting that her country would never re-enter negotiations until the controversial Soviet-Egyptian anti-aircraft missiles had been moved back from the Suez cease-fire zone. Egypt's new President, Colonel Anwar Sadat, now firmly in the saddle, had responded by declaring once more that in that case a fresh round of fighting was inevitable. To Western reporters familiar with the long-embittered fears, frustrations, cynicism, and pent-up fury in both Jerusalem and Cairo, this dismal routine of charge and counter-charge, so happily broken for a few days by Secretary Rogers's summer truce proposal, appeared to offer no hope whatever for the peace both sides longed for so deeply and needed so much.

What did Ben-Gurion think about it all? The stocky figure, encased in a huge, gray turtle-neck sweater against the desert's winter chill, shot upright in his chair. The leonine head, massive atop the sturdy torso and crowned by the familiar aureole of now-thinning white hair, thrust close to mine. The blue eyes blazed as a stabbing forefinger punctuated his fluent, heavily accented English.

"Peace, *real* peace, is now the great necessity for us," he said. "It is worth almost any sacrifice. To get it, we must return to the borders before 1967. If I were still Prime Minister, I would announce that we are prepared to give back all the territory occupied in the Six-Day War except East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights—Jerusalem for history's sake, the Golan for security."

These were startling and controversial views. With the future of his country at stake, and considering the tough public line of his own government, did he really wish to go on record as strongly as this?

"Certainly," he shot back. "I am a realist and see things as they are. When I think of the future of Israel, I only consider the country before the Six-Day War. We must return to 1967. We should give all gains back, except Jerusalem and the Golan, and these we should negotiate about." Then, as if anticipating the obvious query: "Sinai? Sharm el Sheikh? Gaza? The West Bank? Let them go. Peace is more important than real estate. We don't need the territory. With proper irrigation we now have enough land right here in the Negev to care for all the Jews in the world—if they come. And they certainly will not all come. No, we don't require more land.

"As for security, militarily defensible borders, while desirable, cannot by themselves guarantee our future. *Real* peace with our Arab neighbors—mutual trust and friendship—that is the only true security."

Ben-Gurion, who studiously avoids political discussions, smiled at mention of the Gahal hard-liners whose clamor for even more territory than that gained in 1967 led last summer to their rejection of the American peace plan and resignation from the government.

"Of course," he conceded, gesturing toward a picture of Abraham Lincoln on the wall, "these frontiers I have indicated would be, from our point of view, far from ideal. But a bad peace is better than a good war."

Asked if others in his country now felt the same, he replied, "Yes. Many."

Regarding the question of the Arab refugees, Ben-Gurion believes two things: first, that the Jews cannot be allowed to become a minority in their own country; second, that the refugees clearly have rights which have been

JOHN McCOOK ROOTS, foreign correspondent, author, and editor, has been a close observer of Middle Eastern affairs for more than thirty years.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Photo E. F. Ilani

Ben-Gurion with the author—"Sinai? Sharm el Sheikh? Gaza? The West Bank? Let them go."

far too long denied and must be justly and promptly dealt with.

Concerning the first factor, Ben-Gurion recalled how Chaim Weizmann in 1931 lost his position as head of world Zionism "because he said that Jews would not need a majority in Israel." He quickly added, "Hitler changed his mind." As for the second, Ben-Gurion repeated again and again: "Remember, this land belongs to two peoples—the Arabs of Palestine and the Jews of the world." Undoubtedly, in his view, the unequivocal return of Gaza and the West Bank would contribute to a climate of conciliation in which this extremely thorny issue might be resolved.

Still ruddy and fit after nearly three-quarters of a century devoted to the Zionist cause, Israel's former leader has lived quietly at Sde Boker since his retirement from the government in 1963. The death of his wife Paula two years ago was a searing personal loss. But he maintains close touch with events, keeps in trim with a three-mile walk twice a day, and devotes most of his time to work on his memoirs. Only Friday afternoons are available for friends and visitors. Appointments are rigidly controlled through the Tel Aviv office of his one-time aide Defense Minister Moshe Dayan.

The memoirs will be his legacy to the nation he brought into being. The first volume, now complete, covers events to 1933. "But so much happens after that," he quips, "that from then on it may have to be a volume a year!"

The former Prime Minister, long known as the country's leading "hawk," sees no conflict between his present advocacy of territorial withdrawal and his handling of the traumatic Suez crisis of 1956. At that time, in defiance of world opinion, he invaded Sinai, wiped out the hostile fedayeen bases at Gaza, secured the Red Sea outlet by seizing Sharm el Sheikh, and clung to his gains against massive pressure from the United States and the U.N. "If you offer me a choice," he had explained, "between all the ideals in the world, however attractive, and the security of Israel, I would unhesitatingly choose the latter."

Finally, at the last possible moment, after he had made his point and upon receipt of "assurances" from Washington that there would be an easing of the implacable Arab hostility toward his new state, there were a graceful yielding to the inevitable, a general withdrawal order, and an appreciative word from President Eisenhower.

Much of Israel's seeming intransigence today derives from the aftermath of this first withdrawal from conquered Sinai. A senior Foreign Office official in Jerusalem will cite you chapter and verse why Mrs. Meir, then Ben-Gurion's Foreign Minister and chief U.N. spokesman, feels her country was betrayed at that time by the Americans.

"These 'assurances' and 'assumptions' on which our 1956-57 withdrawal was based," he remarks bitterly, "proved meaningless. There was no change in the Arab attitude. Our ships continued to be banned from the canal. The U.N. force at Sharm el Sheikh, it is true, gave us for a while free passage through the gulf. But exactly ten years later U Thant, on Nasser's demand, suddenly pulled his men out, and we had no alternative but to reoccupy Sinai. Then, following the Six-Day War, came the 'Three No's' of the Arab summit at Khartoum—'no recognition of Israel; no negotiation with Israel; no peace with Israel.'"

That position has now changed dramatically. Last spring Secretary Rog-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers launched his peace initiative. In July President Nasser, confounding the skeptics, accepted the Rogers formula. By so doing, the Egyptian leader executed a spectacular reversal of the Arab position. He disavowed by implication all three "no's," repudiated his own repeated refusal to negotiate while his country was under occupation, risked personal assassination at the hands of the enraged Palestinian commandos, and, at his death in September, left as a legacy to his successors the reluctant but firm Arab acceptance of a permanent Jewish state in the Middle East.

Nasser thus introduced a new factor into the current deadlock. Ever since the three-year-old U.N. resolution stipulating *both* Israeli withdrawal from its 1967 war gains *and* Arab recognition of Israel, the heart of the Middle East problem has been a simple matter of trust. In essence, it has been the problem of achieving simultaneous compliance with the terms of the resolution by antagonists who hate, fear, and deeply distrust each other and who therefore each insist that the other act first.

The late Egyptian President's contribution to resolving this dilemma was what amounted to a declaration of intent: If Israel withdrew, Arab recognition would follow. First stated publicly in May to Professor Roger Fisher of Harvard in a little-noted television interview, the declaration was officially confirmed by Nasser's "yes" to Secretary Rogers in July. On December 23, in a talk with James Reston of *The New York Times*, President Sadat repeated in substance the Nasser formula, and during a *Newsweek* interview in February, Sadat made the offer of a peace treaty explicit.

Israel, however, had not been heard from beyond the references to "safe, secure borders." Official definition of these borders is of course virtually impossible to achieve outside the conference room. Yet the absence of some declaration of intent, coupled with an Israeli occupation of Arab soil already nearly four years old, had fed deep-seated fears in Arab capitals. Speaking on American television in December, the moderate King Hussein of Jordan put the matter briefly: "What are Israel's real aims? They have not said what they will do. Do they plan to expand? Our position is very simply that they can have peace *or* territory, but not both."

Now for the first time Hussein has an indication. Technically, Ben-Gurion's views are unofficial. But they come from Israel's greatest statesman. And they carry a special authority of their own. They mean that the man who as Prime Minister ordered the first withdrawal from Sinai is now willing, despite his earlier disillusionment with the Arab response, to risk withdrawal a second time, believing that in the altered circumstances of today it is an essential prerequisite to peace. What are those altered circumstances?

Undoubtedly the most compelling development has been the shift in the Arab posture brought about by the late Egyptian President before he died. Ben-Gurion spoke of it with amazement. "We have had to live for so many years," he explained, "under the threat of Nasser's hostility. I think I understood how he felt, and the pressures he was up against. And when he accepted the Rogers plan in July, it came as a complete surprise. I was frankly astounded. Perhaps he finally came to realize that Israel was here to stay. He must have changed his mind. And it takes a really big man, a really courageous man, to do that."

Related to this new factor—that responsible Arab opinion no longer expects to "push Israel into the sea"—is another. It is a dawning consciousness among many Israelis that their nation's long and agonizing fight for political identity has essentially been won, that Israel's physical survival over the short term is not now at issue, and that the chief question today concerns the country's relations with its neighbors, the Arab states, which alone can give it the lasting peace and security it craves. This realization is bound to induce a greater sensitivity to Arab desires regarding the final frontiers. It clearly conditions Ben-Gurion's approach to the settlement.

Then there is Russia. Ben-Gurion, like all Israelis, is greatly concerned about the increased Soviet presence in Egypt. He knows that Russia, unlike America, is a Middle East power—that in a showdown in the Mediterranean America would be at a disadvantage roughly comparable to that of Russia in the Caribbean during the Cuban missile crisis. Hence, the urgency about stopping the war on which this Soviet presence feeds.

Finally, there is his own highly developed sense of timing. At certain crises in Israel's brief history, fateful actions were ordered by Ben-Gurion on the authority, in the last analysis, of his inner conviction that "the moment" had arrived.

Clearly, today, Ben-Gurion senses once more that the hour of fate has struck. "In every conflict, there comes a time when to settle is more important than to get everything you want," he said. "And the time has come to settle. Today, above all else, as Jews and as humans, we must have an end to destruction and bloodshed. We must look to the future. The moment has come for peace, and we must seize it.

"One reason I feel so strongly about the need for bold steps now toward a settlement is that I am certain eventual Arab-Israeli cooperation is inevitable. In fact, an Arab-Israeli alliance. Geography and history make it so. The Arabs of the Middle Ages were the most civilized race in the world. They have much to give us, and I believe we in turn have much to give them.

"History has proved the absurdity of regarding traditional enmities as eternal. Nations which have been at each other's throats today may fall on each other's necks tomorrow. Look at France and Germany. Now, with the pace of change so rapid and radical, Arab-Jewish partnership may come faster than we think, and together we could turn the Middle East into one of the garden spots and great creative centers of the earth."

The former Prime Minister spoke again of President Nasser. He spoke with respect. There was a wistful note as he asked about the funeral in Cairo. "I often felt," he recalled, "that if he and I could have sat down together, we might have settled everything between us. He was by far the greatest of the Arabs. He was the one man, and Egypt the one Arab state, strong enough to make peace." Turning to the window, he spread his hands in a gesture of resignation. "And now he's gone," he said with emotion. "What a pity he had to die."

Ben-Gurion, a voracious reader whose long experience with men and affairs enables him to view Israel's dilemma with more detachment than most, then responded to questions on a broad variety of themes, ending with his favorite—world peace.

"The Middle East is not alone in being desperate for peace. Every nation needs it. We need to finish with wars and armies. Our Jewish prophets said: 'Nation shall not rise against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore.' Not only should we not make war, we should not *learn* war. It's nonsense to kill people. What is achieved? Why do it?

"Those who say that abolishing war is impossible forget that not long ago it was considered impossible to abolish slavery. Now it is slavery, not abolishing it, that is considered impossible. And war is worse than slavery."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holding the Fort On Audubon Terrace

"The National Institute of Arts and Letters has the quaint belief that literary distinction is something apart from current listings on the stock exchange."

by MALCOLM COWLEY

In John Updike's cycle of stories *Bech: A Book*, the hero is a talented New York Jewish writer—and the author persuades us of his talent, no trifling achievement—who has published three novels, more esteemed than sold, and finds himself unable to start a fourth. At this moment of personal crisis, and in the last story, Bech enters heaven, as Updike puts it sardonically. That is, he is invited to a ceremonial on Morningside Heights and is there inducted into an organization, name not revealed, that is unmistakably the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

Updike himself belongs to the Institute; in fact, he was its youngest member when elected in 1964. He now seizes on Bech's *Himmelfahrt* as an opportunity for being good-humoredly but extravagantly funny at the expense of his colleagues. Through his hero's eyes he presents them as, for the most part, doddering old novelists and poets who will never write another line and who snore through the ceremonial; one reviewer calls them "the living dead."

The same reviewer is one of several who mistook the unmistakable object of Updike's humor. Another is Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, who said of Bech in *The New York Times* of June 10, "He swings in London, and is at last honored at home with admission into what sounds like the American Academy of Arts and Sciences." That happens to be a different academy, one with more than 2,000 members or fellows, mostly from the academic world. These are not inducted at a ceremonial such as Bech attended, and the headquarters of this other organization are just outside of Boston.

The *Times* Sunday reviewer, Thomas R. Edwards, says that Bech is "eminent enough to be elected to something like the American Academy of Arts and Letters." Here he comes closer to the mark without quite hitting it. The Academy is affiliated with the National Institute; they share the same buildings on Audubon Terrace and are joint hosts at the ceremonial. The purpose of both organizations, as stated in their separate charters, is "the furtherance of the interests of literature and the fine arts." Members of the Academy, never more than fifty in all, are chosen from the somewhat larger membership of the Institute, which by charter may not exceed 250. Thus, Bech could not have been elected to the Academy, or even nominated, without first having been inducted by the Institute.

It is true that proposals for uniting the two organizations have been discussed time and again. At present, the Academy serves largely as a senate or council of elders for the Institute (as well as being a consolation prize to its members for having grown old in servitude to their arts). To confuse it with the Institute is hardly a crime, but there is less excuse, I think, for confounding them both with the respected academy in Boston, which devotes itself chiefly to scientific and scholarly pursuits.

The mistakes in these and other reviews of Updike's book reinforced an older impression of mine: that the National Institute and the Academy of Arts and Letters are little known even to the lettered public. They are mildly resented or less mildly ridiculed in some quarters, to do so being a tradition of the literary life. "Down with academies!" is a cry as old as academies. The two bodies are mildly admired or envied in other quarters, but chiefly they are ignored. More should be said about them. Since the beginning of this century, they have played a modestly important part in furthering "the interests of literature and the fine arts."

Entrance (designed by Herbert Adams) to Art Gallery of the Academy/Institute.

The Institute was founded in 1898, partly on the model of the Institut de France; it goes back to a time when Americans emulated and hoped to rival the French in cultural matters. There are five sections in the Institut de France, one of which is the French Academy. The American organization started out with three departments, Art, Literature, and Music, into which it is still divided. In 1904, once again on a French model, it undertook to organize an American Academy, to be composed of members from all departments chosen for special distinction. Both bodies received Congressional charters after intensive lobbying: the Institute in 1913 during the last days of the Taft administration, and the Academy in 1916 under Wilson, who was one of its members.

Meanwhile, both bodies had been looking for private endowments. They found a benefactor in Archer M. Huntington, a member of the Academy who was, by coincidence, the stepson and principal legatee of a railroad magnate. Huntington endowed both organizations and built a home for them, though he was much more generous to the Academy, which holds title to the buildings on Audubon Terrace. There was a good deal of bickering in the 1920s and 1930s, chiefly over the election of new members: Should they be genteel and idealistic, or rebels in art? It was a period of warfare in the literary world, and the Academy in particular was dominated by representatives of the genteel tradition—by such men as Henry Van Dyke, for example, who uttered a famous blast against Sinclair Lewis as a traducer of Ameri-

(*Continued on page* 41)

MALCOLM COWLEY is the current chancellor of the Academy of Arts and Letters; his latest book, *A Many-windowed House: Collected Essays on American Writers and American Writings*, was published last fall by the Southern Illinois University Press.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Graph

By John Ciardi

By time and after, where the guessed-at dead
curled in, unborn, and charred before they hit,
or blew to gases when their tanks cooked off
or only passed forever through one cloud;
we manned wired systems, and the diagrams
wavered on the sky's blueprint like decals
washed off a sunken panel, whole but warped.

What do the dying die to? Lost names plunged
a graph of smoke like a Black Friday crash,
and told names flipped a toggle's bombs away.
Skinned pig-iron carcasses followed falling. Hammers
an atmosphere away beyond dogged hatches
banged on the pressured roof. A slant of comets
fell off the long sky home. Peeled sores of towns
stained photos magnified to the misty grain,
then focused back to what detail showed through
—never the dead—to paper orderlies
who plotted, dot by dot, a guessed-at graph:
MAN HOURS OF PRODUCTION INTERDICTED.
(Generals are phrased by clerks.) And month on month
we hit more shacks and paddies than factories.
The graph wormed nowhere at the foot of the cliff
the dead scrawled down the statistician's eye.

Is dying anything? We buried names.
A clerk with a wet rag was priest enough
for last rites at the crewboards. Each wiped name
proved us our own, one number nearer home,
and never near enough. Our own lies dreamed us.
I practiced thinking I had died last week
and could relax with nothing more to lose.
Still in the night-sweat before every mission
a wet rag whispered: "By this time tomorrow
you may have burned to death." My kept name cried
over a surf-soughed sea cliff to Orion
sinking to tops of salted scrub-pine shadow:
"Then what do I want tonight, if I could have it?"
And having scoured from galaxies to the cellar
of the last bone, it found man's three last wishes
just as the wiped names left them in their dream:
"A woman, whiskey, and a T-bone, rare."

I didn't die, nor did I get my wishes
this side of life again and a sea across,
though every landing back from fantasy
I got two shots of the Flight Surgeon's rye
(Imagine dying on anything less than bourbon!)
and told my tale, the nothing I could tell
of the last sighted names, of slanting comets,
of kills and probables and bombs away,
and diagrams that rippled off still whole.

We went neat courses to graph-numbered reasons:
what Mitsubishi's lathes could not turn out,
no gun could fire; what his assembly lines
could not assemble, never would take off.

But though we put our cross-hairs on his roofs,
wind frayed the bombing tables. The jet stream raged
past our last given numbers. The dead went down
steeper than bombs to nothing. Three months' dying
the stalled graph stuck.

Then a two-star LeMay—
later he went to four and then to clinkers—
a wet cigar butt in his carcass jaw,
took over the graph: machines we couldn't hit
were run by men, and men who sleep in houses
can be burned out. We went in low at night
loaded with firesticks we spewed out like nails
from busted kegs, and, with an edge of wind,
scabbed fifty-two square miles of Tokyo.

The graph took off for heavens of fantasy
slide rules compound like prayer wheels. God shall learn
His last from statisticians. One of ours
had beeped back home for fire insurance tables
of prewar Tokyo, drawn an overlay,
and marked our drop-points where the rates were highest.

His numbers and two stars in God's own wind
set off a firestorm in the tinder flats.
A clerk cartoonist drew flames on the graph
where it charred up the numbers. (Generals
are taught to laugh by clerks.) But all I saw
looked like a city dump burning at night
below a bluff.

Somewhere inside the mist
of the last grain at its last magnification
rats of our hot statistics sniffed a panic,
dancing their circles on the shrinking darks
to lie there twitching when the air gave out
inside the firewall cones like little Fujis
spewing an emperor's holidays of sparks,
until the sucked-out air sucked in the firewalls
to gasp up blowtorch flues burned in the sky.

—I guessed this much by linking fossil facts.
What I saw sank to nothing much behind us:
sparks of a burned-out graph, its dots and deaths
disjointed, never visible, and not ours.
So, death surmised from bone—as anthropologists
guess out a face for the Neanderthal.

The one death I will swear I knew the face of
that dying year—knew it as if I were
its own ghost to the end—was F. X. Mannion's,
Foxy Mannion, our altar-boy navigator
who prayed his odds like Stations of the Cross,
a rosary to the number, his map-table
so Christopher'd and Virgin'd and be-Jesus'd
he had to hold his pencil in his teeth
or never draw a course this side of Heaven.

God keep clear Angels plotted to His stars
and draw man's line straight on the Rose of Winds
across blank parallels and meridians,
and call him out and back, and let no blast
deflect his courses, and let F. X. Mannion
be suffered whole where certainties are solved.

I send this prayer to faiths I do not need
for the boy Mannion, saint of his own terrors,
who never linked two words wholly his own
but blurred a quivering Credo at every flak burst,
a Pater Noster at every Zero sighted,
and, when the hammers pounded on the roof,
fisted a scapular and unreeled to God
at a thousand mumbo-jumbo rpms
whole litanies recorded at slow rote
where adolescents at the sulfur-stinking
guilt edge of flesh fall to their lonely sin
in God's eye and the terrors they are taught.

Still, more or less, by our asylum rules

From *Lives of X*, a book of autobiographical poems by John Ciardi, to be published in May by Rutgers University Press.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he passed for normal—meaning he'd made it back
as often as he'd left—till the payday night
he broke the crap game at the Officers Club.
He had twelve thousand in the Day Room safe,
all labeled and rubber-banded and receipted,
when he woke up next morning sweating terror.
He'd had a dream that luck is a fixed ration.
An angel or his virgin mother had warned him:
luck used up on dice comes off the odds
that keep men on the roster. When night came
he drew his cash for the high-roller wipe-out
against the first night kings from all four Groups.
He went for broke on every long side odds.
He rolled and let it ride pass after pass.
When the game broke, he had to take his shirt off
and wrap the greenbacks in it like dirty laundry.
And when he woke, his next green morning sweat,
his new receipt read forty-seven thousand.

"My God," he told me, sweating, "I tried to *lose!*"
—he lied, of course. No one *can't* lose at craps.
But he was young and greedy and drunk on luck
he'd never known and had to take as guilt.

He was up for that night's mission. God only knows
what rpms of litany he spun
over the line he reeled in from the stars
and inched on his Mercator to Nagoya.
It broke off there. And if death's guessable,
I'll stake my own—take all or any part—
I heard his final record spun so fast
its grooves outflamed the firewash he dove spieling:
O Holy Mary, Mother of God, I knew it!
O-Holy-Mary-Mother-of-God-I-knew-it!
oholymarymotherofgodiknewit!
—beeping through circuit hum and the squeal of space.

Message received: guilt makes the dark that comes
out of all averages. If men can bear
the mathematics of which they are the chances,
nameless as particles, this was a boy
in the boy rites of war, and he died rich
of all he could not spend of his own guilt.

And if I raid him for a foolish fact,
he did not need his own death, and I do.
For though I studied dying all that year,
saying its names to memory and the moon,
the only dead I saw were souvenirs
from a marine's grimoire, or a saint's dreambook,
or Hieronymus Bosch drunk in the devil's tank,
where corpses shed their living tongues to dark.

I have their telling from the globing moon.
The Quonset snored and sweated. Half down a bottle,
I took a blanket, flashlight, cigarettes,
and filled my canteen at the Shinto shrine,
half seas over in the full moon spill.
Two walls and a chow-lion glowed from shadow
as hands and numbers float a wristwatch dial.
The ground crews' tents were pyramids on sticks,
or geometric icebergs in a searchlight:
two facets staring and two darks asleep.

Drink to it—to anything. Rye sinks in its bottle.
A drunk sprawls on a beach under a sea cliff
white as the skull of Argus, socketed
with all the hundred burned caves of his eyes.
I see the moon: a lit tank of sauterne
that stays filled as it spills, the wine aglow
through all the hunch of sea past a black headland.
What cannot find us in the dark of heaven
will have its ray tonight. I see the island
black-etched and sea-lace trimmed on the lit spill,
home-clear in the hunter's eye. Drink to the hunter.

Four fingers from the bottom the wailers wind
a cyclone up the sky and itchy fingers
poke flak holes high in nothing. I pick a cave,
bottle in one hand, flashlight in the other
—and there were all the dead I ever saw
that dying year, where the flamethrowers had left them
blown back to the inner wall and toppled over
on one another, sizzled to dry to rot,
or so I guessed (and maybe sea-air salted).
Which pocket of Hell was that? Drink to them all.

A tourist there before me had left a keg.
A minute in Hell and all arrival's over.
Sledges, miles off, thumped rock. Spent flak
pattered white dust-ghosts from the ledge. I sat
(two minutes in Hell and any man is home
with nothing else to do) and played my beam
over the damned, and all were duplicates:
heads back as if from broken necks, mouths gaping
wider than they had faces for. A cord
of stacked saints waiting for their horn, or hellkins
discharged from God's will to wait back to dust.

Drink to Malebolge! "Hey, Brother Francis,"
Four Roses called through Hell, "you there, corpse, lover,
scraping your flesh to God and the biota
between love's hairshirt and Old Body Grease—
we're down to what comes after all kissed sores.
Which of these would you be, old amateur,
could you have your God-druthers?—this one?"
I beamed him a ray to choose by. "Like this one better?"
I lit another gaper and heard the thudding
change to trip hammers. "No, no. Two knocks for yes.
One knock for no. Don't mumble." The thudding slackened.
"That's better: space your answers. —How about this one?"
I lit another and heard *thud-thud-thud.*
"No triple thumping," I warned. But still no answer.
"You there—Hieronymus Bosch. Yes, you on the left—
you think I wouldn't know your face in Hell?—
which one of these is Francis at his dream's end?
This one, you say?" I sucked the bottle dry,
beamed in on a gape that had no bottom to it,
and heard the bottle drop, bounce, and not break,
sucking the whiskey out of me into dark:

inside the mouth hole of the gaping mummy
a light-tipped tongue wagged chittering!

Then the rat
leaped out and blurred away across the dark
faster than I could follow with my light.

A half hour into Hell and most is known.
Two other tongues wagged and went skittering
before the raid thumped out, the All Clear sounded,
and I went sober Sunday'd to the moon
preaching what saints are made of, who can't rot
but only wait God's leaping word out; preaching
all Hell's a sot's rave till, the All Clear sounding,
it's a rat heaven, each in his lived-in feast,
his meat mine of safe blisses to eat out
till light shines through the skin of what we are,
and dotted boys and signing generals,
and moonbone saints aglow above a dark,
all wag a heaven tongue that none can speak
till all do, and in idiom.

I climbed back
and lived, my numbers changing their years out
to guessed-at dots of what there is to graph;
and write what I remember of the dead,
our duplicates and their own in the globing moon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Alfred Balk
Henry Brandon • Harrison Brown
Charles Frankel • Frank G. Jennings
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss

Who Dies for What?

At every point along the way in the Laos invasion, the President and the Secretary of Defense repeatedly emphasized that American soldiers were not involved in ground combat. South Vietnamese forces were doing the killing and were being killed. Is this supposed to make it right? Why should Americans find it reassuring that others are shooting people or are being shot at because of decisions in which we have had a major role? If the guns and bullets are supplied by the United States, and if the officers and men who do the shooting receive their pay from the United States, is this supposed to relieve the American people of concern over the death of thousands of Laotians and the homelessness of many thousands more? Are Asian lives worth less than American lives? Is it all right for South Vietnamese soldiers to die, or for others to die at the hands of South Vietnamese, so long as Americans don't die?

The original purpose behind American involvement in Indochina was to contain communism. Yet what we have been doing in Indochina has had the effect of strengthening communism. Few arguments used by communist leaders in Asia have scored more heavily against the United States than the charge that the U.S. has contempt for yellow and brown skins. After Hiroshima, communist propaganda against the United States gave powerful emphasis to the charge that the atomic bomb never would have been dropped on white people. The declaration by U.S. government leaders that the military operation in Laos would be carried out by South Vietnamese soldiers without risk to American lives is precisely the kind of statement that feeds the historic resentments of Asian peoples against what they regard as white arrogance and callousness. We are not suggesting that Americans should have been sent into Laos. We have no business sending anyone into Laos—Americans or Vietnamese.

The history of American involvement in Laos, since the 1954 Geneva Agreements, is a blistering example of how our policies have had the opposite effect from the stated intentions. The Pathet Lao was only a marginal political force in Laos until the abortive coup against the newly elected government of Souvanna Phouma in 1960, a coup underwritten by the United States even though the U.S. had publicly pledged itself to support the legitimate government. In the Laotian civil war that was precipitated by the attempted overthrow, the Pathet Lao was able to attract widespread support from Laotian citizens who flocked to the banner of national independence. Similarly, in South Vietnam the National Liberation Front was strengthened, not weakened, by the bombings and burnings of villages.

It is not true, of course, that Americans have been totally absent from the fighting in Laos. The main involvement of Americans is in air operations. American men in planes have been dropping bombs on Laotian villages. Thousands of villagers have been maimed or killed by these bombs. Why was it necessary for these people to be killed? Were they enemies of the United States? Did they spawn any plots or carry out any designs against the United States? Did their surviving children, some of whom will be crippled for life, undertake any harmful or subversive action against Americans?

There was no public outcry in the U.S. against the killing of innocent Laotians because the American people have been desensitized by the bombings of villages in Vietnam. Have the inhumaneness and the absurdity of the bombings in South Vietnam ever fully been comprehended by the American people? The purpose of American involvement in Vietnam, we have proclaimed to the world, was to liberate the people. And so we have rained numberless bombs on the very people we say we have been trying to save—using as our justification the presence of Vietcong in their midst, much in the manner of a policeman who fires into a large crowd in the attempt to kill a fleeing murderer. In the very act of protecting the South Vietnamese against the Vietcong, we have driven them into homelessness and hunger, defoliated their green fields, and used their land as proving grounds for our new weapons. Any Vietnamese who has seen the effects of napalm and whose family has trembled under the whine of bombs falling from the sky has difficulty in regarding Americans as liberators.

It is not an act of American patriotism to praise or be indifferent to actions such as these. The notion that an American President can disregard the Constitution and order men to wage war on his own authority; the notion that the United States has a right to manipulate foreign governments; the notion that the American people should be deliberately misinformed—these notions show a contempt for American history and institutions. They are insane notions, and we do not serve the nation by permitting them to continue.

The trouble with the policy of Vietnamization is that we are withdrawing only American lives. We are not withdrawing our policies or our guns or our money or any of the things that cost the lives of others. We have no real program for ending the war—because we have no real policy for helping to bring social justice to Vietnam, or to assure genuine self-determination.

Nothing would be more in the national interest today than a full Court of Congressional Inquiry into our full involvement in Indochina. What were the original commitments? How were they made? Why were the Vietnamese elections called for in the 1954 Geneva Agreements set aside? What was the

(*Continued on page* 46)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

A Call to Defeat H.R. 6142

OVER THE years, the editors of *SR* have championed the most significant causes of our time.

I now come before you with another cause that I trust you will not regard as too inconsequential to warrant the kind of personal eloquence that has been so characteristic of your editorial page. I refer to the need to defeat Congressional Resolution 6142, introduced by Representative A. F. Day and co-sponsored by some forty members of the House. This bill, which for some inexplicable reason has received virtually no attention, would abolish all privately owned parks of more than fifty acres and all public recreational areas or grounds of more than 150 acres that are used by fewer than 150 persons per day, averaged over a week.

The bill sounds democratic enough until one recognizes that its principal effect would be to eliminate the nation's golf courses. This is not the stated purpose, of course, but it would certainly be the principal effect.

The minimal amount of land required even for a private nine-hole course is seventy-five acres. Most country clubs, with their eighteen-hole courses, occupy more than 200 acres. By definition, therefore, all private golf facilities would be closed.

What about public golf courses? The average public golf course, running between 175 and 250 acres, is played on by fewer than 150 persons a day, averaged over the week. This average is made up of about 400 playing on Saturdays and Sundays and sixty playing on weekdays. Congressman Day very cleverly specified "fewer than 150 persons per day, *averaged* out over a week." There is not a public golf course in the country that would not be shut down under this definition.

I believe I can prove that Congressman Day is deliberately seeking to destroy golf. Permit me to speak personally. I have known A. F. Day since childhood. We grew up in Los Angeles together. We went to the same public elementary school in Brentwood. In our eighth-grade English class, we had to write a 500-word essay on the subject: "What is the first thing you would do if you were President?" Day's little composition, which was not a joke, said the first thing he would do as President would be to abolish golf. He wrote that it was worse than alcohol as a disruptive influence within the family.

What Day's classmates didn't realize at the time was that he was writing out of his own tragic family experience. His grandfather perished in a sand trap on the fifth hole of the public course at Hillsborough, California, the victim of a heart attack caused by massive exasperation and exhaustion. Day's father was fired from at least three jobs because he persisted in goofing off for golf. The family never saw Mr. Day on weekends. He would leave the house before 4 a.m. in order to wait on line for a starting time. After each game, he would go to the clubhouse bar and recapitulate the entire game, stroke by stroke, with his cronies. He played miserably. It was not at all unusual for him to have several five-putt greens per game. He anguished over every slice and hook. All this added up to a great deal of anguish. His blood pressure was almost as high as his score. He would have golf nightmares in which he would have six-putt greens. He would take grocery money away from the family to buy expensive golf equipment.

Inevitably, Day became unemployable. Just as inevitably, he developed a serious case of hypertension and ulcers. One day, playing at San Jose, not far from the site of the grandfather's tragedy, Day expired from a coronary undoubtedly caused by his uncontrollable frenzy after hitting nineteen successive balls into the pond in front of a par-three green. Little wonder that the son should have developed such a fierce antipathy to the game.

We went to UCLA together. In our senior year, A. F. Day wrote a term paper for our economics course that clearly reflected his embittered feelings about the sport. His paper differed from the one he wrote in the eighth grade only in its additional sophistication. He used ostensibly detailed research to disguise his psychotic hostility. His paper revealed that in just one year 18,000 men died on golf courses from heart attacks; 72,000 men developed ulcers or gastritis from acute anguish over their inability to hit the ball properly; 930 men were killed and 8,600 were injured in overturned golf carts. His paper further disclosed that golf was the principal cause each year of more than 60,000 broken homes; that it was by far the greatest single cause of alcoholism and acute melancholy in the United States; that it kept 3,642,000 acres—twice as much acreage as that devoted to the national forests—out of productive cultivation or from other important social uses, of which low-cost housing was the most conspicuous.

Our economics professor at UCLA was not impressed by Day's paper. He thought it capricious and unworthy, and said so. Day never forgave him and gloated when the professor broke his collarbone in a golf-cart accident only three days after giving Day a failing grade.

When Day was elected to Congress three years ago, I naturally wondered how his malicious obsession would manifest itself. Now I know. But what about the forty-three Congressmen who have announced their support for Day's bill? Do *they* know? Day's bill is all dressed up in the ecological and conservationist fashion of the day. It is made to appear that the bill will protect what are cleverly described as private parks, insuring their use for the public good. For those Congressmen whose constituencies consist largely of the poorly housed or impoverished, the bill holds out the prospect of low-cost housing in verdant settings.

A. F. Day is not the first man elected to public office in our history who has been motivated and energized by a secret or absurd purpose. It is a terrible error to underestimate him. I regret deeply having to make all this known, but history has often been twisted all out of shape because not enough people took seriously a few men who acted out of their obsessions or deep-seated aversions.

I urge *SR*'s editors to oppose H.R. 6142; I urge all your readers, especially those who regard golf not as a vicious and extravagant diversion but as a prime manifestation of the American way of life, to write to their Congressman making known the real facts about Congressman Day's bill. Everyone who knows what weekends are for has the obligation now to act.

K. JASON SITEWELL,
Burlingame, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A copy of this letter has been sent to Congressman Day, who has requested space for a reply. His letter will appear next week.*

"As I understand it, if J. B. puts Henratty down, we acquire fifty-one per cent of their common stock at $12.75 per share, plus four seats on the board of directors. If Henratty puts J. B. down. . . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theater

Henry Hewes

Philological Phil

IT IS A BRIGHT idea to write a comedy of manners that obverts Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, as British playwright Christopher Hampton has more or less done in *The Philanthropist*. In this new play the brash, society-despising Alceste has been turned into a timid professor of philology named Philip, who likes every book he reads and everyone he meets. He is able to do this by separating books and people from their real values and becoming interested in them for their words or their superficial detail. Even his fiancée, Celia, is "loved" mainly because Philip recognizes that he needs someone, and since she is willing, it might as well be she.

Philip, it seems, is so sensitive, vulnerable, and aware of his mediocrity that he has fortified himself against the pain and joy of really living by making his life into a comfortable game. It is a game that resembles the theater because he regards the characters around him objectively. Furthermore, he tries to protect his game by being philanthropically non-assertive.

The Philanthropist immediately establishes the split between the real and the artificial with a brilliantly theatrical prologue in which an earnest young playwright gets carried away by reading his own script and actually shoots himself in the act of demonstrating the improbable suicide ending he had written. Philip dismisses the incident with professorial calm and cleans up the mess in time for a party the following evening. The star guest is a particularly loathsome second-rate novelist named Braham, who's aggressively offensive, but who is, of course, unable to disturb the detached and accommodating Philip. When the party ends, Braham maneuvers it so that he can drive the pretty Celia home, and Araminta, the college nymphomaniac, manages to be left with Philip.

In the second act, overnight seductions have resulted in some new revelations to Philip and Celia. He realizes that he needs her, and not just any girl. And she realizes that she requires a more assertive husband and leaves him. For a moment the play becomes grave as we see the desperate unhappiness that lies beneath Philip's geniality. But Philip quickly rebounds. First of all, he attempts to find another girl. Then, when this falls through, he toys with thoughts of suicide. However, since this was established in the opening scene as a silly theatrical gesture, he decides against it and adjusts to his situation by resuming his smoking habit.

On another level, the twenty-four-year-old playwright seems to be hinting that Philip and the others are the etiolated result of those "benign" social forces in modern England that have led people to deny their true human nature. "Socialism," says one of the characters, "is about as much use to the British people as a pogo stick to a paraplegic." Hampton prophetically includes in his play news of one political assassination and one cultural murder, presumably as inevitable responses of citizens frustrated with the lack of vitality in an overly civilized, overly polite state. Yet, he has not quite succeeded in realizing this larger play, and what is left is a modestly entertaining series of episodes about a funny little man.

Actor Alec McCowen, who won a Drama Desk Award two seasons ago for his performance in *Hadrian VII*, plays Philip with the same inexhaustible inventiveness he displayed in the earlier role. Here he is a walking catalogue of the manifestations of Milquetoastism. When abruptly invited to go to bed with a woman, he shows his ambivalent feelings of terror and politeness by compulsively stretching the band of his wrist watch as if he needed to determine whether it was bedtime yet. When she later exclaims, "I could tell you things you'd never forget," McCowen's startled expression tells us he'd rather not hear another word about it. And he is most masterly when he sublimates his anger into pouring a bowl of corn flakes and becoming so interested in adding just the right amount of milk that his emotional upset is pre-empted and forgotten.

Under Robert Kidd's direction, the comedy is highly disciplined, and when the mood must shift from humor to pathos, it is accomplished with admirable economy. Thus the comic fabric is stretched but not torn, and *The Philanthropist* emerges as a reasonably stylish and fascinating comedy despite the occasional undigestedness of its wit, its despair, its theatrical stunts, and its social comment.

Oliver Hailey's new comedy, *Father's Day*, is a somewhat better play than *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*, which it resembles in many ways. Both offer three desperate women with depressing, insoluble problems, and both end bleakly. Furthermore, in each instance a good playwright appears to have forced himself to embellish his play with occasional Broadway laff-lines in an effort to make his underlying authentic tale palatable. As of this writing, *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little* appears to be winning in its struggle to survive, but *Father's Day* was abruptly closed when its second performance, a matinee, attracted only five customers. This is surprising, for not only had Hailey's comedy received a very favorable notice from one of New York's three major daily newspapers, but its leading actress, Marian Seldes, and its scene designer, Jo Mielziner, had been nominated for Tony Awards.

Father's Day shows us three divorced women, each of whom retains some hope of hanging onto her ex-husband. There is the self-destructive Louise, played with unmitigated toughness by Brenda Vaccaro; the childish Estelle, portrayed with ingénue reticence by Jennifer Salt; and the foolishly elegant Marian, played with a marvelous combination of comedy and sensitivity by Marian Seldes. After a first act of amusingly candid intra-sorority conversation, playwright Hailey brings in the ex-husbands. Then out of the ensuing confrontations, each of the women comes to more realistic, though not happier, terms with her divorce.

One suspects that Hailey might have been better advised to write *Father's Day* as a drama in the style of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* If he had, he could have gone deeper into his subject, and there still would have been plenty of humor to spice the action. Nevertheless, even as it is, *Father's Day* is consistently entertaining and deals truthfully with its material. It deserved at least a modest run.

There is nothing wrong, I suppose, with offering highlights from a famous thirteenth-century love affair, spiked with a little hard-boiled humor. However, the way Ronald Millar has written his prose oratorio *Abelard and Heloise* reduces a great romance to a brief encounter. Even the "scandalous" scene in which the naked Abelard piles on top of the nude Heloise is about as erotic as watching a quick muscular feat performed by two impersonal acrobats. Although Diana Rigg has a few compelling moments as the teen-aged girl who loves her older tutor more than she does God, Keith Michell is unable to avoid making Abelard emerge as a rather selfish man who would rather have Heloise become a nun than be bothered by thoughts of her enjoying any happiness at all with someone else.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alienated, Alienating Victorian Man of Letters

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

THE SADDEST STORY:
A Biography of Ford Madox Ford

by Arthur Mizener

World, 616 pp., $20

Until a relatively short time ago it was fashionable to say that Ford Madox Ford is the most neglected major literary figure of the twentieth century. But in the years since his death in 1939 so many commentators have dedicated themselves to the task of rescuing Ford from obscurity that they have now succeeded in elevating him, if not exactly to notoriety, at least to something like the serious reputation he clearly deserved but never quite managed to achieve during his lifetime.

Since the early Fifties, beginning with the reissue of his most important novels, *The Good Soldier* and the Tietjens tetralogy, *Parade's End*, we have been experiencing a modest but genuine Ford revival. Literary scholars and critics have taken him up rather in the way they rediscovered his chief influences, James and Conrad, so that we now have available a body of material relating to Ford's life and work which may soon reach the proportions of a full-scale literature. In addition to various memoirs by friends, enemies, and former mistresses, there are the two earlier biographies by Douglas Goldring and Frank MacShane, this new one by Arthur Mizener, at least a dozen book-length critical studies, and an enormous quantity of articles, mainly analytical readings of *The Good Soldier* and the Tietjens novels. Of the critical books, one of the most valuable is the newly published volume by H. Robert Huntley, *The Alien Protagonist of Ford Madox Ford*, a brilliantly perceptive and coordinated work of textual interpretation and intellectual history.

Professor Mizener, while evidently attempting neither to make exhaustive critical assessments nor to "place" Ford in any firm relation to intellectual history, has nevertheless written the most comprehensive of the biographies, and offers more detailed information about Ford's character and career than any other commentator to date. If anything, his book suffers from the inclusion of too much detail, particularly in the sections concerning Ford's military service in World War I, his literary and financial negotiations with publishers, and his editorial work on *The English Review* and *The Transatlantic Review*. As a result, Mr. Mizener's treatment lacks the tidiness and formal grace of the Goldring and MacShane volumes, both of which provide a more distinct but necessarily narrower impression of Ford, and, in Goldring's case, an impression at once biased and humanized by feelings of personal friendship.

Mr. Mizener has had the advantage of coming to Ford unsullied by sentiments of this kind, and with the additional advantage that Ford's worthiness as a biographical subject—a point of serious issue for earlier commentators—is no longer in question, hence no longer in need of defense. He has also clearly benefited from the great wealth of biographical and critical materials that have accumulated around the literary period encompassed by Ford's lifetime, a period now recognized as containing the central history of the

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of *After the Lost Generation, In Search of Heresy, Time to Murder and Create,* and *In the Country of the Young.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

23 **"The Saddest Story: A Biography of Ford Madox Ford,"** by Arthur Mizener

25 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

26 **"Surviving the 70's,"** by Benjamin DeMott

30 **"The Open Eye: In Pursuit of Art,"** by Katharine Kuh

31 **Poetry Quarterly,** by Daniel Jaffe

34 **"Queenie,"** by Hortense Calisher

34 **"Enchantment,"** by Linda Grace Hoyer

36 **"Letters from Liselotte: Elisabeth Charlotte, Princess Palatine and Duchess of Orléans, 'Madame' 1652-1722,"** translated and edited by Maria Kroll

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern movement in all of the arts.

Although Mr. Mizener does not make as much use of these materials as he might have, their existence affords him a metaphysical context in which certain assumptions are taken for granted and basic premises need not be redefined. His opinions are, therefore, assured, informed, and highly sophisticated just because he has behind him the full authority of the modernist critical canon. And since he is sufficiently removed from his subject in time, he is able to assess precisely the relative value of his findings in the perspective not only of Ford's experience while he was alive, but of what, over the long range, we have come to see as his very great and enduring distinction.

Mr. Mizener's title, *The Saddest Story*, the phrase used by the narrator of *The Good Soldier* to describe the grim little tale he is about to tell, also accurately characterizes Ford's life, or at least those aspects of it that relate to his literary and amatory misadventures, his financial difficulties, his physical and nervous disorders, and, above all, his struggle to win recognition as the important man of letters that, in his more confident moments, he knew himself to be. There is surely no sadder story to be found anywhere in literature, and during the telling of it Mr. Mizener provides clues to the reason for the neglect of Ford, which, taken together with those provided by Goldring and MacShane, make it possible to arrive for the first time at some reasonable understanding of one of the most depressing cases of literary injustice in modern times, and until now probably the most mysterious.

If Ford's many difficulties can be said to have had a single cause, it was very likely his failure to find a focus for his extraordinary creative energies in the kind of work that might have won him important reputation. All his other problems—his frequently abrasive relations with friends, his publicly damaging liaisons with women—seem traceable finally to this one problem of creative diffuseness. Scott Fitzgerald once said that "most writers line themselves up along a solid gold bar like Ernest's courage or Joseph Conrad's art or D. H. Lawrence's intense cohabitations." But this was a strategy Ford never learned, partly because his true subject eluded him for almost the whole of his creative career, and partly because his literary interests were simply too broad and his skills as a writer too facile. The result was that he wrote during his lifetime more than seventy books of all kinds, and the sheer bulk and variety of his production made it impossible for the reading public to form a clear impression of him, or to perceive in his work the sort of developing design that might have identified him as the maker of a coherent imaginative world.

Ford also did far too much hack work, either for love or money, and he involved himself in a number of projects—such as his well-known collaborations with Conrad and the founding and editing of magazines—which, while they may have seemed, and often were, eminently worth undertaking at the time, not only scattered his energies but left the impression that he was primarily interested in making a career of literary entrepreneurship. He appeared to be so anxious to discover new writers and to arrange for the publication of their work that even his many friends who respected him began to see him as a man who had decided to be the servant of other people's talent rather than the responsible custodian of his own. He seemed much too patly and agreeably to fit H. G. Wells's description of him as "the only uncle of the gifted young."

Yet the whole trouble was that Ford *did* care, and care passionately, about his own talent, and the continual frustration of his efforts to win the recognition he felt he deserved came to have a decidedly unpleasant effect on his personality, just as it may have been partly responsible for his many affairs with women. As Stella Bowen, his second mistress, perceptively noted: "In order to keep his machinery running, he requires to exercise his sentimental talents from time to time upon a new object. It keeps him young. It refreshes his ego. It restores his belief in his powers. And who shall say that this type of lubrication is too expensive for so fine a machine?"

Ford was extremely fortunate in his choice of mistresses. However badly he may have treated them and however bitterly they may have resented it, they all seem to have been in agreement concerning his fineness as a machine. But where his literary friends were concerned, the problem was rather less simple, if only because their loyalty was not always above question. Yet Ford needed and expected from them the same kind of ego refreshment he got from his women, and when, understandably, he sometimes failed to get it, he tended to make extravagant claims for himself, even to become insufferably arrogant and patronizing. It so happened that Ford was in his essential self quite the opposite of the image he projected in public. There is ample evidence that he was kind, considerate, and—toward those he respected—generous at times to the point of saintliness. But, because he suffered from an often accurate sense of being underrated, he was driven to try much too hard and in all the wrong ways to impress people. As a result, he did permanent damage to both his personal relations and his literary reputation.

Inevitably, of course, much that people interpreted as arrogance in him was the distorted reflection of his virtue. For example, while he was editing *The English Review*, he alienated certain critics who might have been most helpful to his career because he felt that the work they submitted for publication did not measure up to his standards. He might have done the political thing, but his dedication to literary values was unshakable. As it turned out, *The English Review*, while it lasted, was distinguished not only for its consistently high quality but for the number of important writers whom Ford introduced through its pages. In the first issue alone he managed to bring together new work by Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Conrad, John Galsworthy, W. H. Hudson, and H. G. Wells, and in subsequent issues he provided D. H. Lawrence, Wyndham Lewis, and H. M. Tomlinson with their first appearance in print.

Yet Ford's public personality seems to have detracted powerfully from the value of his service to literature. A great many people who knew him well, but evidently not well enough, have left to posterity their largely nasty impressions of his public side, while only a relative few have been able to bring themselves to speak in his defense. Richard Aldington once said that Ford gave the appearance of "swanking, bragging, maligning—a village blacksmith of scandal." On the other hand, Stephen Crane replied to the charge that Ford was arrogant by saying, "You must not mind Ford; that is his way. He patronizes me, he patronizes Mr. Conrad, he patronizes Mr. James. When he goes to Heaven he will patronize God Almighty. But God Almighty will get used to it, for Ford is all right."

Conrad himself, who, after his initially close friendship with Ford, may have grown tired of being patronized, wrote what must be one of the most

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mean-spirited characterizations a fine writer ever made of another: "His conduct is *impossible.* He's a megalomaniac who imagines that he is managing the universe and that everybody treats him with the blackest ingratitude. A fierce and exasperated vanity is hidden under his calm manner which misleads people. . . . I do not hesitate to say that there are cases, not quite as bad, under medical treatment."

This last is particularly vicious, since, as Conrad well knew, Ford had often been under medical treatment for what was then called neurasthenia, and it is obvious that this disorder was partly responsible for his unattractive conduct in public. Yet, whether because of neurosis or simple arrogance, Ford always had the greatest difficulty separating his fantasies from reality, and his tendency was to convince himself that his fantasy view of reality was correct, just because he so desperately wanted and, in one part of his mind, sincerely believed it to be. In its most innocuous form, this tendency sometimes caused him to invent the most preposterous falsehoods, most of which were fortunately too outlandish to have a chance of being believed. But Ford also tried on other occasions to govern his life by the dictates of fantasy, and while the effect of this could be merely comic—as when he spent lavishly in expectation of the arrival of nonexistent funds—it could also be both comic and calamitous.

A notable instance was his effort to find some way of divorcing his wife Elsie so that he would be free to marry his first mistress, Violet Hunt. Since Elsie would not agree to a divorce, Ford decided that by going to Germany, his ancestral home, and estab-

(*Continued on page* 36)

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1444

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1444 will be found in the next issue.

BMJCH CYNPVF JUEC FBO DBOOCW, BXX ECENHUCO BHC SCBPJUMPX.

—BPVPOJ OJHUYWSCHV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1443

I don't see why any man who believes in medecine would shy at the faith cure.

—FINLEY PETER DUNNE.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Generosity and Gratitude

THE LOGIC in Laurens van der Post's *The Prisoner and the Bomb* [*SR,* Mar. 13] may seem a bit awry—especially to those of us who were not in Japanese prison camps when the big bomb was dropped. William Beauchamp, in his review, questions this logic in a reasonable manner.

What seems picayune and ungenerous in the review is to ascribe egotism to the colonel, who himself lavished such generous praise on all who helped in the gallant struggle for survival. Magnifying the good in his fellow-prisoners, he evidently brought out the best in them. This in itself, in the present-day climate, tends to make him suspect to the cynical.

Since Mr. Beauchamp seems to have time on his hands, he might start counting the number of first-person singular pronouns used by the Apostle Paul in a story which has survived the critics.

GEORGINA M. DOW,
Burlington, Vt.

WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP was so involved in venting his grammatical puritanism that, in the process of enumerating excessive pronouns, he completely missed what the author tried to express. Granted his awkwardness, van der Post was voicing a common and understandable human emotion: gratitude at having survived the war—even though, unfortunately, others did not. And, while we now know that potential Japanese resistance had been overestimated, government and military leaders could only be impressed by the tenacity with which the enemy clung to each Pacific island. As for Beauchamp's suggestion of a "demonstration" in the ocean (to which observers would have been invited?) or on unpopulated land—if the Vietnam conflict has taught us anything it is that it is just as easy to strengthen a foe's resolve as it is to intimidate him.

ARNOLD MARKOWITZ,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Geismar's Twain

IT WAS WITH DISBELIEF that I read Brom Weber's review of *Mark Twain: An American Prophet,* by Maxwell Geismar [*SR,* Mar. 6]. Could we have been reading the same book? If we did, I missed the shrouding and blurring which Mr. Weber suggests in his outpouring of dark words and phrases. I read *Mark Twain* with delight, and the excitement of a story yet to be told.

LUCIA B. DAVIS,
La Grange, Ill.

MAXWELL GEISMAR [BOOK FORUM, Mar. 13] is right. His Twain book will indeed become a standard—a standard case-book study of the effect of rabid partisanship on what was a first-rate critical mind. For sheer incivility, backbiting, ill-temper, distortion, and fabrication, one would have to hunt far and wide for a parallel.

BERNARD COHEN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lessing's Marthas and Annas

HAVING READ AND ENJOYED a great deal of Doris Lessing [*SR,* Mar. 13], I nevertheless feel that she never comes to grip with the real problem, which is that her Marthas and Annas are using the political scene as an outlet for their own unsolved conflicts. While she poses them as innocent victims of an unfair society, they really want to run the world, and think they can.

Real maturity, it seems to me, recognizes that life is not fair and probably never will be, but that one has to live, for his own sake, as though it were.

LOIS M. NELSON,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Women as People

I FIND ZENA SUTHERLAND'S last paragraph on books for girls [*SR,* Mar. 3] quite offensive. Neither she nor her friend Dorothy Gwynn would have said, quoted, or published a similar comment about a meeting of black—or other minority—militants. The liberal reviewers who applaud the rise of books that deal with the experience of exploited minorities must really try to curb their need to blast Women's Lib. The oppressed are many, and self-esteem is crucial to change. Let the girl-children—and their mothers—profit from a new emphasis on women as people with many alternatives open to them.

Mediocre books for children will always outnumber excellent ones, alas. But that is no reason to curb or criticize this new trend in books for girls. And snide remarks about Women's Lib in this context are entirely gratuitous.

JANE ISAY,
New Haven, Conn.

Wrong Descent

IN HIS REVIEW OF *The Last of the Giants* [*SR,* Mar. 6] Saul Padover calls C. L. Sulzberger the nephew of "publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger of *The New York Times.*" Shouldn't that be *former* (late) publisher Arthur *Hays* Sulzberger?

LYNN SLOVONSKY,
Champaign, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR regrets the family mix-up.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SURVIVING THE 70'S

by Benjamin DeMott

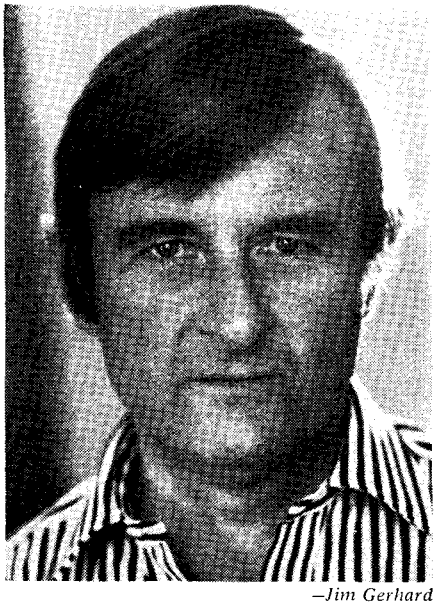
Dutton, 153 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Glendy Culligan

■ Scholars once built their towers of ivory because its singular density insulated them from the world's rude noise. Since the mid-Sixties, however, the trend has been toward more porous sanctuaries. At Yale, where Charles Reich recorded his observations of American renewal, the ramparts were permeable. Amherst, Benjamin DeMott testifies, has also discarded some soundproofing.

Some, but not all. The need for a university without walls is, in fact, one major theme of these linked essays, which range the imperative categories for a modern humanist. To each—ecology, the Black Experience, Women's Lib, future-shock absorption—DeMott brings the insight of a committed yet introspective man, one who is "with it" while watching it.

Thus, like many European intellectuals, DeMott is part activist, part philosopher. His snappy captions, shouting of relevance, tend to obscure the basic, metaphysical theme that unifies his book, a wholly new, post-existential concept of being. Offered as an emergency attitude-kit, Professor DeMott's prescription for surviving the Seventies calls for a radical overhaul of the human psyche, a controlled splintering of the sense of self. Although he does not use the term, hip readers may be tempted to tag his projection "Consciousness IV."



—Jim Gerhard

Benjamin DeMott—offers an emergency attitude-kit.

To achieve that level, all of us must blow our minds, but DeMott is not pushing drugs. Like McLuhan, he begins by stressing the radical expansion of man's field of perception since mid-century. Forced to inhabit McLuhan's global village, the entire *genus homo* must undergo drastic adaptation. Unwilling to wait passively for evolution, however, DeMott suggests the power of choice. The world's a cosmic stage and every individual perforce a spaceman. By consciously enlarging his repertory of roles, *genus homo* may dissolve those walls of bone and ivory that now limit existence. Thus freed from "the body's cage" (as DeMott presciently titled his first novel), man may survive the shock of interplanetary stimulation.

So far, most humans have no more to show for their growing pains than an "emergent new sensibility," but tomorrow promises "plurality of self," "multiple selfhood," and, finally, the "open-ended personality system" enjoyed by an imaginary future breed whom DeMott calls "Metamorphics." The first step in their direction is within any man's reach: "We hope to replace habit . . . with a continually renewed alertness to possibility."

Habit, then, is the enemy, and awareness the weapon. Already, DeMott sees the strategy working. Specifically, "the black man's declaration of his sense of possibility" has awakened the white man to other barriers that can be overcome. Evidence abounds that traditional limits of self are being shattered: drugs, unisex, wife-swapping, participatory theater, discotheques, the sports-car craze, even door-to-door cosmetic sales by which *femme-fatalisme* is carried to imprisoned housewives. All are techniques for blowing the mind clear of restrictive self-portraits.

Other solvents of the limited self are *The Whole Earth Catalogue*, that Utopian Sears, Roebuck dream book which offers to make every man a Robinson Crusoe, and Women's Lib, which DeMott applauds for reasons quite different from those of Betty Friedan. In a fable about a "decent, thirtyish" couple, DeMott dramatizes the moral that those who would survive must "ventilate." From their dabble in Lib, his Robert and Eloise learn that marriage is "a creation, a human invention" rather than a rut that has been "divinely ordained."

With an essay titled "I Can't Sign: Reflections of a 'Moderate'" DeMott leads up to his main subject, campus revolt. The petition that he can't sign is heavy with big names: Trilling, Barzun, Hofstadter. Created at Columbia during the 1969 disorders, this manifesto of faculty solidarity against "challenges" prompts uneasy thoughts about both the means and the meaning of education. DeMott leans toward the view expressed by F. R. Leavis. According to the British critic, an English teacher's real subject is not "merely . . . some poems or novels . . . to be studied" but "life itself," of which liter-

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TRAVELERS' AID

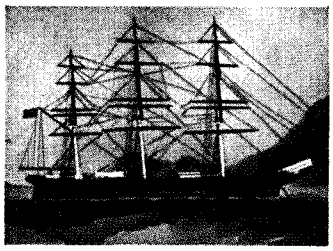
Which of the legendary and mythological characters in Column 1 gave the quoted travel advice to the ones in Column 3? Louise Anderson of Hawthorne, Calif., appeals to Bulfinch buffs to respond nobly or take the inglorious path to page 34.

1. Apollo ( )	A. "To pass through the Symplegades, let a dove try it first."	a. Aeneas
2. Ariadne ( )	B. "To reach Hades, take the downward passage at Cape Taenarum."	b. Cadmus
3. Circe ( )	C. "The road to Jotunheim lies eastward."	c. Icarus
4. Clymene ( )	D. "To escape from the labyrinth, unwind the yarn as you go into it."	d. Io
5. Daedalus ( )	E. "To hear the Sirens' song without harm, have yourself bound with cords while passing their coast."	e. Hercules
6. Helenus ( )	F. "You will reach the Nile and Zeus will restore you to human form."	f. Jason
7. Hermes ( )	G. "Keep a middle course over the sea."	g. Odysseus
8. Phineus ( )	H. "To reach a land for settlement, follow an unmarked heifer."	h. Phaëthon
9. Prometheus ( )	I. "Do not land on the east coast of Italy, for it is full of Greeks."	i. Theseus
10. Skrymir ( )	J. "Go to the land next to ours where the sun rises."	j. Thor

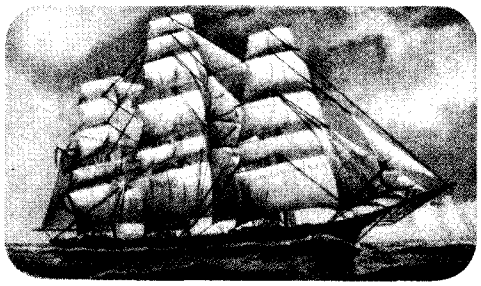
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cutty Sark.
The only one of its kind.

In the clipper era, magnificent tall ships sailed herculean races from China and Australia. The stakes: Fortunes and reputations. Only the fastest clippers challenged *Cutty Sark*. Here are three. None have survived. Only *Cutty* remains in permanent berth in England. Today, as a century ago, *Cutty Sark* is unique.

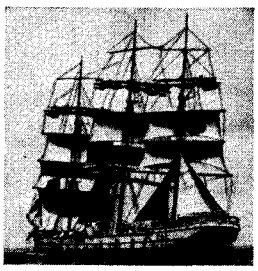


Thermopylae, fastest of the tea clippers for years. But in 1872, after the most famous and controversial clipper race of all time, *Cutty Sark* was declared winner of "the blue ribband of the Pacific."



Ariel, one of the sleekest, most beautiful clippers ever built. In 1872, she left Shanghai a day before *Cutty Sark*. *Cutty* beat her home by a week.

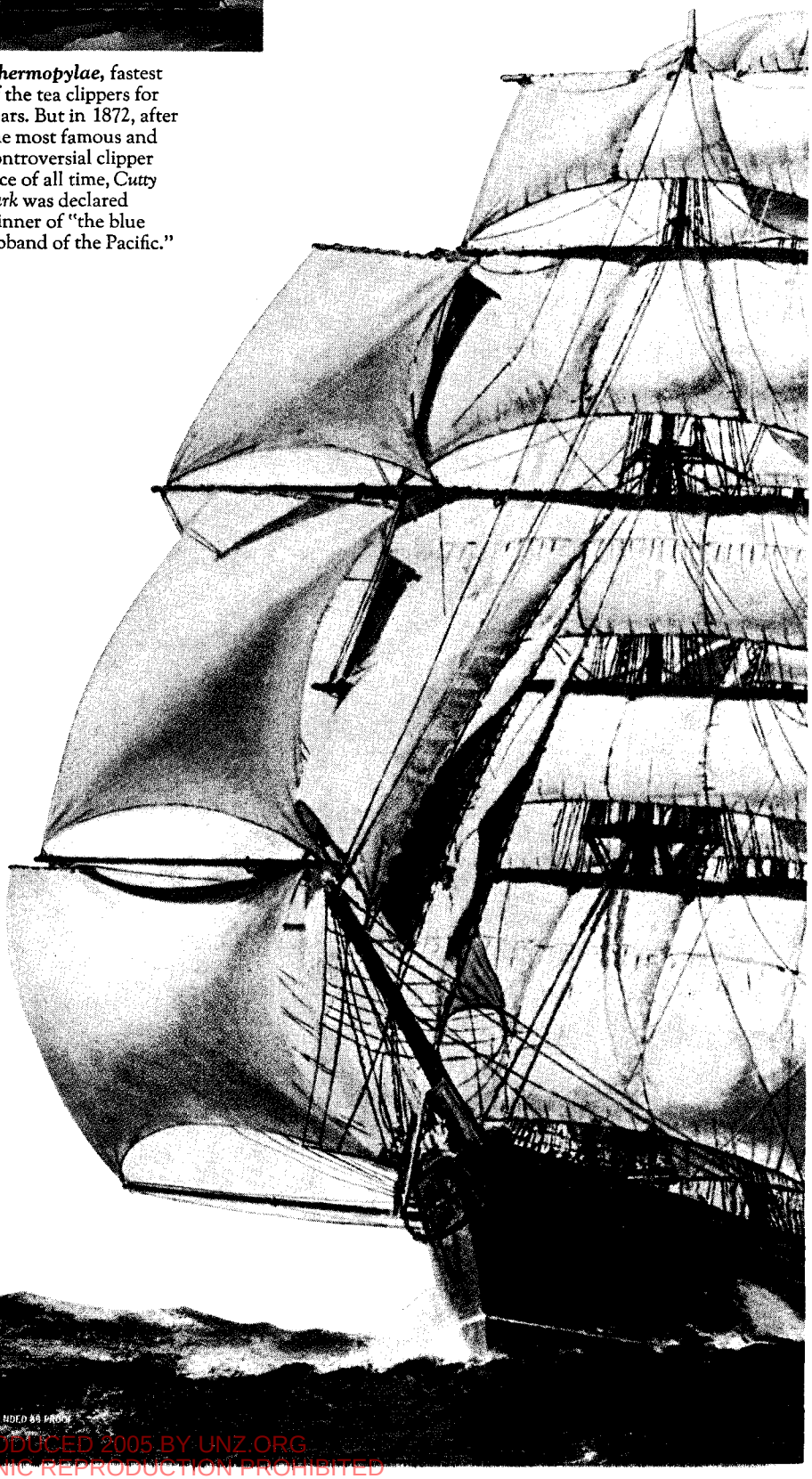
Derwent, constant rival of *Cutty Sark's* in the days of the Australia trade. In 1888, *Derwent* departed Sydney over two weeks ahead of *Cutty Sark*. *Cutty* was home first by three days.



Illustrations and text from "The Log of the Cutty Sark" reprinted with permission of Brown, Son & Ferguson, Ltd., Publishers.

***Cutty Sark's* century-old reputation** is honored by the Scots whisky that took her name. For generations, Cutty Sark has blended only Scotland's best whiskies to create the exceptional Cutty Sark taste... and the character only Cutty Sark can offer.
Cutty Sark.
It stands alone.
You'll know why.

For exact replica of antique 3-pint "Liverpool" *Cutty Sark* pitcher, above, send check or money order for $4.95 to: Cutty Sark Pitcher, P. O. Box 56, New York, N. Y. 10046. Offer void where prohibited.



THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The grand luxe service of a Paris hotel is on Air France.

The service aboard Air France is Paris at its best. The *savoir faire* of the first-class steward as he stirs your martini... the elegance of the *chef de cabine* as he carves the *carré d'agneau*... the grace of the hostess as she helps you to a pillow or a cozy blanket. You get all the little luxuries of Paris on Air France. And even after you arrive, Air France can tailor-make a tour for you that's as luxury-filled (or economical) as you wish. Fly with us soon to Paris or Montreal or Mexico or the French West Indies. And luxuriate in Paris all the way there. For more information, call your Travel Agent or Air France.

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

A fraction of the service staf
of one of Paris' great hotels.

REPRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ature is the shadow. Agreeing, DeMott faults the academy for failing to diversify its ways of developing "intellectual power and understanding."

Convinced that the basic issue in all campus strife is "the proper relationship between the university and the edge of lived experience," DeMott moves easily into the second section of his book, a 20,000-word scenario on "Journal of a Campus Strike," which provides excellent counterpoint to *The Greening of America.*

With Reich, DeMott is on the side of youth and change, yet he can't help wondering what side youth itself is really on. Much of "Journal of a Campus Strike" is a documentary account of what the May 1970 protest against American intervention in Cambodia looked like from inside. As such, it has both topical interest and narrative force, for DeMott never quite sheds the cloak of novelist. In that role, however, he reveals the guiding hand of Henry James by his insistence on the qualifying clause, the inclusive glance that takes in the ash dropped discreetly on the floor as well as the dominant "figure in the carpet."

With him as with James, the result is an irony (and a syntax) that will attract the speculative while discouraging those in search of quick answers. And again, like both James and Fitzgerald, DeMott is fascinated by wealth —in this case, as it affects education. The rich, he agrees, *are* different, simply because they are powerful.

Irony, while enhancing prose, inevitably dilutes conviction. Describing the first of many strike meetings at Amherst during the moratorium, DeMott quotes his colleague George Kateb's axiom: "There is no quality more easily lost than scrupulousness when men act, especially when they think their cause good." This warning lingers even when, like Kateb, he is swept into "the movement," producing an antiphonal note of skepticism.

Is not the calendar of meetings itself faintly ridiculous, DeMott seems to ask, as he notes the gamut of social outrages spread neatly around the clock: Vietnam, Cambodia, and Indochina all to be disposed of on Monday; Panthers, "political repression," and generic "repression" ticked off on Tuesday; "corporate power," "defense establishment," and "power élite" reserved for Wednesday—and so on through the ambitious week.

Similarly, a day or two later, the tone is mildly satiric as he reports: "Mimeo wars begin raging," and lists the frantic volleys. "HELP!" "DRIVERS!" "MONEY!" "DESPERATE!" Even as he responds to these youthful cries, the skeptic in him wonders whether the appeal of the strike is simply its urgency; whether modern permissiveness, of which he as teacher is guilty, has deprived this younger generation of the sense of crisis that breeds self-importance. Still later that mocking interior self wonders why he resists another colleague's eloquence. In part, he reflects, he distrusts Ciceronian rhetoric; in part, he can't help laughing at the contrast between the "ancient heroic mode" and the shaggy audience.

As action intensifies, his introspection deepens, flowing smoothly beneath the frantic surface. The novelist in him cannot resist character analysis; gradually Amherst's President Calvin Plimpton emerges as the central figure of the drama, an antagonist worthy of the novelist's mettle. In this portrait irony not only abounds but rebounds. At midpoint Plimpton, who first appears as adversary, emerges as an advocate of the multiple selfhood that DeMott espouses. To the middle-class professor the aristocratic executive seems to be living "an Empsonian . . . pastoral where all shepherds are comfortably lords and all lords shepherds."

At the climax, however, DeMott strips away another layer of illusion, demonstrating that the ultimate form of *noblesse oblige* occurs when nobility stoops to conquer. The professor sees the strike as defused, the rude beast deflected by a shrewd trainer. Ruefully, he recalls a passage from Ortega:

> Entire generations falsify themselves to themselves . . . they wrap themselves up in artistic styles, in doctrines, in political movements which are insincere and which fill the lack of genuine conviction. . . .

And the committed teacher wonders about the commitment of his students. Are they, he wonders, living on fictions?

Eight months later, it is still too soon to tell, although others who deal professionally with youth are asking the same question as they observe the resurgence of trivial concerns on many campuses. Right on, panty-raiders?

DeMott does not succumb to that cynicism. Instead he offers a qualified happy ending with an account of the commencement address he gave at another college after Amherst's strikers went home. When he urged his new audience to resist the detachment of the academy, to maintain "an experiential edge," he reports that he received an ovation.

Whether or not they share his renewed hope, potential survivors of this perilous decade should join in the applause and vote the professor an honorary *cum laude.* Benjamin DeMott's "possibilitarianism" may be just another American dream, but it is the most intelligent dream currently making the rounds.

Glendy Culligan, who was for a number of years book review editor of the Washington Post, has taught literature at Montgomery College in Rockville, Maryland.

"Someday, my boy, all this will belong to the U.S. government, and you'll pick up a dandy tax loss."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OPEN EYE:
In Pursuit of Art

by Katharine Kuh

Harper & Row, 272 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by Hilton Kramer

■ Like art itself, art criticism has its fashions. In the 1950s the principal objective of many writers on painting seemed to be to sound as much as possible like failed poets, prostrate with farfetched metaphors and mythic delusions. The result was a species of impenetrable prose-poetry almost impossible to read at the time and certain never to be reread in the future. The contest, one gathered, was for the mantle of Apollinaire, but the contestants usually bore a closer resemblance to the trashier side of Cocteau.

In the Sixties the favored style was an impersonal pastiche of academic jargon and philosophical reference. Footnotes climbed the page like ladders to heaven, and metaphor was shunned like the plague. The model—in everything, alas, except brevity of statement—was Wittgenstein. The prose-poem was succeeded by the seminar paper, and a certain professorial vanity and arrogance became the recognized marks of seriousness.

And the Seventies? Eros, perhaps, with a dash of Lenin. We've already had the spectacle of art critics who take off their clothes in public, and others who denounce modern art (and the museums that show it) as undemocratic, élitist, and bourgeois. But the Seventies have a way to go yet, and we are certain to see further developments.

The essays by Katharine Kuh that have now been collected in *The Open Eye* stand at a great distance from these gyrations of fashion. Though writing from a point of view entirely her own, Mrs. Kuh never appears before the reader as a "personality." Her literary style is fluent, casual, and unobtrusive, and never leaves the impression of competing for attention with the work she is discussing. She comes to art criticism with a great deal of experience in museum work, and this experience has left its mark on her writing. Years of day-to-day intimacy with masterpieces of the past, of contacts with living artists and the problems they encounter in having their work understood and appreciated, have made her a sympathetic champion of the unfettered esthetic experience. There is no ideological bludgeoning in this book, no attempt to lord it over artists or their work. In these essays the old-fashioned habits of the curatorial profession—painstaking observation, scholarship, and a keen respect (amounting at times to something like love) for the art object—are effectively carried over into belles-lettres.

The range of subjects is wide. Much attention is focused on the art of this century, of course, but there are also essays on ancient Irish art, the Mayan monuments in Mexico, the classic Dutch masters, and the art of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Kuh is a gifted travel writer, as regular readers of *SR* have good reason to know; she conveys both a sense of place and its subtle interaction with our esthetic experience, especially where unfamiliar forms of art are encountered for the first time. Having made journeys to Israel and the Soviet Union myself, I can testify to the authenticity of her reports on these countries. Indeed, her piece about her visit to the Soviet Union in 1963 contains the best description of the unspeakable bureaucrats who preside over the fate of Soviet art that I have seen. I followed Mrs. Kuh into these depressing purlieus four years later, at a moment when one of the so-called "thaws" was in effect, and had virtually identical conversations with Serov, Korin, and some of the other official artists she names. Mrs. Kuh's account brought back the full horror of that experience.

With the exception of her wonderful essay on Delacroix—a short, moving *hommage* in which this great artist's qualities are observed with real passion—the main interest of *The Open Eye* lies for me in Mrs. Kuh's impressions of people with whom she has been directly involved. The best of these is her article—more memoir than criticism—on "Walter Arensberg and Marcel Duchamp." The focus here is on Duchamp's first visit to the Arensbergs' home in Hollywood. The contrast of personalities—the wealthy, excited, autocratic collector presiding over his precious domain; the cool, imperturbable, always mysterious prince of the avant-garde, never disclosing for a moment his real opinions on anything—is evoked with precision and humor. I only wish the piece had been longer. Not that I agree with Mrs. Kuh's judgment: I think Duchamp's final work, the meretricious tableau he secretly created for the Philadelphia Museum of Art during the last years of his life, is complete junk, Duchamp's farewell joke on the art establishment that had come to venerate him. But Mrs. Kuh's essay gives us a valuable insight into two important personalities.

I also much admire "The Story of a Picture—or What's a Museum For?," in which Mrs. Kuh tells how, after much difficulty, the Art Institute of Chicago was finally able to acquire one of its most celebrated modern pictures: Willem de Kooning's *Excavation*. There is no point, I think, in rehearsing this story in a review. Mrs. Kuh tells it economically, with all the relevant details about the stupid opposition of the institute's trustees. Elsewhere, too, in this book she touches on the behind-the-scenes politicking of museums and on changes in the ethos of both the museum world and the larger art world (comprising artists and their public) that the museums serve.

For myself, there is not quite enough of this in the volume. Or, to put the matter another way, I think Mrs. Kuh ought to give us a separate book on the subject, a memoir of her years at the Art Institute of Chicago that would explore both the pleasures of her former profession and the terrible web of social, political, and financial pressures that keep many gifted people from entering it. She is well placed to give us a look into this world, which is rarely investigated with the seriousness it deserves. The entire profession has already changed enormously since Mrs. Kuh left it for the (pleasanter?) tasks of art criticism. She comments on these changes, which please her no more than the rest of us, but too briefly. She ought really to get her teeth into it.

"For more than forty years," writes Mrs. Kuh, "I have enjoyed a love affair with art. It has been the focus of my life." You seldom hear critics nowadays speak of their "love" for art, and, reading their criticism, you seldom have reason to believe they would recognize the emotion if it came to them. Katharine Kuh stands apart in this respect, as *The Open Eye* eloquently testifies.

Hilton Kramer, former literary critic for The New Leader, is at present art critic for The New York Times.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Shared Language in the Poet's Tongue

by DANIEL JAFFE

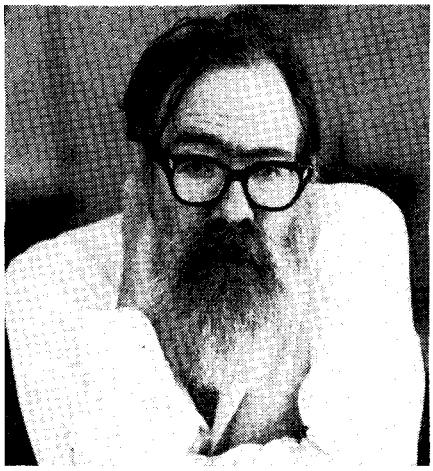
My mailman is tired, and so am I. He has hauled more than seventy books to my door; I have lurched up the stairs with them and tried my best to read them responsively and intelligently. Except for the anthologies and translations, I have opened all of them at least three times. Any number led me a curious chase in search of some justification for their publication. I had bad dreams in which Bennett Cerf talked about Rod McKuen and a reviewer for the Kansas City *Star* raved about Rod and Shakespeare and Homer in the same breath.

It is enough to make one cynical. Poets should break through all that, to speak "truth to power," as Robert Mezey puts it in the foreword to *The Door Standing Open* (see page 33). But many publishers have no special claim to purity, judgment, or good intentions. They issue books that have no right to be called poetry, but are simply products. There also seems to be a new principle at work: the poorer the book, the more expensive it is.

I suppose some people will shrug their shoulders at all this, thinking it naïve to be angry at the state of poetry publishing when man seems so determined in more "important" ways to do himself in. It is necessary, however, to remember the Confucian tenet that the first thing one must do to create the ideal state is to establish a terminology. We are desperate for a shared language in which to talk to one another.

At least fourteen poets whose books have appeared in recent months glitter amidst the tarnish. Two of them, John Berryman and Gary Snyder, have done the rare thing: Each in his own way extends our notions of the art of poetry and enlarges our conception of man.

Although John Berryman says of his *Love & Fame* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.50): "I am not writing an autobiography-in-verse, my friends," the book risks the self in ways that are new for him. Here, in contrast to *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* or *77 Dream Songs*, no imaginary persona slips between the poet and the reader.



—Jerry Bauer

John Berryman—"risks the self."

Love & Fame is a book of enormous emotional range. Adolescent lusts and embarrassments, suicidal impulses, prides that lead to fears, trivial vehemences, important hatreds, love, friendship, madness, reassessments and confusions, terrifying self-examination—you can find them all here. This is a book that takes the reader from the minuscule personal detail to confrontations with the unknowable.

There will be those who think *Love & Fame* first of all confessional. Berryman does not speak in a saintly voice. There are jealousies to sneer at, policies to take issue with, admissions to make the puritan blush and the enemy grin. But during the course of the book the "I" undergoes a dramatic transformation. The personal becomes the universal. The imperfect individual becomes the so mortal race asking its questions, announcing its agonies:

> May be the Devil after all exists.
> "I don't try to reconcile anything" said
> the poet at eighty,
> "This is a damned strange world."
>
> Man is ruining the pleasant earth &
> man.
> What at last, my Lord, will you allow?
> Postpone till after my children's
> deaths your doom
> if it be thy ineffable, inevitable will.
>
> I say "Thy kingdom come," it means
> *nothing to me.*
> Hast Thou prepared astonishments
> for man?
> One sudden Coming? Many so believe.
> So not, without knowing anything,
> do I.

Love & Fame may not win John Berryman the prizes other of his books have. Because it bares him so, critics may praise it less. But it will remain a document of how man remains human in an age of torment.

Gary Snyder's *Regarding Wave* (New Directions, $4.75; paperback, $1.75) offers an antidote to much of *Love & Fame*'s turmoil, without turning away from "motor burn" or "real danger, gambles, and the edge of death." Snyder illustrates the principles of reconciliation. He searches and finds value in earth and man. This is a book of connections without capitulations. Often the civilizers, the complicators, lurk in the background, but the vision implies that stronger, more enduring, are

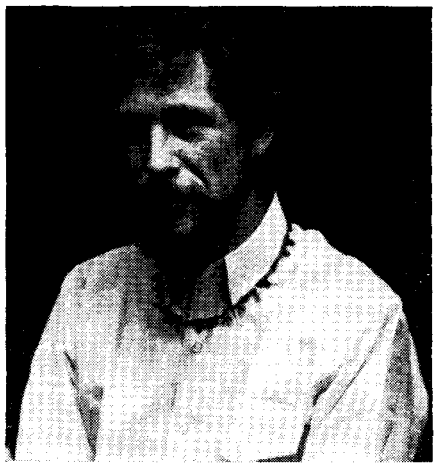
> Friends and poets
> Eating, drinking in the rain,
> and these round river stones.

Snyder makes such a view real in the poems. May they be a chart to actuality.

Regarding Wave is a tactile, sensual book. The body of man and woman, the body of earth, riverbeds and the places of love—these are some of his subjects, hard sometimes to tell apart, maybe not really separate at all.

> Wave wife.
> woman—wyfman—
> "veiled; vibrating; vague"
> sawtooth ranges pulsing;
> veins on the back of the hand.

Gary Snyder has a most subtle ear. These seeming free-verse poems are full of delicate rhymes and juxtapositions as well as supple linkages of vowels. The corporeal elements of the



—Nathan Sivins

Gary Snyder—"banishes shame."

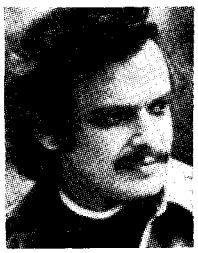
DANIEL JAFFE, who teaches English at the University of Missouri at Kansas City, wrote *Dan Freeman*, a collection of poems.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McCarthy

Henderson

Major


Anderson

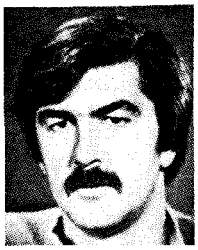
Benedikt

Hayden

Mezey

Booth

Ammons


Plumly

Summers

Smith

words give substance to the conceptions, hold the poems together as the poems do the world.

cicada singing,
swirling in the tangle

the tangle of the thigh

the brush
through which we push

This is the kind of book that makes one want to make love to someone one loves. It dexterously blends physical and spiritual. Snyder gives dignity to four-letter words. He banishes shame with the phony and the brutal. For this the Max Raffertys will brand him dirty; the proper will call him "not suitable for a family paper."

Love & Fame and *Regarding Wave* are the products of talent, erudition, devotion, and work. But Eugene McCarthy's *Other Things and the Aardvark* (Doubleday, $8) will probably sell more copies. It will thereby contribute to the general downgrading of standards. At least 150 undergraduate poets have a more profound sense of form than McCarthy. Consider these lines:

Through lids half-closed against the light
Her eager eyes search left and right.

Or:

Kilroy
whose name around the world
was like the flag unfurled. . . .

For such magnificences the Senator has won handsome publication. As an introduction there is a poem by Robert Lowell dedicated to McCarthy, reprinted from *Notebook 1967-1968. Aardvark* answers by opening with a poem to Lowell, calling him a "Poet of purity and parsimony" and a "Poet-Priest." The alliteration really gets to me.

No one can fault McCarthy for writing bad poems. Who hasn't? But there is a kind of sleazy opportunism evident here that shrieks out in the face of moral pronouncements and admirable sentiments. The man who calls for a reassessment of priorities in the public sphere seems quite willing to play the most insipid political games in the literary world.

McCarthy's poems are rhymed and/or rhetorical editorials for the most part. His scenes have the validity of ads. The book is more a word-game than a life-game in which words matter. It differs markedly from two books by young black poets, Clarence Major's *Swallow the Lake* (Wesleyan University Press, $4; paperback, $2) and David Henderson's *De Mayor of Harlem* (Dutton, $4.95; paperback, $1.95). These often stumble, rant, polemicize. At times they seem almost incoherent; at times they resemble shorthand notes. But both books are full of drama and energy. They drop you into rage and pathos, mix dialects and rhythms, abstractions and roaches. I discuss them together because they are engaged in the same venture and because they are both pridefully black. But Major and Henderson do differ.

Anyone who has heard some of the younger black poets read, poets such as Chicago's Don L. Lee, knows how such readings seem more like scat performances. Bop dominates the voices, and I've often had the feeling that the poets intended a dialogue between E. E. Cummings and Charlie "Bird" Parker. More is involved than a shift from iambics to trochaics. The objective is to drive the poem ahead as if it were a march on Washington. Too often, however, the effect is produced only by the reader's voice. The poem doesn't really come off the page; take away the singer and it dies. But Clarence Major and David Henderson are finding ways to make even the alien reader mouth their special rhythms of life. This is an invigoration of the mainstream. Eventually it may provide us all with new rhythmic resources.

In *De Mayor of Harlem* David Henderson depends in part on piling things up. This is a journey

From Avenue "D" to Red Hook
thru Marcy Projects then Crown Heights
Prospect Avenue in the Bronx & also in Brooklyn
The Fifth Avenue Armory on 141st & the Harlem River
Bronx River Housing forty-three fifty-five
99 center Boston Road
From winters to graduation
From street duels
until
wedlock or the cops
shot us down
bopping. . . .

In *Swallow the Lake* Clarence Major cries out against the "blank monkeys of the hierarchy." His is a fight against coming "up abstract." Underneath the pulsing of these poems are an abrasive irony and a tearing sense of human groping. Major is hard to quote. His poems are meant to be read whole; lines out of context lose rhythm. Nevertheless:

We weird thin strangers
come
cloaked sighing in flesh
passionate sparetime lovers

Jon Anderson's *Death & Friends* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $4.95; paperback, $2.50) faces choices and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ambivalences more easily turned away from. In "Creative Writing" he says:

I don't want to scare you;
after death there are two alternatives,
both heartless:
memory and forgetfulness.

Despite such chilling insights Anderson seeks honest openness; he wants to stop "eating . . . lies . . . in silver spoons." His poetry makes daring and successful connections. I will reread poems like "The Mouths of the Poor," "The Desire of the Blind," and "The Eye of the Traveler" for the special way he links naturalistic image and abstract label. There are clouds here, behind which we sense rain or storm.

In *Sky* (Wesleyan, $4; paperback, $2) Michael Benedikt comes close to announcing his intentions:

. . . to face the southwest and watch
streetlights against sunsets
Or to observe star reflections in a
dying aunt's lorgnette
Or the sea sucking in and out between
two rocks
Or the feeling of sand in my sneakers
Is to listen, to think to hear
Little dialogues of spirit and matter

The "dialogues of spirit and matter" which he presents, in long-lined, surrealistic poems, use many metaphors: chuckling money, the darkness inside a pair of shoes, a sky that "goes around dropping airliners all the time." Benedikt has an outlandish imagination and serious intentions. Despite some facile word choices and a tendency toward verboseness, these poems shake one up.

Robert Hayden, after being ignored for too long, now finds himself in demand as a black poet. But he is more than a figure suitable for a cultural occasion. *Words in the Mourning Time* (October House, $4.95; paperback, $1.95) reminds us of his grace and power. In poems like " 'Mystery Boy' Looks for Kin in Nashville" he multiplies meanings:

And when he gets to where the voices
were—
Don't cry, his dollbaby wife implores;
I know where they are, don't cry.
We'll go and find them, we'll go
and ask them for your name again.

While the poem takes us through a strange, personal dream that is also an indirect account of the struggle of black Americans, it gives us a sense of man's ageless and myopic hunt for definition and identity. In "Sphinx" Hayden blends psychology and myth; in "Aunt Jemima of the Ocean Waves" he dovetails dictions and presents a multivalued encounter that has philosophical, racial, and American significances.

Robert Hayden has already fashioned a solid reputation. Now he is nailing it down. When his poems fail, they fail in the most human way, as he cries out importances. His best poems merit wide distribution and not only in collections intended to celebrate the achievements of blacks.

In the foreword to *The Door Standing Open* (Houghton Mifflin, $4) Robert Mezey denounces his own early poems. "I could hardly bear to read most . . . they were so full of the deadly and slavish atmosphere in which I first began. . . ." Mezey does include five thoroughly rewritten early pieces along with a batch of translations from Uri Zvi Greenberg. The Greenberg poems have had a clear influence. Mezey's twenty-six new poems clutch at the heavens and scratch at the gravel. His tone is Jeremiah's. He speaks out of anguish, out of anger, in the prophetic tradition, open and radical yet still somehow gentle.

Don't let me speak with my painted
tongue
to the ghosts of this world.
Let me put off
this heavy finery, let me put off my
suffering flesh
and I will come down to meet you,
lord,
wherever you say.

Some of this might seem derivative if it were not for colloquial counterpoint and contemporary images. In the shadow of the county jail, home of ancient terrors, they call for joy and naturalness.

Philip Booth's *Margins* (Viking, $5.95) is a "sequence of new and selected poems." It doesn't distinguish which is which except in one instance, so it's not possible to tell how many there are of each without going back to Booth's earlier books. I get the impression that he does too much reshuffling. Nevertheless, I remain an admirer. New and familiar poems loom before me like pieces of granite, solid and full of undiminished fascinations. Booth's poems seem cut from the earth or netted from the sea; they share in depths and mysteries. Poems like "Bolt," "The Day the Tide," and "The Misery of Mechanics" show man hanging on "a strip of blown sand" in the midst of a turbulence that is literal, biblical, unfathomable. Philip Booth's poems are shaped moments of balance, full of abrasions and courage, neither naïve nor foredefeated.

Uplands (Norton, $5; paperback, $1.95), by A. R. Ammons, will remind readers of the poet's continuing devotions. Slopes, foliage, boulders, the textures and twinings of landscape—these are Ammons's materials. The convolutions of his syntax, the run of his sentences, emulate lines of natural force. But Ammons is hardly just a pastoral

(*Continued on page* 46)

"When the days dwindle down to a precious few, you might at least let me turn my head."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUEENIE

by Hortense Calisher

Arbor House/World, 282 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Lucy Rosenthal

■ Hortense Calisher (*False Entry, The New Yorkers*) is one of our most substantial yet elusive writers. By any narrow or literal definition, she is becoming less and less a strictly narrative artist. Her characters are boundless states of mind. Nor does she structure books conventionally: *Queenie* doesn't move; it spins, pausing for scenes, pausing for ideas. Mrs. Calisher appears also to borrow imaginatively from the other arts, giving the reader the feel of the dance, of the mobile, of sculpture. In *Queenie*, probably the most light-hearted of her novels, she has made a tripping entry into the mind of a present-day young girl, and has with wit and spirit fashioned a kind of ballet around the story of Queenie's coming of sexual and intellectual age.

The story unwinds in the form of tapes addressed to various "interlocutors," including the admissions dean of "Hencoop College" in New York, God, a Hencoop professor in whom for a time Queenie reposes some faith, and finally the President of the United States. Queenie keeps her virginity for the better part of the novel, which gives her lots of time to *think* about the nature of sexuality. Taking on Freud, she shares her provocative feminist insights with the reader.

She has been brought up in New York by Aunt Aurine, who may be her mother, and by Aurine's lover, Uncle Oscar, who may be her father, and by Aurine's circle of bosom friends, all of them kept women. It's a comic, archaic milieu, pagan, stylish, and virtuous. Aurine, Oscar, and the friends give Queenie a lot of love and a lot of support, including little diamonds in case of sudden need. "Oh it's good to come from people unconcerned with world welfare, with nerves built on love and wine without guilt, and money just a little tainted with joy."

How does Queenie make the crossing to the 1970s? In stages: She attends a series of memorably outrageous parties, typical feasts of the Aurine-Oscar milieu. From there she goes to college, where she becomes involved with campus politics and protests. And she attends a "political grieve-in" that features a lot of groping and grabbing:

> I grab a curly-haired boy in jeans next to me, and we start kissing up a storm. Then we both bug off backward into the fleshpile. I'm embarrassed, and so is my kissee; each of us recognizes a natural instinct in the other. We're both girls.
>
> "Sorry," she says, "I'm not wearing my contacts."
>
> But both of us are gratified—a natural instinct isn't easy come by, these days.

—*David Gar*

Hortense Calisher—"wit and spirit."

Queenie discovers she is a private person; she doesn't want to politicize life, love, or sex. "I know now what politics is. It's when you are the victim of *other* people's backgrounds."

The book overflows with ideas, couched in sparkling aphorisms, touching on the generation gap, the sexual gap, the abysmal political gap, the communication gap. As the device of the tapes suggests, the story is, among other things, about someone who wants to have a good talk with *Someone*.

In the end, Queenie achieves the Seventies, but in a way so singular we could not follow in her footsteps if we tried. The surrealistic finale is wobbly: We are left without clues as to its degree of unreality. It is too bad that a book so full of ideas lacks a graspable central theme. The separate elements and influences that compose Queenie are also discontinuous; she is not quite an organic creation.

Taken on its own level, however, with Queenie as the heroine of a kind of Everywoman's sexual fable, the novel rewards. It is dense with insight and written intensely, with wit and love of life and of ideas.

Lucy Rosenthal held the 1968 Pulitzer Fellowship in critical writing.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Hb, 2Di, 3Eg, 4Jh, 5Gc, 6Ia, 7Be, 8Af, 9Fd, 10 Cj.

ENCHANTMENT

by Linda Grace Hoyer

Houghton Mifflin, 209 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Cecile Shapiro

■ "Did you know that I am going to write the story of my life?" Linda Grace Hoyer, in the guise of Belle Minuit Adams, asks her small grandson. This book, not quite a novel though something more than a series of connected stories, presents fragments bound into a patchwork of the life she sometimes sees as enchanted. To me, the connotations of "enchantment" are the pleasant spells of happy-ending fairy tales, but Miss Hoyer knows she has been cast as a witch, albeit a Halloween sort of witch, domestic and more or less acceptable.

"Your life is a horror story," says her son. "You should be writing it, not telling it." But her life is not really a horror story, at least not as she recounts it, although some of its materials seem like casebook examples of the kind of insensitivity and misunderstanding that younger writers have spent a lot of fictional time talking about.

Belle was such a good student at the little one-room school, and no doubt such a pest and burden to her teacher as well, that she was sent, at not quite eleven, to board at the nearest state normal school. "I want you to be somebody" was her mother's explanation. Belle would have preferred to ride the miles back and forth from their farm on a horse, if her parents would only buy her one, but without feeling a need to give her a reason, they let her know it was out of the question. (One of the last stories in the book shows Belle as an old woman having her horse shod, a horse we doubt she ever rides, the horse she always remembers it has taken her fifty years to acquire.)

By the time the child Belle is sent

—*W. Earl Snyder*

Linda Grace Hoyer—"acerbity."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

off to school we have already felt the echo of her pain at the statement made by a neighbor over her pine cradle, and repeated to her by her mother without even a compensatory giggle or shrug: "This child will never be right." We know, as she does, that it is a weird thing to be born weighing fourteen pounds with a head full of jet black hair.

Later, her courtship and marriage are marred by the kind of small errors and half-understood statements that seem to make of the lives of husband and wife a constant talking into the wind, or rather a dialogue in which only a part of random phrases reaches a half-cocked ear already buzzing with other, internal lines. One believes that Belle and George are as ungainly and ungraceful as Miss Hoyer paints them. And even later, with her only son and her grandchildren, there remain the angles that don't quite fit or join, that make the structure rickety and uncomfortable yet nonetheless strong enough to last a lifetime and more. But the quiet directness of Miss Hoyer's style, the foursquare absence of embellishment deflect from a suspicion of self-pity or of weeping overheard from the analyst's couch.

Working against this acerbity, this sense one has of a self-contained adult telling her story firmly, her eye steadily on yours, is one's awareness of Belle's obsession with her wounds. Her grandson's cross "Go home!" evokes in her the memory of an old neighbor who shouted at her, when she was four, "You go home right now." When, as a middle-aged woman, she is asked by hostesses why she must leave so soon, her husband clowns. "Belle is afraid you will tell her to go home."

Some of her preoccupations are curiously familiar, for she shares them, as subjects for examination, with her son John Updike, particularly as he exhibits them in *On the Farm* and *Pigeon Feathers*. (Miss Hoyer even quotes a passage from a short story in the latter as having been written by her fictional son.) Miss Hoyer's parents, her father's laconic diary, and the manner of his death; the farm he sold, which Miss Hoyer bought back again; the awkward bluntness and assertive self-abnegation of her husband—all these germinate stories for mother and son again and again. Their ways of telling them, of course, are very different, most notably in point of view. But the moments Miss Hoyer has captured are more than footnotes casting an oblique light on a popular novelist. They have authenticity, style, and a sturdy, upright charm.

Cecile Shapiro is a book editor and free-lance critic.

AN ORDINARY DOG IN AMERICA EATS BETTER THAN SHE DOES.

Cristina eats whatever she can find in the garbage. And that is far less than some prowling dog would find in your garbage can.

For just $12 a month, you can save such a child.

Through our Children, Inc. "Adoption" program you can help provide a child with a better diet, new clothes and medical attention. Even an education.

But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept. SR-4, Richmond, Va. 23220.

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in _____ (Name of Country).

I will pay $12 a month ($144 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

I understand that I can correspond with my child, and continue the "adoption" longer than one year if I wish. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

☐ I cannot "adopt" a child, but want to help $_____.
☐ Or, I will pledge $_____ per month.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify _____ (Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

You can "adopt" a child from any of the following countries: Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Nigeria, Paraguay, Peru, Syria, Thailand, U.S.A.—Appalachian children or American Indians. (Or a child of greatest need.) All gifts are fully tax deductible.

CHILDREN, INCORPORATED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ford Madox Ford

Continued from page 25

lishing citizenship, he could eventually obtain a German divorce. After a short stay with Violet in Germany, he somehow persuaded himself and her that the decree had been granted, and, apparently quite innocently, he announced to the press that he was now married to Violet, who wasted no time in taking his name. The result was a lawsuit initiated by Elsie against certain publications that had referred to Violet as Ford's wife. Elsie of course won the case, to the accompaniment of the widest publicity, and the scandal that followed probably had a more destructive effect on Ford's reputation, particularly in England, than any other single event of his life.

The saddest story, indeed—but also one of the most remarkable, even admirable, because Ford Madox Ford, in spite of his many difficulties and failures, was a great man and a great literary figure, and he lived a great life. He may have been a disastrously bad manager of his personal relations and his literary career. He may have written far too many books, of which only a very few have any claim to permanence. But of those few, *The Good Soldier* and the four novels of the Tietjens series are among the most distinguished works of fiction of this age. In them Ford was able to engage with enormous imaginative power the one subject that proved to be his one true subject, the collapse of the Edwardian moral empire and the emergence after World War I of what T. S. Eliot once called "the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history." These novels alone are enough to assure Ford the place in literature he did not achieve during his lifetime.

Yet his service to literature was almost as important as his personal contribution to it. Ford's career developed through all the major phases of the modern movement, and he was actively involved in all of them. He was born into the fading Pre-Raphaelite world of Swinburne, the Rossettis, and his grandfather, the painter Ford Madox Brown. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the Imagist poets and the Vorticists during the years before the First World War. He published in his magazines many of the most original of the new moderns, first in London, then during the Twenties in Paris, where he was a figure of consequence in the literary life of the American expatriates. In his old age, when financial difficulties forced him to take a college teaching job in this country, he had considerable influence on the younger Southern writers of the post-Agrarian period. At various times in his life he knew just about all the important writers it was possible to know: Wells, Arnold Bennett, Stephen Crane, Eliot, Henry James, Lawrence, Hemingway, Pound, Gertrude Stein, Wyndham Lewis, Allen Tate—and most of them had reason to feel greatly in his debt. He gave them friendship, encouragement, good advice, and, most important of all, a renewal of faith in the reality of literary excellence.

It is obvious that Ford was, as Pound once remarked, "a fascinating and, at moments, almost incredible human 'prublum.'" But he was also that rarest of beings, the genuine, wholly dedicated literary professional, very much in the tradition of the Victorian man of letters. It seems possible now that he was the last of that line.

ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Nestled on the scenic coast of Southern Maine, easily accessible to Boston, St. Francis College is a fully accredited co-educational institution, emphasizing the liberal arts and teacher education. An innovative curriculum incorporating independent study, study abroad, challenge examination, in an atmosphere of human involvement characterizes the college. For further information write:

MICHAEL BACKES, Director of Admissions
St. Francis College, 701 Pool Road
Biddeford, Maine 04005 Tel: 207-282-1515

LETTERS FROM LISELOTTE: Elisabeth Charlotte, Princess Palatine and Duchess of Orléans, "Madame" 1652-1722

translated from the German and edited by Maria Kroll

McCall, 269 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Barbara Levy

■ The court of Versailles during the reign of Louis XIV is well documented in letters, diaries, journals, and memoirs, most of them written by members of the Establishment, whose aristocratic lineage and accompanying snobbery permeate every paragraph and postscript. Like her better-known contemporaries the Duc de Saint-Simon and Madame de Sévigné, Elisabeth Charlotte, Princess Palatine, Duchesse d'Orléans, was an aristocrat and a snob; but, unlike them, she was French only by adoption. Her real loyalty was to her native Germany, and to the end of her life she neither adapted herself to the French court nor permitted herself to be deceived by its glitter.

Liselotte (the name itself is more suggestive of a German *hausfrau* than the sister-in-law of the Sun King) was a daughter of the Elector of the Palatinate, a granddaughter of Elizabeth Stuart, the "Winter Queen" of Bohemia, and a niece of Sophia, Duchess

(*Continued on page 66*)

Remember Me?

by James Reiss

The only thing I remember about Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*
is Peter Stockmann getting up to leave and saying,
"Give me my hat and my stick."
During the course of the play he says this a few times,
then finally exits.

You see, Stockmann is the kind of man
who not only has a rather morbid fascination with hats
and sticks but who also is always on the verge of leaving.
As I remember, he never says, "Here is my hat
and my stick. May I stay and chat awhile?"

This seems significant since, clearly, we are all either hat-
and-stick types or stay-and-chat types,
either moving steadily towards doorways or
sinking deeper into Ibsenesque sofas near tables
with old-fashioned green-shaded lamps.

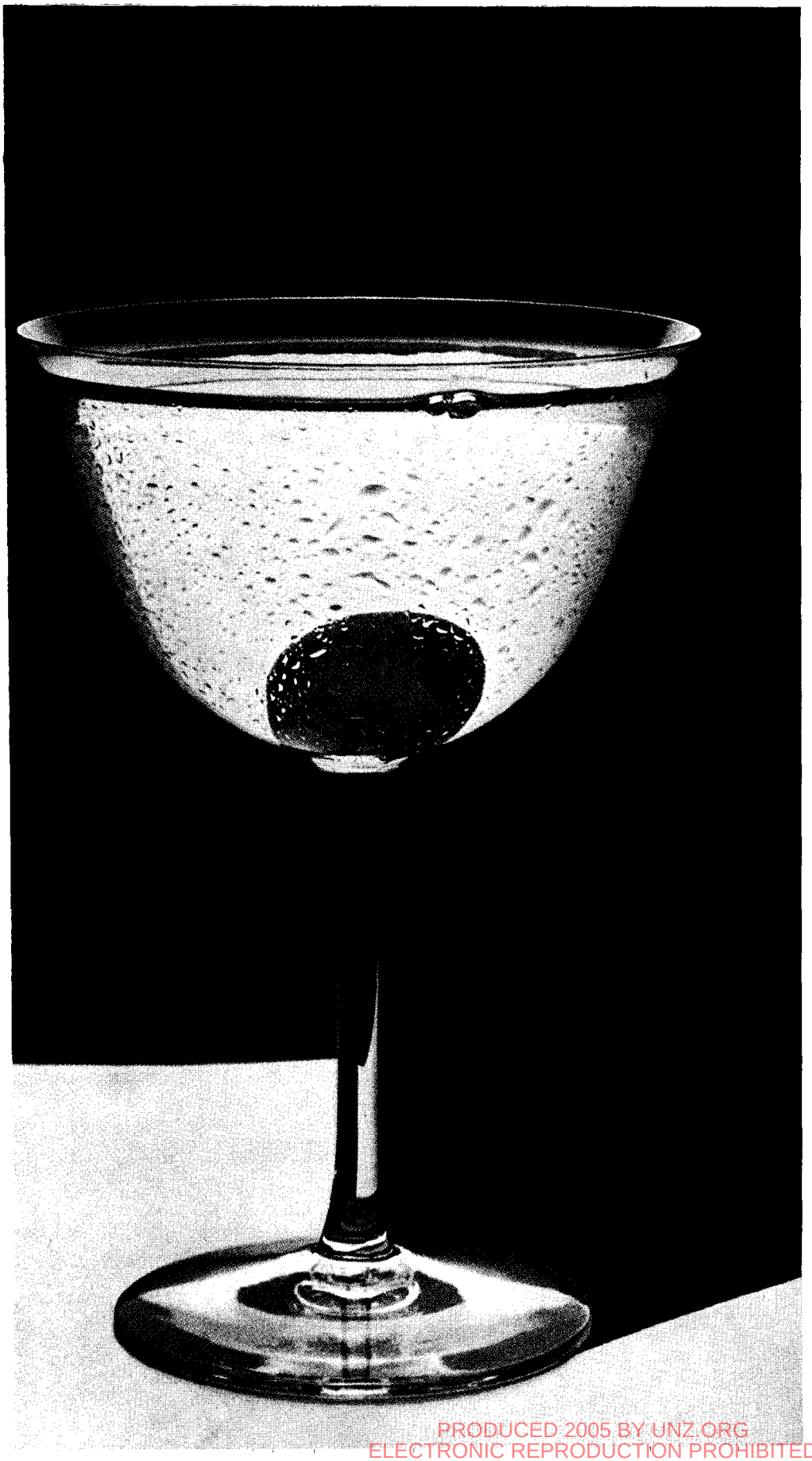
Why is it I remember Peter Stockmann?
Because of an aversion to horsehair conversation?
There are so many other things I might have remembered.
Isn't *An Enemy of the People* about water pollution?
Aren't there a good doctor and his wife in it?

My friend, I must leave now.
My hat and stick await me at your door.
I have a disappearing face.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE RUM MARTINI.

DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



If you're a devoted martini drinker, you may find this a bit hard to swallow, but:

The difference between a gin martini and a Puerto Rican Rum Martini is a subtlety. The inherent quality of subtlety that gives Puerto Rican Rums the edge.

Our rums are light, clear and dry.

But they don't happen to get that way overnight.

To make certain there's no bite or strong aroma, every Puerto Rican Rum must be distilled at high proof and aged and filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

But after all is said and done, reading about the Rum Martini is no substitute for sipping one.

So make one with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum and dry vermouth (or try a few drops of dry cocktail type sherry).

The Rum Martini. Don't let what it sounds like prevent you from finding out what it tastes like.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, 10019

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The thousand-year-old airline.

We began, not with our 747 Garden Jets, but with a legend. The legend of the tsuru, a crane native to Japan, whose story is such that parents once told their children to "behave like the tsuru."

For us at Japan Air Lines, the truest motivation is still to "behave like the tsuru." To fly the highest and farthest like the tsuru, yes. But, more, to reflect the care, serenity, and courtesy which the tsuru symbolizes. To bring the legend to life.

Simple things like courtesy tend to get lost in the crowd of today. In the heritage of Japan, however, they are a matter of character, not ceremony. They have the force and authority of over a thousand years of commitment.

At Japan Air Lines, we share that commitment. And the commitment is absolute.

JAPAN AIR LINES JAL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM AN UNBORN CHILD.

A baby's first words.

They may be the most important thing he'll ever say. What they tell the doctor can help the doctor save the baby's life.

During labor, continuous information on the baby's condition is essential to the doctor's judgment and critical decisions.

All through pregnancy the physician gathers information on both of his patients, mother and child. But during labor, when information on the child is most critical, it is also the most difficult to obtain.

At Corometrics we know how important sufficient data on the patient can be to the doctor and to his care of his patient.

Our research has been dedicated to the discovery and development of methods for gathering such essential data.

Now with the development of the Fetal Monitoring System, the doctor can receive a continuous electrocardiographic signal from the baby throughout labor.

Even during contractions, a baby's distress signal can reach the doctor at once. Continuous and immediate information is an invaluable aid to the doctor, an invaluable advance in medical science.

At Corometrics, we're proud of the role our research and development is playing in helping doctors provide the best care for their patients.

For further information on the Fetal Monitoring Systems, please write:

Corometrics, 473 Washington Avenue, North Haven, Conn. 06473.

COROMETRICS MEDICAL SYSTEMS INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holding the Fort

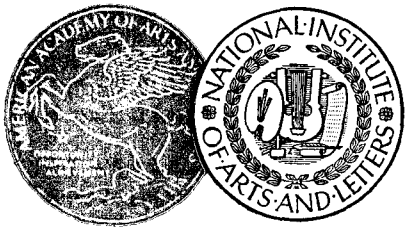
Continued from page 17

can culture when he heard that Lewis had won the Nobel Prize. Lewis issued a counterblast against the Academy and clearly won the exchange, but still he joined the Institute in 1933. Two years later, he was elected to the Academy, where he spoke at meetings against the genteel writers. After a stormy change of administration in 1940, Huntington, who favored the conservatives, ceased to appear at Academy meetings. He had already abandoned the Institute as a lost cause, and now he feared that the Academy, too, would be taken over by the rabble. He left them both, however, with fairly comfortable endowments.

Since 1940 they have been more and more hospitable to new men in the arts (though it must be remembered that membership is for life and that the new men have to wait for vacancies). Much of their corporate income has been used for awards to younger writers and artists, as well as to a few older ones not members of either body. At the ceremonial Bech attended, if we assume that it was the one held in 1970, the president of the Institute presented twenty-one persons with Arts and Letters Awards, each of $3,000; there were ten in literature, seven in art, and four in music. There were also eight special awards by the Academy or the Institute and three medals, separately presented, which, unlike the cash awards, can go to members of the Institute. The total sum awarded, exclusive of the medals, was $80,500.

Some foundations make larger grants to individual artists, but usually for a special purpose or project. The Arts and Letters Awards are made solely on the ground that each recipient shall have produced work of distinction in his own field. What is singular about them—so William Maxwell said in presenting the 1969 awards—"is that they represent a kind of awareness that is neither commercial nor institutional—a recognition given to artists by artists, to writers by writers, to composers by composers. No outside interest can be brought to bear on it. Only the accomplishment can bring it about."

When the 1970 yearbook was issued, the Institute had eighty-eight members in the Department of Art, 119 in Literature, and thirty-four in Music, or 241 in all. Fifteen of them, more than the usual number, were new members inducted that year (like Bech?) at the May ceremonial. The process of selection had started early in the spring of 1969, when the Council of the Institute had declared the fifteen vacancies and called for nominations. Nine of the vacancies were in the Department of Literature, for 1968 had been a year when the names of many writers appeared in the obituary columns. Twenty-one nominations were submitted for the nine vacancies, and those names went out to members of the department in October. Twelve candidates, three more than the number of vacancies, were "qualified," and their names appeared on a second ballot, which, in this case, was sent to members of all three departments. The results were announced at the annual meeting of the Institute in January 1970.



Three of the new members might, in some measure, stand for all the nine writers finally chosen. C. Vann Woodward, the author of scholarly books on the South, is Sterling Professor of History at Yale and a past president of the American Historical Society. Although the Institute is chiefly concerned with the imaginative arts, it is always proud to elect scholars when, as in Woodward's case, they have interesting ideas and a good prose style.

The other two offer an effective contrast. Philip Roth, born in 1933, was taking Updike's place as the youngest literary member. He hardly has to be identified as the author of *Portnoy's Complaint,* which has earned for him nobody knows how much except his tax accountant. May Swenson, a dozen years older, has never needed a tax accountant. She is admired by her fellow poets, but I doubt whether the royalties from her five published volumes, if added together and given to her in a lump sum, would pay for more than a few weeks' travel in Europe.

These three, with the others elected at the same time—Cleanth Brooks, Anthony Hecht, Dwight Macdonald, Joseph Mitchell, Wright Morris, and Jean Stafford—will suggest how the Institute goes about its task of selecting new members. The system or lack of system produces an interesting diversity. Of course, it is part of a larger effort, that of advocating—the Institute would not try to impose—more or less permanent standards of literary value.

Those qualitative standards are especially needed in an egalitarian society such as ours, where the tendency is for all standards to become numerical: one man, one vote, whether for Congress or the Pantheon. By numbers the best book is the one that stands first on the best-seller list. The best author is the one who receives most space in the press: count the inches and the columns. Or else, by a familiar process, some critics set themselves against the public, and for them the best author becomes the one fervently admired by the smallest number of readers. The judgment, though reversed, is still numerical.

It would seem that the Institute, in making its own collective judgment, is no more or less favorably impressed by sales in the millions of copies than by sales in the hundreds. When it chose Philip Roth and May Swenson from the same list of candidates, it was saying in effect that they had some quality in common; for want of a better term, one might call it literary distinction. Whatever the quality and however vaguely defined, it has served as the criterion for membership.

Election is a slow process, as I said; membership is for life, and the result is that the Institute is a curious mixture of periods and fashions in the world of the arts. The mixture becomes dramatic and even stagy at the May ceremonial. There novelists whose great days were in the 1920s and poets who flourished in the 1930s forgather with critics of the 1950s and dramatists of the 1960s for the presentation of awards to young writers and artists, mostly rebels, whose great days are still to come. John Updike—I'm getting back to him—has a good deal of fun with the mixture. Thus, he tells us that during the presentation of awards,

> One of the recipients, a tiptoeing fellow in a mauve jump suit, hurled paper streamers toward the audience and bared his chest to reveal painted there a psychedelic pig labeled Milhaus; at this, several old men, an Arizona naturalist, and a New Deal muralist, stumped off, and for a long time could be heard buzzing for the elevator.

Of course, that never happened, but

EXPERT ADVICE on COUNTRY LIVING

We've read and evaluated hundreds and hundreds of books covering every phase of gardening and country living. Our Catalog is 32 pages of honest, thorough description of those titles we believe will be most worth your time and money. It's a wealth of expert advice on growing fruits and vegetables, preserving and preparing food, choosing a place where it's still pleasant to live in the U.S.A.; home wiring, plumbing, maintenance, building, making a living in the country, etc., etc. If you're really serious about country living, you'll be delighted. Please send 25¢ to help cover postage and handling. Ask for **GARDEN WAY BOOK CATALOG.** Write now to: Garden Way Research, Dept. B-6614, Charlotte, Vt. 05445

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it is a plausible exaggeration. With the sharpening conflict of generations, one has come to expect and even look forward to incidents at the ceremonial; they keep some of the older members from dozing. But Updike is somewhat less plausible when he turns his humor on those older members. At this point he is indicting the Institute on what seems to me one of its stronger sides, that is, its resistance to literary fashions.

Is there any country in the world where those fashions are more powerful than in the United States? Here the reviewers argue, but they soon reach a consensus: This book is irrelevant, that one is racist, but a third is a masterpiece that "speaks to our time" and everyone must read it tomorrow. Everyone reads it and talks about it until it has spoken to our time at a hundred thousand dinner tables; then everyone turns to a new book, and the masterpiece is left moldering in the garret of the summer house on Martha's Vineyard.

The Institute is not immune to fashions, but still it has the quaint belief that literary distinction is something apart from current listings on the stock exchange. It goes before those listings or lags behind them almost defiantly. It gives awards to young novelists who may or may not come into fashion next year, and medals to older novelists who went out of fashion twenty years before—as it did to Dos Passos in 1957, when Faulkner, who felt indebted to him, came up from Charlottesville to make the presentation. That was not the Dos Passos year or the Dos Passos decade, but the Institute has a corporate memory that is longer, thank God, than that of the American public.

WIT TWISTER #211

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The house was _ _ _ _ _ _ _
_ with one great, curving flight
Of steps with balustrades—a child's delight!
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ the railing,
down she swept with glee,
Despite cross _ _ _ _ _ _ _
from the nursery.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 60)

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Journey with Jenkins; Moser, Pilou, Elias, Price

NEWELL JENKINS is not the only adventurer favoring New York's presently opera-avid audience with products of the distant past, but he differs from most in reviving as well as exhuming the objects of his curiosity. Few who attended the most recent of his Clarion Concerts in Tully Hall could have known much beforehand about Johann Adolf Hasse, who spun when Telemann toiled, but there was little doubt after the Jenkins-led *Olimpiade* that Hasse was a giant in his time.

In part this was because Jenkins chose, from among dozens of possibilities, a work that showed the contemporary of Handel and Bach to advantage, but even more because he made the experience creative as well as informative. In his typically comprehensive commentary, Herbert Weinstock made note of the eighteenth-century Hasse's "extraordinary knowledge of what could be sung and what could not, and which special turns of melody would favor each type of voice." It would be a critical failure for an interpreter to undervalue the importance of this factor in the choice of associates, but Jenkins did not fail this critic.

There are no exact counterparts at large today for Hasse's vocal contemporaries, which is to say those who flourished between 1725 and 1775. So a variety of substitutions had to be practiced in this *Olimpiade* to match up modern equivalents. But in Joan Caplan, who sang Megacle; Rita Shane, his friend Licida; and Morella Muñoz, the latter's beloved Argene, Jenkins had sought out performers whose sounds blended well and whose application to the archaic style gave him the wanted kind of uniformity in execution. Helen Vanni, of Metropolitan repute over a busy decade (1956-65), doesn't have all her original sound to dispose these days, but she used her excellent artistry to productive ends as Aristea, Megacle's beloved. Richard Conrad and Daniel Collins fared well as the high tenors assigned to make do as Clistene and Aminta/Alcandro, with the former enjoying the evening's high spot in his second-act aria.

Olimpiade is topical to the extent that its tale of royal twins separated at birth and thereafter participants in one of the innumerable variants on the foundling fantasy, revolves around the quadrennial games. It arouses interest today not so much for any element of storytelling it contains as for the shape and form of its melodic content, the expressiveness of its embellishments, the resourcefulness of its harmonic texture. What are at once its pride and less than its joy are the recitatives. Sometimes they convey remarkable drama; but, more often, they embody narrative exposition beyond the ability of contemporary singers to make interesting.

Weinstock properly notes that when Hasse's last opera was produced at Milan in 1771, it was followed, during the same royal festivity, by *Ascanio in Alba*, a work of a fifteen-year-old composer born in Salzburg. If *Olimpiade* contains any ashes from which the phoenix of Mozart's *Don Giovanni, Figaro*, or *Così* took wing, Jenkins's enterprise provided those with an avid interest the opportunity to search them out.

In the same period of days there was, as it happened, the season's first *Don Giovanni* at the Metropolitan, this time under the direction of Josef Krips and with several performers new to their parts. Any *Don Giovanni* played in the superb settings of Eugene Berman, as directed by Herbert Graf and with Cesare Siepi as the Don, Fernando Corena as Leporello, Nicolai Gedda as Don Ottavio, and Theodor Uppman as Masetto, has to arouse echoes of high quality. This one did so in the particular context of a largely unfamiliar trio of women: Edda Moser as Donna Anna, Jeannette Pilou as Zerlina, and Teresa Zylis-Gara as Elvira.

Far from the poorest *Don Giovanni*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ever heard at the Met (even recently) and also not quite among the best, this one had the particular distinction of being a highly unified, admirably balanced effort under Krips's adjudicating hand. It had a shape, a form, and a Mozartian identity that related more to mental than emotional distinctions but were distinctions nonetheless.

Of the new singers, the most interest was magnetized by the choice of Edda Moser to sing Donna Anna. When last heard here, Miss Moser was a Rhinemaiden in the Karajan-directed *Rheingold*, showing a flexibility of voice also admired in a Deutsche Grammophon recording of a Henze cantata. None of this suggests the qualifications of a conventional Donna Anna, which Miss Moser is not. She is, rather, a believably youthful Commendatore's daughter, who defies the Prima Donna Anna tradition in being neither portly nor inert. Miss Moser is, indeed, a more than commonly believable cause for a seducer's impulse. She is, also, a woman who gives more thought to dramatic plausibility than do most operatic sopranos, and who is an excellent musician as well. But the sound she produces is restricted in size for the needs of the Metropolitan, though decidedly better in "Non mi dir" than in the "Honor" aria of the first act. Limitations of space should not deny Jeannette Pilou the credit due her for a practically perfect Zerlina, neither coy nor aggressive, but honestly enticed by the possibility of qualifying for the Don's attentions before settling for those of her peasant lover, Masetto.

Several alterations, in prime parts, posed the possibility that the Metropolitan's mid-March version of Massenet's *Werther* might be better as well as different from what it had been earlier in the season. In addition to the presence of Franco Corelli as Werther, promised but not delivered at the premiere, the changes included Rosalind Elias in the role of Charlotte, Dominic Cossa as her betrothed, Albert, and Donald Gramm as the Bailiff.

Among all, the most measurable progress toward a pleasurable result was achieved by Gramm. He has retained the round substance of his sound while improving substantially his original status as a better singer than actor. But Miss Elias, for all the opportunity Charlotte offers for her voluptuous sound, still doesn't command the resources of mime and gesture from which a characterization is composed; and Cossa, though he sings well, is constricted by the costumes, wigs, and other physical apparatus of the part. Taken altogether, Corelli is no more an embodiment of French style in *Werther* than he was in Rudolf Bing's prior conceit of casting him as Romeo.

Among these assorted operatic exploits, the least expectable place to find Leontyne Price, one of the great operatic individualities of the time, was in Carnegie Hall, where she celebrated her sabbatical from stage performances by appearing as soloist with the visiting Minnesota Orchestra under the direction of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski. Miss Price's main occupation was with the *Four Last Songs* of Strauss, prefaced by "Dove sono" from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*. Her sound for Mozart was heavy and labored, her interpretation of the Strauss songs (dedicated to the memory of the late Whitney Young, Jr.) impeded by her inability to find the right focus of sound until the last two. Skrowaczewski began with the Walton Partita for Orchestra and concluded with the Second Symphony of Brahms.

Mary

as in Peter, Paul and.

"Mary" is the solo debut of Mary Travers.

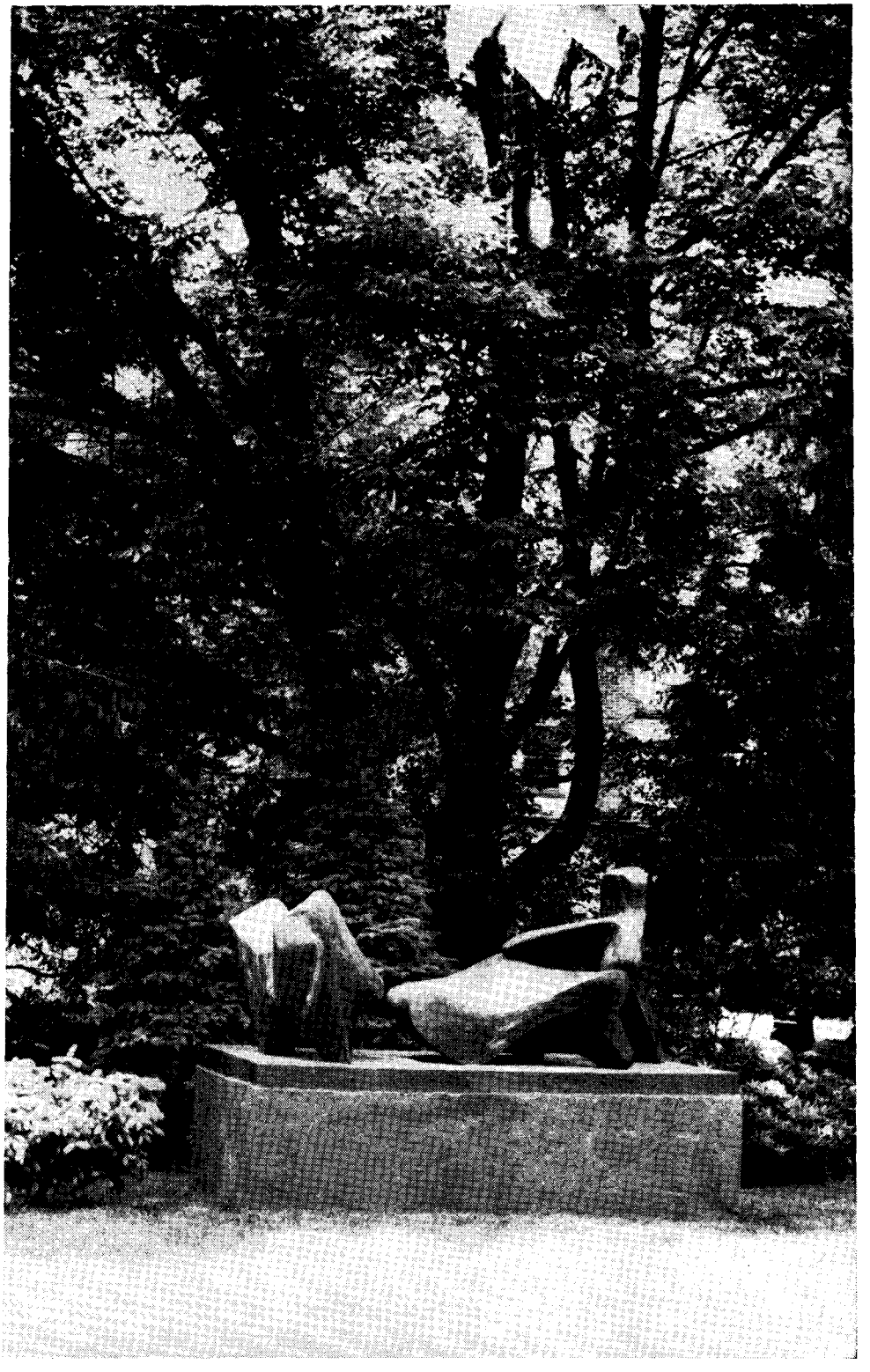
It contains:
The Song Is Love
I Guess He'd Rather Be in Colorado
Children One and All
The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face
I Wish I Knew How It Would
Feel to Be Free
Rhymes and Reasons
Follow Me
On the Path of Glory
Circus
Song for the Asking
Indian Sunset
Poem to Erika

It's available as
WS 1907 on Warner Bros.
albums (and tapes, via Ampex).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photography

Margaret R. Weiss



"Bridge-Prop" at home in suburban New York setting.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID FINN

Moore in Multiple View

HENRY MOORE usually takes his own sculpture photographs—"in self-defense," because others' attempts consistently fail to satisfy him. It is not surprising, however, that he has given his imprimatur to David Finn's camerawork in *As the Eye Moves* (Abrams), an exhaustive photoanalysis of Moore's three-piece reclining figure, *Bridge-Prop*.

In the book's 130 black-and-white and color studies made since the bronze was installed on the grounds of the photographer's suburban New York home in 1967, he shares what his lens caught as it pictured the sculpture under varying light conditions, at different hours of the day and seasons of the year, from every possible camera angle and vantage point.

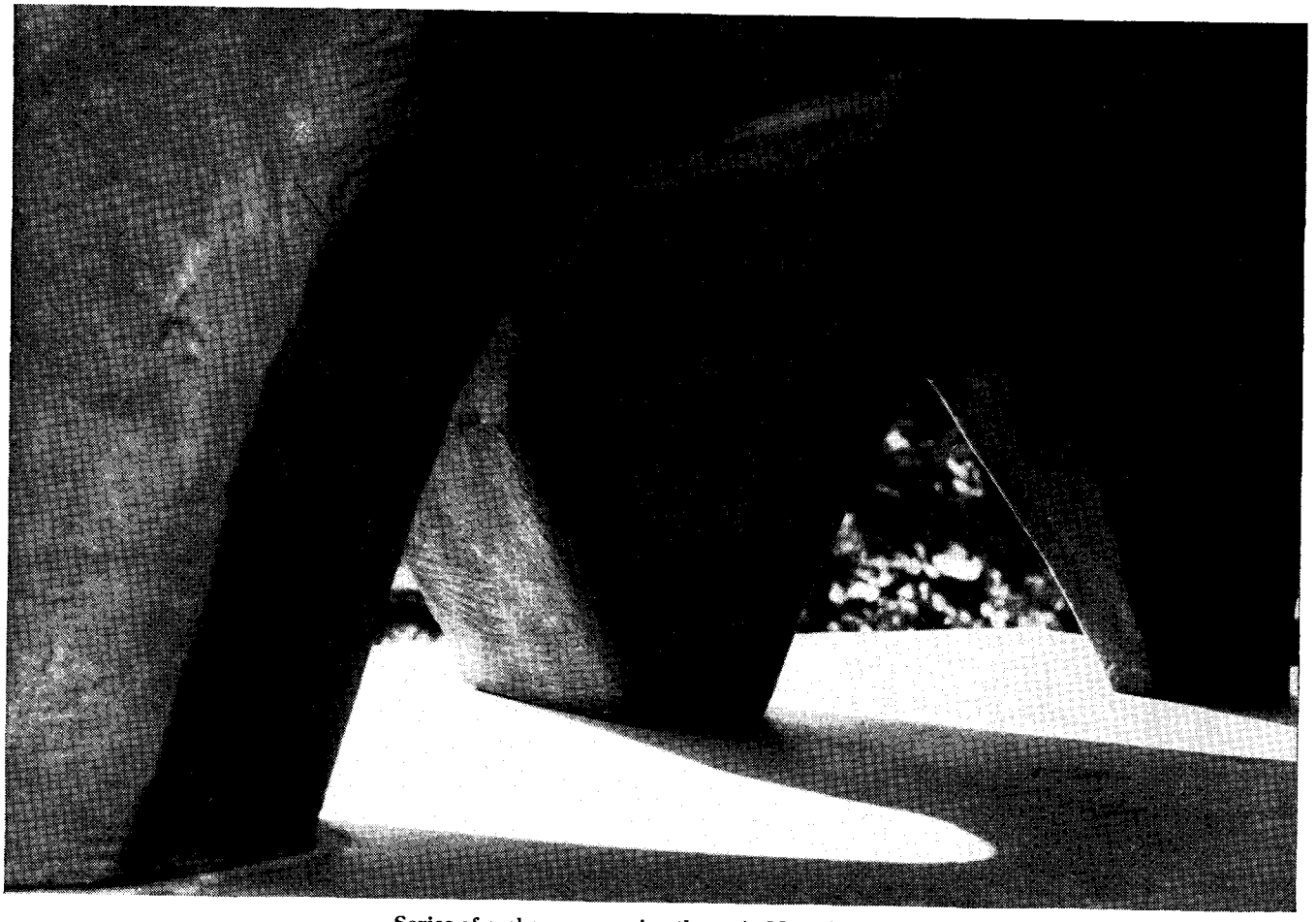
"Using my camera to shoot details or some newly glimpsed aspect," he says, "I felt like the art students of old who made endless sketches of Greco-Roman sculpture to sharpen their eye and gain an intimate familiarity with the greatness of the works." The casual sketchbook project grew into an ardent search-and-discover mission: How many unexpected contours and hidden configurations, what surprises in surface textures and toolmarks, could the interplay of light and shade disclose to the viewfinder?

When the findings of this visual exploration were shown to Moore, he was quick to suggest that they should be published as a book, "so that anyone who studied all the photographs together might learn how the various forms of a piece of sculpture can fit together. . . . These photographs, two-dimensional though they are and with their color variations, can train the eye and the perception of someone new to sculpture to look for qualities which are truly sculptural . . . can train anyone to increase his ability to see the forms of sculpture, all three-dimensional sculpture, by any sculptor."

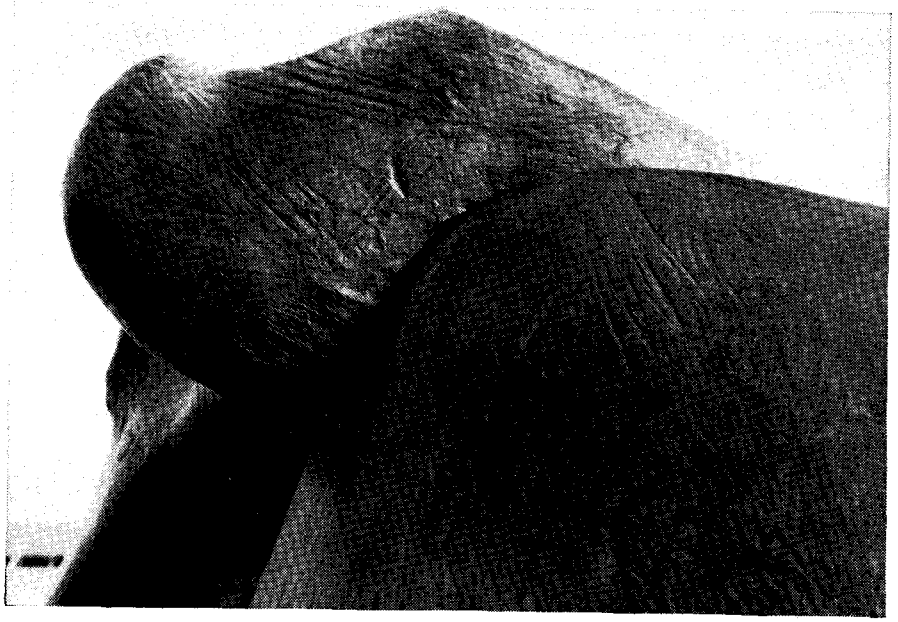
The photographer himself had a far more modest aim in view. His book was designed not so much to teach someone how to look at sculpture as to express photographically what a particular acquisition meant to its appreciative owner. Clearly, he was concerned less with carrying out a didactic experiment than with communicating a poetic experience.

As the reader's eye moves across the pages of the *Bridge-Prop* album, this is what is most effectively conveyed by both the photographs and poet Donald Hall's brief captions of free-association imagery.

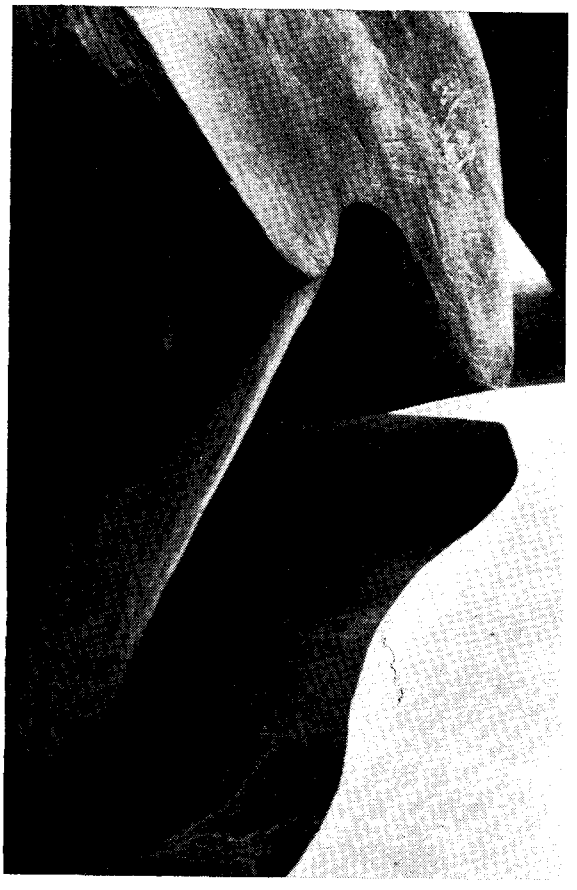
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Series of arches, a recurring theme in Moore's work.



Animal contours surprise the eye.



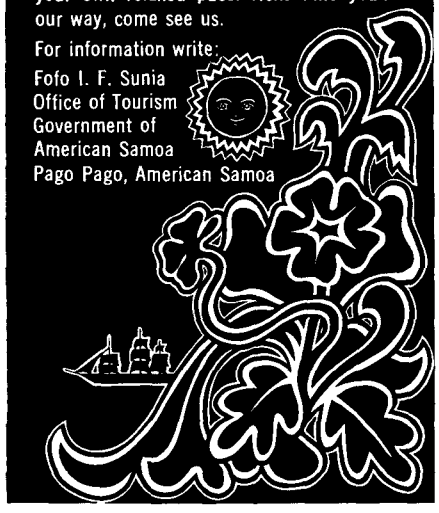
Shadows add a new configuration.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jump ship in American Samoa

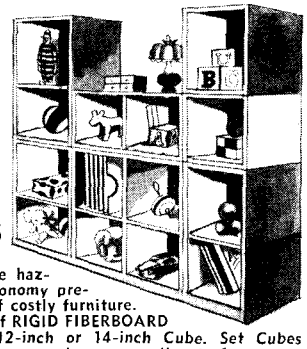
We're an unpressurized, uninhibited paradise half way between Honolulu and Sydney. A delightful piece of Polynesia. Where you can bask in a private cove by the sea, snorkel, fish, hike or explore the charms of a thatched-roof village — at your own relaxed pace. Next time you're our way, come see us.

For information write:
Fofo I. F. Sunia
Office of Tourism
Government of
American Samoa
Pago Pago, American Samoa



STACKABLES

ONLY $4.95 PER SET OF 3 CUBES



Ideal where hazards or economy prevent use of costly furniture. Designed of RIGID FIBERBOARD on basic 12-inch or 14-inch Cube. Set Cubes side by side or on top one another to form room divider, wall or section for storage of books, toys, clothing, radio, documents, knitting—anything! Great for playroom, den, basement, attic. In Oyster White for use as is or decorate to taste. Set of three 12-inch Cubes $4.95 plus $1 postage. 3 Sets (9 Cubes) $14.95 postpaid. Set of three 14-inch Cubes $6.50 plus $1 postage. 3 Sets (9 Cubes) $18.75 postpaid. PEGASUS Dept. S-5, 175 Lauman Lane, Hicksville, N. Y. 11801.

Less than 400 miles from New York City is a delightful French boutique called Montréal.

Reservations—Tel: (514) 878-2332

Hotel Bonaventure

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

Poetry Quarterly

Continued from page 33

poet in new guise. Mind and feeling are loose in these thickets. The thickets may in fact be first of all camouflage. The game is often witty, often more intellectual than earthy. At times one does breathe in a fog of language, but when Ammons finds the balance he convinces us of richness:

I scribble, baby, I mean
I breeze on:
every mile a twist, I
should be back:
a smidgen slit of silence lets all
in:
the land's turning tables
greased with the finest silence

Stanley Plumly's first book, *In the Outer Dark* (Louisiana State University Press, $4.50), shows him more polished and profound than many better-known poets. Plumly sees from odd angles. He can understate or etch deeply, report or imagine. His poems to his father are intensely personal without sentimentality. Plumly fiddles a bit too often with familiar symbols: there's excessive play of light and shadows and such. But this is a versatile book, informed by compassion and craft.

In southeastern Ohio there are
porches,
one to a hill, that lean into the calm
like the decks of ships too long, too
far out.
The coal is gone and the children have
nothing to say.
And in the leftover towns the men fall
asleep in their hands.

Hollis Summers's *Sit Opposite Each Other* (Rutgers University Press, $4.50) has the virtues of the best prose: economy, precision, and focus. Summers prefers cool to wild, wit and logic to exuberance. One can admire the restraint and skill, but the repetition of tactics and the narrow range of tonalities make this a limited even if a finely wrought book. It is a collection of intelligent observations, clear sentences, meaningful silences:

I can't tell you,
But I'll try:
This is the business of a poem,
Trying to tell what you can't.

William Jay Smith's *New & Selected Poems* (Delacorte, $5) contains only four new poems. The book demonstrates the essential changes in Smith's work, but the sampling of early poems is sparse. It cheats readers who may value poems the poet now feels he has outgrown. Smith has always been a refiner, a polisher of gems that reflect American life. In his newer poems he puts aside rhyme and meter for the rush of open cadences and even the extravagances of oratorical rhetoric. He seems willing to sacrific the excitement of the single word or phrase for cumulative effect. But combinations like "wild water thrashing," "buried in snow," and "dreadful night" are too weak to support the larger structures.

Editorial

Continued from page 20

role of the United States in installing Ngo Dinh Diem as President and in his assassination? What happened in the Gulf of Tonkin? Why were there at least three different versions of the incident? Did the American military in South Vietnam defeat the President's efforts in 1966 and 1967 to get into negotiations with Hanoi? Who authorized the bombings of Hanoi in December 1966 and January 1967? Was the United States involved in attempts to subvert the government of Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, as he has charged? Has the American military used Indochina as the proving grounds for new weapons? Has the American military undermined the American Presidency by creating situations in which the President felt he had to fall in behind the flag? Why, if our declared aim in South Vietnam is to defend democratic institutions, do we support South Vietnamese leaders in resisting the formation of a broad-based government?

The record of the U.S. in Indochina is the greatest stain in our history. Those who are responsible for that stain must be regarded not as upholders of the national interest but as men who are bereft of any understanding of what this country is all about. The stain will deepen until such time as we are strong enough to admit that we were wrong and then to devote ourselves, in every way that our imaginations and consciences can conceive and that our resources will permit, to the rehabilitation of the people who have suffered because of our policies.

It will not suffice to catalogue the horrors of the Vietcong by way of justifying our own actions. What should concern us at this point is not proving that we have been less brutal than the Vietcong or anyone else but that we can be more humane. Our main problem right now is not the fortification of our pride but the reassertion of our conscience. —N.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Champ's Town

THE BORED or blasé traveler who has done Katmandu and the Galápagos and thinks only the moon is left to conquer should consider a voyage to Philadelphia. I don't care what W. C. Fields said, there is more to do in that maligned old town than William Penn, standing in bronze above City Hall, would dare imagine.

I fell for Philly on a vernal weekend in midwinter so pleasant and warm that collegiate crews were out in shirtsleeves rowing on the Schuylkill River and young couples were prancing barefoot through Fairmount Park. The painless route to Philadelphia is by Metroliner, but I came in the hard way on a regular hourly Penn Central relic from New York, whose citizens would sooner recognize and visit Bayonne, New Jersey, than admit Philadelphia exists. In fact all week long before my trip New Yorkers commiserated with me as though I were being banished to Devil's Island or going to see a sick aunt.

One of the surprising sides of the Philadelphian's personality, I soon found, is a reluctance to defend the city in the face of such abuse. Locals are perhaps even quicker to knock Philadelphia than outsiders are, but underneath it all you sense a tone of affection. I think the trouble with some Philadelphians, the truly negative ones, is that they really don't know what they're sitting on. Nancy Love, managing editor of *Philadelphia Magazine*, told me that she only recently discovered the city after living there most of her life.

"Philadelphia," she said, "gets the worst press in the U.S., and I used to believe it all. I grew up here, went to Bryn Mawr and the University of Pennsylvania, raised a family, lived on the Main Line, and still didn't know what was here. Then a few years ago a publisher was trying to find someone to do a guide on Philadelphia. It sounded like a joke. A guide on Philadelphia! But I volunteered to do it, and I found that Philadelphia is really a great town. I found it has its own peculiar charm. I dig it. It's a human city."

Human it is, and it took me no longer to learn this than to check into my hotel on a Friday afternoon and then hail a cab out front. The driver was George Pizzo, father of Salvatore Pizzo. An article and picture of the latter was taped to the dashboard; at first it looked like a "Wanted" poster, but on closer glance I saw it to be a headline telling of Salvatore's having won a $35,000 scholarship to Duke. "That's my boy," said George. "Governor Scranton gave him a medal, and the head of the Italian-American Association wanted to meet him, too. He made the Phi Betta Katta and all kinds of other things. He never stops. He's got it all—looks, brains; he's two hundred pounds, over six feet."

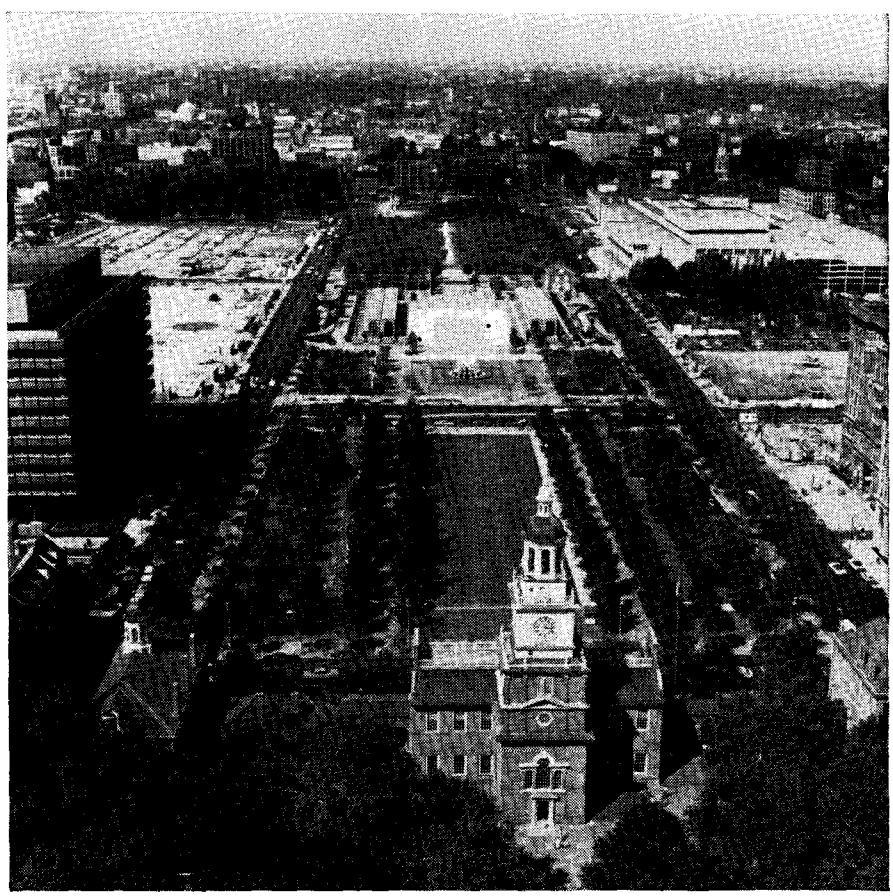
My destination was not Independence Hall, the Philadelphia Museum of Art, or the Franklin Institute. I was going to South Philly, to Little Italy, where George Pizzo and a lot of other Italians were born and still live. I was going there because a writer friend named Kiki Olson, who has an Italian maiden name and also was born in South Philly, claimed that the outdoor market on 9th Street has more life and excitement than anything in Genoa.

George dropped us off at Catharine and 10th, and then he did a peculiar thing—peculiar to one who is used to seeing cab drivers squeal away without a backward glance. He turned off the motor, got out of the cab, stood on the corner in front of Dante & Luigi's restaurant, and kept on talking. "I go down to North Carolina to see my boy," said George, "and I got to take all the food with me—the spaghettis, and spaghettis sauce, and, you know, the Italian wine in the straw basket. They really like all that stuff, but they don't know how to make spaghettis down there, so I do it."

George started telling us about all his travels, how he has been to forty states and loves the desert and Mount Rainier, and when I remarked how vividly he recalled his trips, he said, "Oh, I've got a photo . . . photo . . . photogenic memory." He talked about the old days when the streets of South Philly echoed with machine-gun fire and the screech of fleeing black sedans. "Boy, there were shooting matches then," he said, spraying a round of false fire. "Ack-ack-ack!"

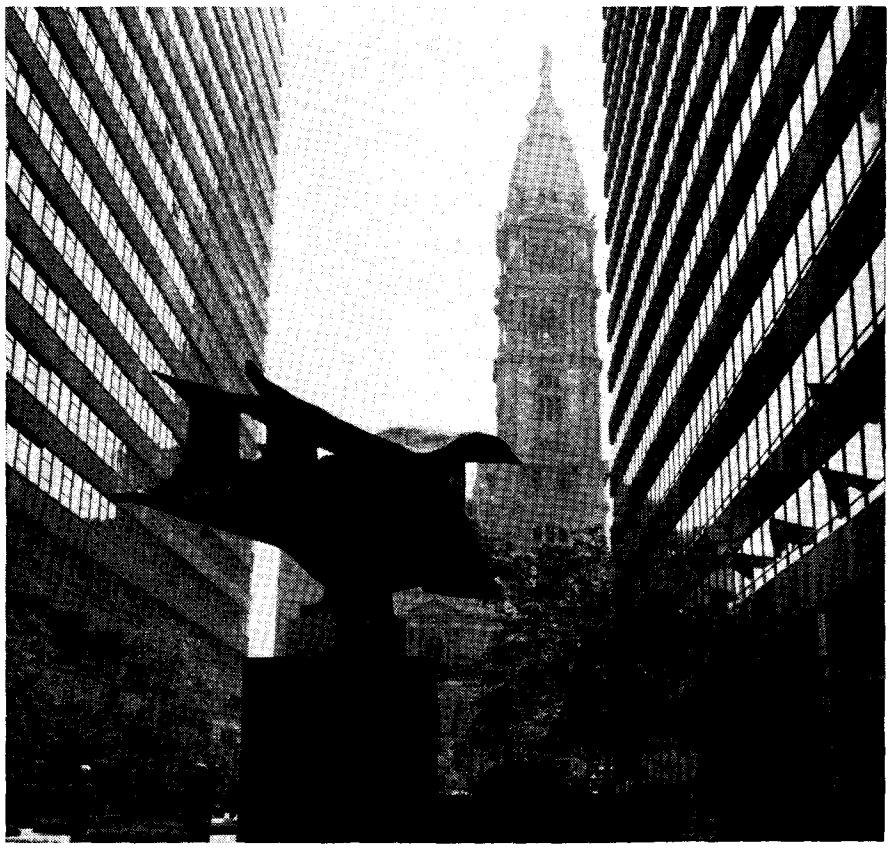
The afternoon was waning and we finally pulled away. "I'm sorry I wasn't off," George said, "or I'd treat you and take you all over." He wasn't kidding. "Oh yeah," he chirped. "I'm sporty."

Ninth Street deals in every kind of commerce known to Italians. In the window of the Ave Maria Shop were gleaming red devil's horns fitted with key chains, side by side with stone Jesus and Virgin Mary statuettes. "Only Italians sell and buy the devil's



Independence Mall—Until the early 1950s, Philly probably deserved the epithets.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Penn Center and City Hall—Billy's Quaker hat is still the highest point in town.

horns," Kiki said. "It's good luck. It keeps away the evil eye." We passed fruit, vegetable, fish, and meat stalls, the goods heaped high on the sidewalk beneath corrugated iron eaves. Tangles of fresh squid. Three white rabbits hanging from spikes, a black and a white child petting their soft fur. Wooden slat cages with squalling turkeys, chickens, rabbits, ducks. Later, before Easter, there would be live lambs for sale. In one shop a swarthy, aproned butcher stood amid his caged menagerie waiting on a man and woman, a sign behind him admonishing customers: PAY BEFORE KILLING. When the couple picked out a pair of chickens, I followed the butcher into the back room to witness the execution. Kiki held back in the doorway, looking a little queasy. There was no whack or death cackle: just a lightning incision, then stillness.

Back on the sidewalk we exchanged "Wows" and I tried to remind myself that indeed this was Philadelphia and not Genoa. Kiki led me into Fudgy's, a dress shop, and was greeted by several clerks who rushed forward to kiss her on the cheek. The boss, whom she wanted me to meet, wasn't in, so we moved on. "I bought a Scaasi dress in there for twenty-five dollars," she said. "It must have been a two-hundred-dollar dress, but I'm sure Fudgy didn't know what it was himself. Of course, you really have to know what you're looking for down here because most of this stuff is a lot of trash."

Suddenly, a burly man in a bloody apron emerged from a meat market and began to shower Kiki with adoring praise. "I like your style," he said sizing her up like a spring lamb, "but I don't like your taste," and looked at me with mock disapproval. I asked her, when we had broken free, if he was an old friend. "Never saw him before."

On the next block dozens of push-carts—all but vanished from the streets of New York—were parked together in rows, bearing piles of fresh fruit and vegetables. Peddlers were burning cardboard boxes and other refuse in trash barrels on the street, and in the fading daylight the smoke and flames swirled like some ritualistic blaze. Two boys shouted at us from across the street, but their words were lost in the din. We passed a man sitting on a doorstep, a cloth cap pulled low over his dusky features. His eyes followed us, but his expression registered nothing. "The classic bicycle-thief face," said Kiki.

We stopped in at Villa Da Roma, a bar and restaurant that rises and falls in popularity depending on when the owner chooses to stay near and supervise the kitchen. Very few customers seem to know his real name; everyone calls him Cuz. I was immediately reminded of the father in *Lovers and Other Strangers* who keeps saying, "So . . . what's the story?" Cuz was busy in the kitchen, but he did have time to sit down and reminisce about the old neighborhood. He said Mario Lanza grew up a block or two away at 7th and Christian and worked as a boy in his grandfather's wholesale grocery. After a beefy, enveloping handshake, Cuz retired to the kitchen, and we lit into a huge plate of mussels in wine sauce and a half-bottle of red.

Philadelphia doesn't win many raves for its night life, but the selective swinger, as I learned that balmy weekend, can exhaust himself making the right stops. A local newspaper editor advised me that the Philadelphia Marriott, where I stayed, corners the most activity in town with its ten restaurants and lounges, three swimming pools, skating rink, and general mixing mill. Recently enlarged to 750 rooms, the hotel blends the atmosphere of a junior prom, sales conference, and indoor bazaar, particularly on weekends, when its new budget "escape plan" brings in families, couples, and singles from near and far. After dinner in the Marriott's Kona Kai Polynesian restaurant, I ducked out of my yellow plastic lei and caught a cab downtown.

The Acropolis on Locust Street in the Greek section was throbbing with the sounds of Port Said, and the head-

World's biggest travel bargain!

Comes to you each month. In the newest, most authoritative newsletter devoted to the "inside happenings" in the field of travel and vacationing. The TR Report is for people who don't trust travel folders, but want the facts, trends, happenings as they break! *TR Report is edited by seasoned travel journalists,* backed by international team of reporters. Four crisp, concise pages monthly. Typical features: How to see All of Britain for $20; How to Obtain Coast-to-Coast Air Fares at 50% reduction; How to save on Airport/Hotel transfers; Elegant Hotels Offering Bargain Rates; Best Tour Values; plus latest news on "*Where the action is*" in travel. TR Report guarantees to make you a better informed traveler or else subscription price refunded in full!

SPECIAL CHARTER SUBSCRIBER OFFER:

12 fact-filled issues, regularly $12. NOW HALF-PRICE ONLY $6.00

Fill-in and mail coupon now! Limited time offer

TR Report

225 So. 15th St., Phila., Pa. 19102 SR-43

I enclose $6 for one year subscription to TR Report. I understand that I am paying only HALF PRICE and that TR Report will make me a better informed traveler or else I will get my *money refunded in full.*

NAME.....

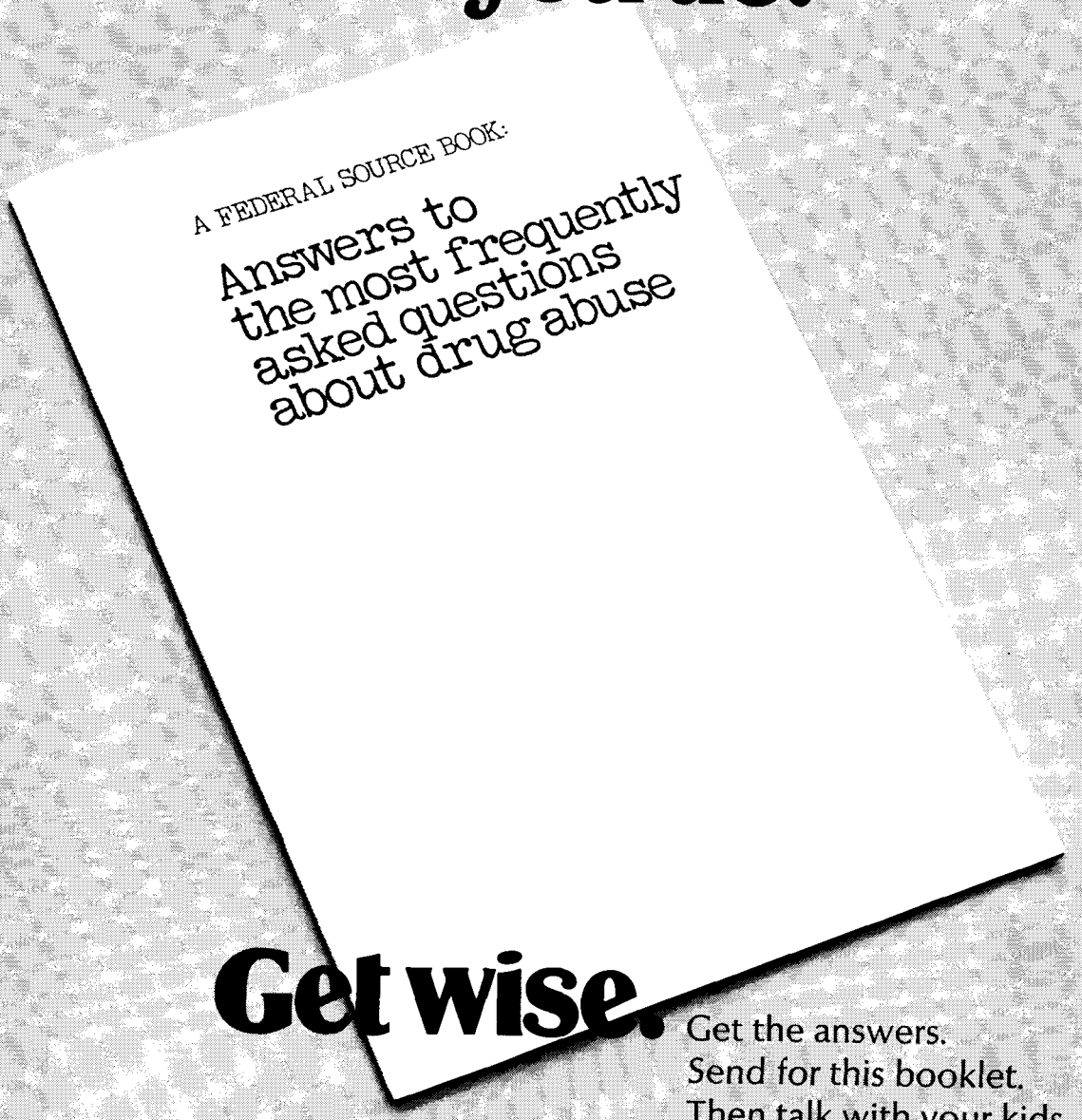
ADDRESS .....

CITY.....

STATE.....ZIP.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your kid shouldn't know more about drugs than you do.



Get wise.

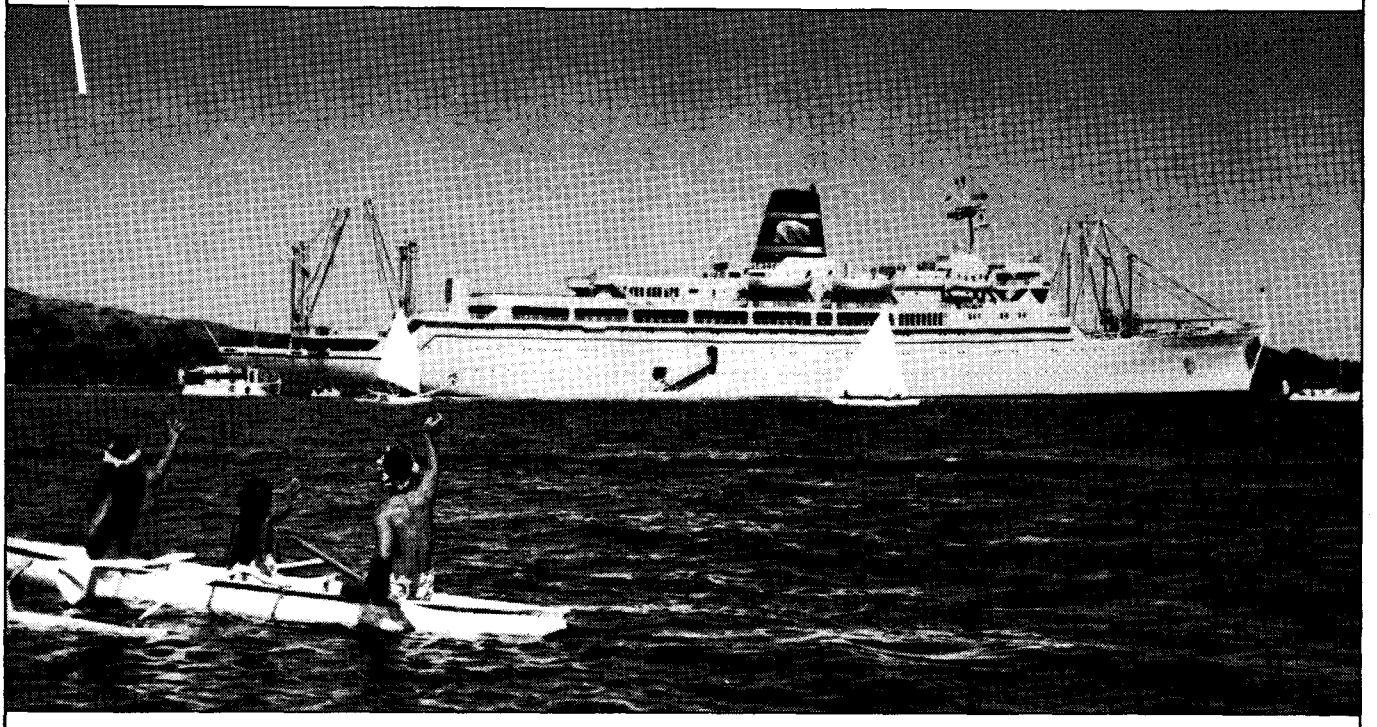
Get the answers.
Send for this booklet.
Then talk with your kids.

Write to:
Questions & Answers
National Clearinghouse
for Drug Abuse Information
Box 1080
Washington, D.C. 20013

advertising contributed for the public good

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now You Can SAIL WITH PFEL To the South Seas, Hawaii and Alaska



PFEL Expands Fleet with purchase of Matson's SS Mariposa and SS Monterey

Time was, when you wanted to cruise with PFEL, you were limited to luxurious cargoliners. Today we offer you more: the elegant SS Mariposa and SS Monterey. Pacific Far East Line has purchased these famous floating resorts from Matson.

Now you can travel with us to more places—fascinating out-of-the-way places other travelers rarely get to see, plus exciting big cities. And you'll have the luxurious accommodations, fine cuisine, and attentive service that are proud traditions with PFEL.

What's more, you'll enjoy gala parties, dancing, entertainment, movies, poolside relaxation, new friends, card tournaments, deck sports, and much much more.

So come sail away with us . . . and discover the carefree luxury of sea-roving with PFEL.

Contact your Travel Agent or mail coupon.

SOUTH SEAS CRUISES • 40 days • Bora Bora, Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii • Sailings Apr 25, Sep 15, Oct 26, Nov 7, Dec 6 • Departures from San Francisco and Los Angeles Minimum fare $1840

HAWAII CRUISES • 5 days each way between California and Hawaii • Frequent departures from San Francisco and Los Angeles • Minimum fare $335 one way, $640 round trip

Special 10-day four-island cruises begin Honolulu Sep 9, 30; Oct 22, Dec 24 • Minimum fare $640

ALASKA CRUISES • 13 days • Vancouver, Juneau, Glacier Bay, Skagway, Sitka, Victoria • Sailings June 13, 26; July 9, 23; Aug 5, 19; Sep 1 • Departures San Francisco and Los Angeles • Minimum fare $728

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE • 56 days • April 15

SR114-471

Paul Thompson, Cruise Consultant
SS Mariposa and SS Monterey
100 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94105

Please send me information on PFEL cruises to:
☐ South Seas ☐ Hawaii ☐ Alaska ☐ Mediterranean

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Travel Agent_____

ROUTE OF THE BEARS

Pacific Far East Line, Inc.

Ships of U.S. registry

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liner was just grinding out her last bellyful of moves. She disappeared in a flash of gauze, and the customers started a procession onto the floor—first three young Greek men swaying around a glass of whiskey, then a young couple with hands on shoulders bouncing and clapping like Cossacks, then a single full-bearded man flailing through his own impressionistic dance, until finally half the crowd, properly lit with ouzo, was jammed beneath a Greek and an American flag.

The next day behaved even more suspiciously like spring. I joined a regiment of Cub Scouts at Independence Hall as they crowded about the Liberty Bell and paid it tapping, patting, slapping homage. The bell, bearing its deep and celebrated wound, stands in the stairwell suspended from an ancient wooden yoke about Cub Scout's eye level. As all schoolboys are supposed to know, it rang out for freedom on July 4, 1776, after the signing of the Declaration of Independence and chimed its last in 1835 for the funeral of John Marshall.

There are plans to have the bell more conspicuously displayed, perhaps outdoors beneath a plastic shell, for the U.S. Bicentennial in 1976. Having beaten out Boston and Washington as the host city, Philly is now locked in an intramural battle over where to stage the fair. Two possibilities are Penns Landing and Fairmount Park. The 1876 Centennial, the first world's fair, was held in the park; the zoo and a few other buildings remain from the 300 or so that were built for the occasion.

Until the early 1950s, Philadelphia probably deserved most of the epithets hurled its way. No one could have disputed Lincoln Steffens in *The Shame of the Cities* when he called Philadelphia "corrupt and contented." But beginning with the dismantling of the China Wall (an elevated masonry and steel railroad right of way cleaving the old city), Philadelphia slowly began to tear down its rotting inner core and restore the colonial and federal buildings worth saving. The entire area from Independence Hall down to the Delaware River is now a National Historical Park, the brick buildings spaced neatly with gardens and walking paths.

Nearby is Society Hill, whose brick row houses have been rebuilt block by block on the rubble of colonial Philadelphia and have drawn wealthy young couples back from the suburbs. The hill has been so carefully rebuilt that it takes on a Williamsburg don't-touch aura. "It's a little too precious for me," offered my sidekick Kiki. "It was more chic to move back here a few years ago, but now it's almost a cliché. If you were hip ten years ago, you lived on Society Hill. Now the young people are moving to the area that we call 'off the Parkway' or 'near the museum.'"

Rittenhouse Square, another refuge for the chic, reminded me of Park Avenue or Fifth Avenue or certain weekend precincts of Central Park. Hip young male couples were walking their Siberian huskies and Afghan hounds through the square; carefully attired young mothers watched their kids at play. On the edge of the square, a clothing store showed gentlemen's tweeds and shetland wools in the window.

The old families have begun to partition their rolling estates on the Main Line, but their influence throughout Philadelphia is still felt. The Wanamakers, Strawbridges, and Biddles will not soon give up the ship. And yet sometimes their great, gray moderation is admirable. In the heart of Center City, a sign proclaims the future home of a Playboy Club, but so far the town fathers, many of whom lunch at the staid red-brick Union League down the street, have prevented Hefner from planting his flag.

On this perfect mock spring day, magnolia trees were sprouting thick green buds on the Benjamin Franklin Parkway by the Rodin Museum. That French Renaissance jewel box, which houses more Rodin works than any museum outside France, was a delight to prowl and, because of the waiting sun, a joy to leave. High above the city, Billy Penn, as the locals have tagged him, bathed in the uncommon warmth. By unwritten code, Penn's Quaker hat must be the highest point in town. Of course in recent days Penn and Franklin have had to surrender claims as Philadelphia's favorite son. That distinction has fallen to a two-fisted citizen named Joe Frazier, and although Muhammad Ali has had a house in the suburbs and a lot of friends in town, Philadelphia now belongs to the champ.

Nobody gets out of Philadelphia without sampling the indigenous cuisine. It's true. Philly has it own food. There is scrapple, described for me as a sort of colonial Spam. Another local speciality is the fiery pepperpot soup aswim with bits of tripe. Then there is the hoagie, Philadelphia's version of the hero or submarine sandwich. And everywhere on the sidewalks of Philly venders are hawking figure-eight pretzels. Of course New York sells pretzels on the street, but the difference is that in Philadelphia they're served with mustard. Now, can you get any of that in Katmandu or the Galápagos?

Europe on up to 35 miles per gallon.

The Renault 10 can get up to 35 m.p.g. The Renault 16 up to 30 m.p.g. So if you see Europe in either one, you'll have more money left to see Europe with.

And you save on more than just gas. A U.S. specification Renault 10 goes for only $1525, a Renault 16 for only $2075 in Paris.

We'll arrange delivery almost anywhere in Europe. And when you're ready to send it home, we'll pay $50 towards shipping costs.

If you just want a Renault while you're there, we'll be happy to buy it back on our Finance-Purchase-Repurchase plan. The Renault 10 for six weeks, for example, comes to only $444. And a Renault 4, only $348.

And, of course, no mileage charges. Road Love. It works in Europe, too.

Visit your local Renault dealer or write:

Renault Inc., Overseas Delivery Dept., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

Gentlemen: Please send me your free booklet on how to buy a Renault 10 or a Renault 16 for delivery in Europe.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

ROAD LOVE

RENAULT

SR-4

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

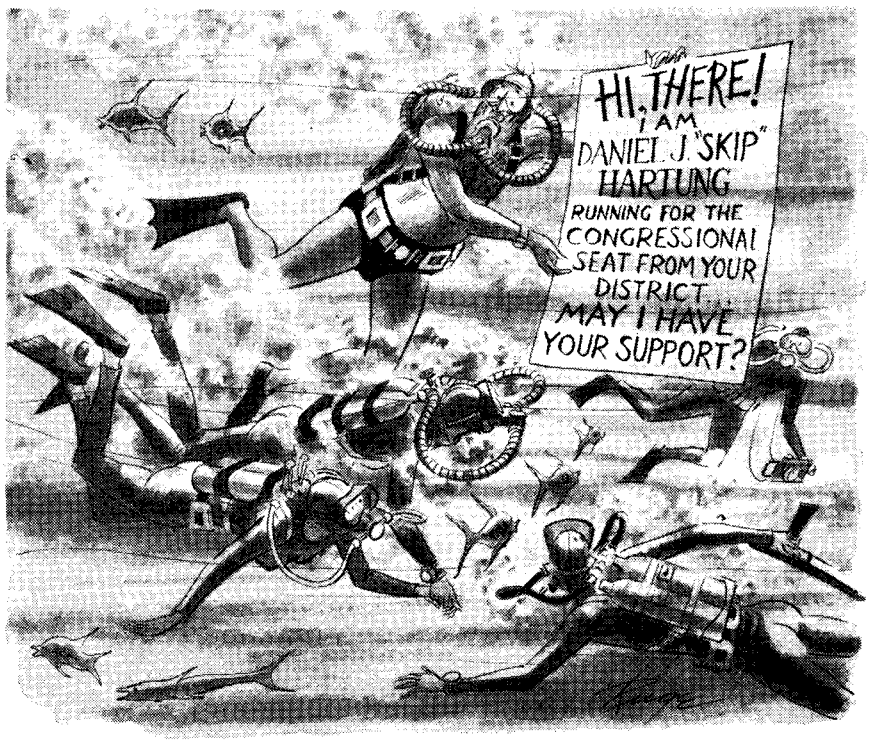
Arthur Knight

A Pique at the Future

WHILE SOME pessimists seriously doubt that there is much of a future for this planet, believing that we will either pollute ourselves to extinction or blow ourselves out of existence before the century is finished, there are others, no less pessimistic, who hold that we do have a future, and it's worse than anything George Orwell ever imagined. Huxley's brave new world was idyllic compared to George Lucas's *THX 1138*, for example; and *The Andromeda Strain*, based on Michael Crichton's popular novel, vividly suggests that we are already well on the way to self-destruct. True, like their literary forebears, these prophets of doom offer their apocalyptic visions as warnings rather than as prognostications; and as we move closer to 1984, it is perhaps inevitable that the warnings grow more intense, more dire. But it is difficult to come away from either of these movies, so persuasively have they been made, without the feeling that we must soon be robotized by our own technology.

Of the two, *The Andromeda Strain* is probably the more disturbing, simply because it is so much more immediate. No date is given, but it could be today—tomorrow at the latest—when a space probe returns to Earth bearing deadly germs for which there is no antidote. (Even more frightening is the film's suggestion that the probes are being carried out for this very purpose, the germs to become another weapon in our growing arsenal.) All of this is done under the aegis of the Army, which, according to the picture, maintains a vast underground installation where the germs can be analyzed, cultivated, and stored, while a network of scientific specialists may be summoned at a moment's notice should any emergency arise.

The Andromeda Strain is the documentary-like record of such an emergency, a three-day alert set off when a cannister from outer space is accidentally opened by a civilian. The small town of Piedmont is immediately wiped out, with an elderly drunk and a howling baby the sole survivors. A quartet of scientists is summarily rushed to the underground laboratory to determine why these two have lived, and from that to deduce the nature of the deadly strain. To add to the suspense, a failure in the lab's communications system poses the threat of a nuclear explosion that will make the germ impossible to control. Science wins this round by a hair, but the film ends on the disquieting note that next time we may not be so lucky—if we let there be a next time.



Robert Wise, who in recent years has been identified with such large-scale musicals as *West Side Story* and *The Sound of Music*, demonstrates that he is equally at ease handling a scientific thriller. A former editor, he controls the pacing of his material particularly well, from the swift introductory sequences in which the doctors are whisked from their homes and labs, through their gradual descent to the five levels of the underground station, to the increasing tension of their four-pronged attack upon the strain. His climax is masterly—the nerve-racking effort of one of the scientists to reach a safety lock while pursued by radar-directed laser beams. The settings, designed by Boris Levin, convey all too well the sterile, gadget-filled, austerely utilitarian world of the scientist, and it is no comfort whatsoever to know that much of his inspiration was derived from existing space technology installations. Best of all, working with a small, expert, but no-star cast (Arthur Hill, James Olson, Kate Reid, David Wayne), Wise has made his scientists very human, and their reactions to possible holocaust very real. They have been transported into a world that terrifies them; and because we can identify with them so thoroughly, we become terrified too.

Perhaps the greatest problem with *THX 1138* is its lack of such identification. Its creatures, also moving through vast, sterile, underground installations, are completely robot-like, with numbers rather than names, and in standardized, prison-like garb. Unseen voices direct their activities, unseen eyes follow their every movement, drugs limit their capacity for revolt. They are mated by computer but are forbidden to love. Guards with faces of stainless steel are everywhere at hand to enforce rules and punish infractions. It is a horrifying blend of Orwell and Huxley, with just enough familiarity in its gadgetry to suggest that the time might be closer than 1984.

What makes *THX 1138* compelling is less its story, which has to do primarily with the efforts of its hero (Robert Duvall) and his mate (Maggie McOmie) to escape to the world above, than the stunning visuals and sound with which George Lucas creates the world below. Blinding white corridors and rooms, flickering television sets, filtered voices, and a barrage of electronic bleeps and gurgles surround these pitiful zombies, who are all the more pitiful because they can't even recognize the horror of it all. And that, I suspect, is precisely what Lucas is trying to tell us in this fascinating first film, for much of the horror that he projects into the future already surrounds *us*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

53 Infrared Exploration—New Light on the Environment by John Lear

58 The Prescribed Environment by Harry F. Dowling, M.D.

61 The Heat Barrier by Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren

62 Earth Watch by Sally Lindsay

64 "Life-style" Education by Wolf Von Eckardt

65 Letters to the Environment Editor

Infrared Exploration—New Light on the Environment

It is long past time for a return to the original purpose of our exploration of the interplanetary space in which Earth floats. We began with a desire to understand obscure relationships between our planet and its star—the sun—and to use those discoveries to better man's condition. In short, we set out to learn our own true place in our grand environment, what destiny that position would reasonably allow us, and how within it we might best realize our individual dreams.

The enterprise was purely scientific, peaceful in intent, open to all the peoples on the globe through agreements deliberately arrived at through the International Council of Scientific Unions. Even an apolitical name was assigned to the undertaking: International Geophysical Year—1957-58.

Only after the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics frightened America-is-superior-in-everything believers half out of their wits by hanging the first man-made moon in the sky did hurt pride in this country turn the extra-terrestrial search for knowledge into a military-oriented race to dominate the moon.

Now that Americans have landed on the moon and found how little the moon means to defense of our earthly territory and how seldom the multi-million-dollar technology that made the moon landings possible can be adapted to solution of human problems here at home, now that thousands of engineers whose pay was inflated by the demand for man-carrying rockets are out of work due to collapse of exaggerated claims for the importance of man's presence in space exploration vehicles, attention is returning to the original proposition that what we need most from the spaceships is not reassurances of human bravery in confronting the unknown but information to help us live in harmony with our immediate environment.

It took ten years for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's stunt-man philosophy to accept a fact clearly demonstrated in principle by the Tiros weather-observing satellites of Earth: that relatively cheap robots could contribute to the lessening of human misery by looking at the planet as a whole. It took a public battle between former U.S. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall and former NASA boss James Webb to persuade NASA to agree to a realistic test of distant satellite capabilities in studying urban growth patterns, analyzing the efficiency of transportation networks, calculating food crop yields, detecting disease and insect infestations of farm lands and of trees in city streets and parks, monitoring forest fires, measuring snow impounded by the mountains, predicting floods and volcanic eruptions and perhaps even earthquakes, and tracing air and water pollutants to their sources. It took a Congressional investigation headed by Congressman Joseph Karth of Minnesota to move the promised test toward reality. Yet today, as General Electric builds the first automatic satellite instrumented specifically to serve an Earth Resources Observation System (EROS), NASA officials are trying hard to create the impression that the value of whatever good eventually comes from EROS must fairly be deducted from the fantastically extravagant bill for the man-on-the-moon expeditions.

If meaningful priorities are ever to be assigned to the accelerating movement toward improvement in the quality of man's total environment, it is imperative to keep the balance of cost and benefit straight in the public mind. Although performance remains to be measured against promise, and there is some danger in expecting too much too soon, the potential rewards of continuous sensing of earthly conditions by distant robot observers is immeasurably great. Only in the most remote Alice-in-Wonderland sense can NASA's emphasis on manned spectaculars be said to have illuminated the rich prospects for what rocket designer Wernher von Braun is now belatedly calling the "bread and butter" aspect of exploration beyond Earth's atmosphere.

The suggestion that Earth satellites might be competent observers of the environment first arose before NASA came into existence. Physicist S. Fred Singer, the man who predicted the presence of the Earth radiation belts later discovered by James Van Allen of Iowa, described to the scientific community in 1953 an invention that he dubbed MOUSE (for minimal orbital unmanned satellite of Earth). Singer said that if the MOUSE were properly arrayed with photoelectric cells and put into the sky, it could radio back to Earth a global image of sunlight reflected from the tops of the clouds and from ice and snow on the planet's surface. In the following year,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photos for this article are from EROS–U.S. Department of Interior.

An object lesson in distant observation of the environment. Close-up picture of part of girl's upper lip (left) tells little about her pretty face (right).

the late Harry Wexler, chief scientist of the U.S. Weather Bureau, proposed a more sophisticated MOUSE that would return to Earth a TV motion picture of the cloud tops meaningful enough to improve the quality of weather forecasting.

Six years after that, the earliest research model of the Tiros weather satellite that Wexler had imagined was actually orbiting and sending back unexpectedly sharp photographs of Earth's cloud cover. Where breaks appeared in the clouds, geographical features of the planet could be seen in the pictures. This remarkable robot performance came to University of California (Los Angeles) Geology Professor John Crowell's notice just before one of his favorite students, Paul Merifield, arrived for a serious talk. Merifield had completed the requirements for a master's degree and was preparing to move on to the Colorado School of Mines to seek a Ph.D. He needed a timely, pertinent subject for the doctoral thesis. Had Crowell any provocative ideas? Crowell popped one: "Why don't you try to tell us whether satellite pictures like these could be used for geological purposes?"

Merifield accepted Crowell's question as a thesis theme. During the next two years he dug for the answer. In 1962, he sought advice from Paul Lowman, Jr., another young geologist he met in Colorado. Lowman worked for NASA in jobs involving precise photography. Did he have any picture sources Merifield did not know of? Lowman did not, but he thought of a possible way to create some. John Glenn, Jr., had carried a small hand camera with him when he made the first American orbits of the Earth in a Mercury capsule that February. Glenn had passed the photos around afterward. Some of them were recognizable when matched against standard maps. In May, Scott Carpenter was due for a three-orbit trip like Glenn's. Lowman wrote a personal note to Carpenter. Would the astronaut be willing to try some snapshots of craters in the southwestern United States? Carpenter tried, but his pictures were out of focus. Lowman next wrote to Wally Schirra in advance of Schirra's six-orbit Mercury mission in October. Schirra's pictures turned out to be overexposed. L. Gordon Cooper rode twenty-two times around the planet in May 1963. He returned twenty-nine photos to Lowman, half of them useful, one of Tibet's great plateau so stunningly clear that Lowman drew from it the first map ever derived from observations taken beyond Earth's atmosphere.

Lowman continued to compile his space photo album throughout the voyages of the two-man Gemini spaceships and the three-man Apollos, adjusting the picture-collecting rate to whatever time the astronauts could spare for the aiming of their hand-held cameras—until the voyages of Apollo 6 (on which finely calibrated photos were taken automatically) and Apollo 9, when the astronauts snapped the lenses of three fixed cameras simultaneously when instructed from the Earth to do so.

NASA published an official note on Lowman's work in 1964. That same year it sent a request to the U.S. Geological Survey for studies (to be jointly funded by NASA and USGS's parent agency, the Department of the Interior) of the practical potential of then evolv-

Low-altitude photos covering large areas require wide-angle lens that distorts off-center objects such as power line above. Remote photography uses narrow lens straight down, eliminating distortion. Power line image below is unmistakable.

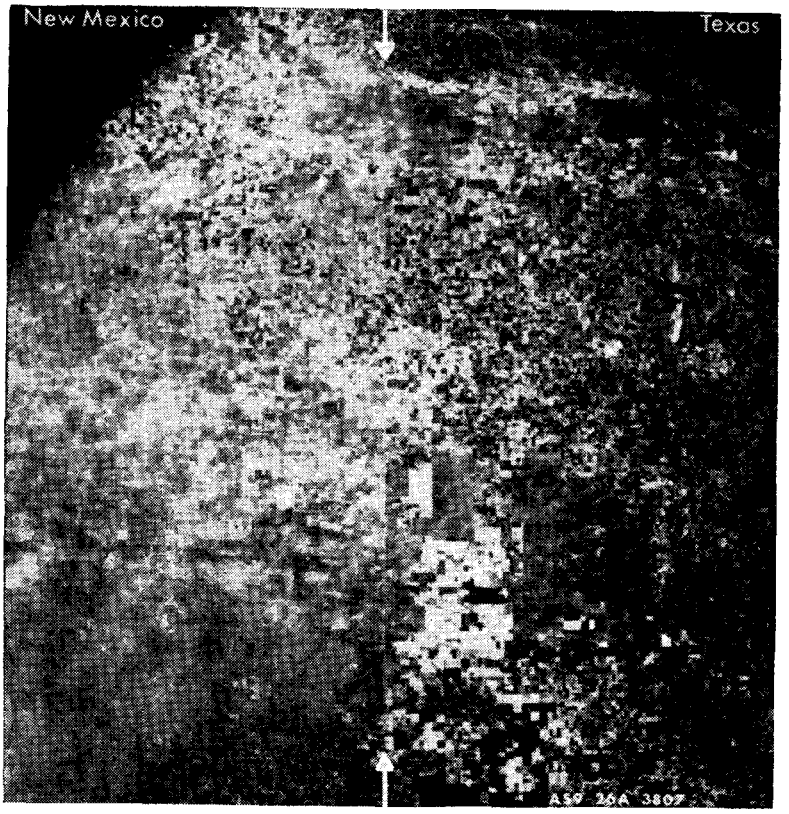
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing instruments capable of sensing environmental conditions on both the Earth and the moon.

The request traveled through the then Secretary Udall to William Pecora, USGS director, and on to the desk of William A. Fischer, a USGS veteran who had used his scientific skills in interpreting photos for the U.S. Navy in World War II. Since his return from the Navy in 1946, Fischer had been in charge of a USGS program for sensing the state of the terrestrial environment from airplanes. An especially effective tool in those explorations had been infrared (also called "false image") film developed by Kodak to expose camouflage during the war.

The photograph reproduced on the cover of this issue of *SR* is an instructive example of how infrared film reveals hidden realities in the terrain. The photo shows part of the shoreline of Amchitka Island, one of the Aleutians. The Atomic Energy Commission wanted to test a nuclear bomb underground at Amchitka and needed to be sure the explosion would not trigger an earthquake in the geologically unstable neighborhood. Geotronics, an aerial photography outfit based in California, took the cover picture of the bomb site before the explosion. The controlling element in the photo is the broad fringe of bright red. That fringe is the offshore shelf of the island. It is red because the shelf is covered with vigorously growing seaweed. The presence of any life is betrayed on infrared film by the particular radiation reflected from chlorophyll. If the seaweed were dead, the chlorophyll would be gone and the shelf would appear as gray or brown, the color of the barren island itself. When another photograph of Amchitka, taken after the bomb test, included the same red fringe, as bright as before, its boundaries unchanged, the AEC knew the bomb had not disturbed the geological structure of the island.

Robert H. Morris, in the Denver office of USGS, interpreted the Amchitka photos for AEC. Fellows of his on USGS's staff throughout the country shared his familiarity with the infrared photography technique. It was hardly surprising that Fischer, at the center of such activity in Washington, would fail to enthuse over details of NASA's scheme, which called only for observations from airplanes. Fischer's own group in USGS already had used infrared aerial photos to map the oil fields on Alaska's North Slope and to find rich diggings for uranium prospectors in the American West. They had also flown heat sensors that traced fresh water seeping into the salt water of the Pacific Ocean from the Hawaiian Islands and detected warning signs of



Note remarkable difference in this infrared photo left and right of arrows. Arrows mark New Mexico-Texas border. Texas allows water drillers to draw from aquifer shared by both states. New Mexico bans practice, hence loses water to Texas. Infrared reveals denser crops in Texas than in New Mexico.

eruption of Hawaiian volcanoes before the volcanoes exploded. Further plane flights, with multispectral scanners and microwave radiation detectors, would certainly be welcome to USGS, but Fischer knew that it would take twenty years for aircraft to assemble as much data as could be acquired by a single robot satellite in the seventeen days the robot would take to completely survey the Earth from pole to pole; furthermore, by the end of the twenty years of plane observation, the data acquired through most of the observing period would be out of date.

Fischer raised his voice in favor of an unmanned satellite. USGS Director Pecora expressed his agreement, and Secretary Udall joined in. The paucity of subsequent events raised Udall's personal temperature, and in 1966 he sent NASA a set of specifications for a satellite capable of observing the Earth from a distance of 500 miles. He proposed that this robot should travel a polar orbit in order to cover the whole globe, passing over any given geographical point at 9:30 in the morning of every eighteenth day.

NASA objected that the technology required for such a satellite was just coming over the horizon and had not yet arrived. Udall appealed to the National Academy of Sciences, which appointed a special study panel. The panel reported that NASA was wrong, that the needed technology was available, that it could be provided cheaply and quickly, and that it should be supplied in order to loft the satellite in time to make its findings synchronous with those of the 1970 census.

NASA blocked the conjunction with census data gathering by insisting that its instruments should fly only in airplanes and in manned spaceships. Udall appealed to the Science and Astronautics Committee of the House of Representatives. The committee referred the question to Congressman Karth's subcommittee, which, after an inquiry, supported Udall and the National Academy of Sciences panel. The full House committee offered to shift items in the NASA budget to allow the building and launching of an unmanned satellite assigned to environmental observation. NASA declined the offer, declaring that the White House Budget Bureau would not approve the expenditure. The Budget Bureau confirmed its disapproval, but attributed it to NASA's vagueness in telling what the satellite could do.

That was as much public exposure as NASA could afford. When the 1970 budget came up, it included specific provision for a study of an unmanned environment-observing satellite. The 1971 budget carried an appropriation for the actual building of the robot. Events then took a somewhat ironic

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn. Merifield, his Ph.D. thesis successfully completed, had returned to California and become a geological consultant to some of the aerospace giants there. Among his clients was TRW Systems. It entered a bid on the satellite that Merifield's thesis had foreshadowed. But it lost the contract to G-E.

If the present production schedule holds, the satellite will be launched in March 1972. It will broadcast TV pictures to Earth for a year. The nature of the pictures will depend on the number and variety of experiments accepted by NASA from scientists in and out of the government. Proposals must be in NASA's hands by the middle of this month of April. At the end of its effective life, the satellite will be replaced by a succession of three progressively more sophisticated robots. At least one of them will record its pictures on film that will be parachuted back to Earth periodically in capsules designed to be caught by aircraft patrolling the lower atmosphere. Some of the photography will be done in black and white, some in color, some by passive microwave reflection, some by active radar emission. Multi-spectrum scanners will sample different wave lengths of light in quick succession and allow computers to interpret the resulting patterns. But the infrared will remain the main light path to environmental exploration for the very simple reason that infrared indicates life, directly through reflection from chlorophyll and indirectly through temperature differences arising from the presence of Earth's life-cradling substance—water. At first, the cost of the exploration will be shared by NASA and Interior. Gradually, however, Interior will shoulder the whole burden of designing and building the satellites; ultimately, NASA's only responsibility will be to rocket the robots into orbit.

Interior's assumption of responsibility for the project does not imply an intent to make that department the exclusive beneficiary of resource information obtained outside the atmosphere. EROS is managed from within Interior by USGS's William Fischer, but he meets once a month with NASA's Earth observation program chief, John DeNoyer (a former assistant director of USGS), and representatives of the Agriculture Department, the Army Corps of Engineers, and the Surgeon General's office in the Public Health Service.

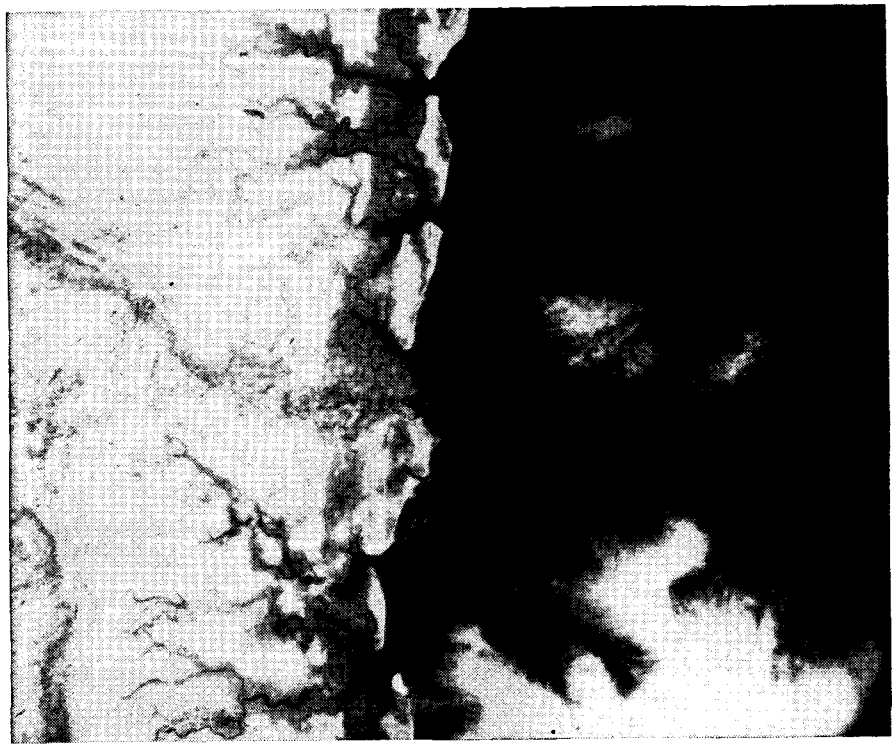
What possible interest could the Surgeon General have in data relayed from an Earth resource observation satellite 500 miles out in space?

Malaria is still a vicious scourge in many places. Malarial outbreaks tend to occur in the vicinity of newly cleared land, and new clearings show up conspicuously in pictures taken at high altitudes.

The Agriculture Department's involvement in resource satellite development is more widespread. Sick citrus trees in California and Florida have long been spotted earliest from the air. Peach and pecan pests have been detected in the same way, as have leaf diseases of some vegetables. It is believed that if an environment-observing satellite had been orbiting at the time the corn blight struck the Midwest a few months ago, the infestation might have been stopped short of its present disastrous proportions. The people of Denver are now cooperating with the Army in an attempt to save their city's 150,000 stately elm trees from destruction by beetles; the method again is aerial photography in infrared light. A dead elm loses its normal color in the infrared; the beetles lay their eggs only in dead trees; if the dead trees can be removed early enough, the spread of the beetles can be slowed or stopped.

The Army Engineers are interested in exercising control over the behavior of the nation's watercourses. Water shows up black on infrared film. Sufficiently distant photography can record the ramifications of a flood at crest with ease; potential disaster can be minimized or prevented altogether. There are also smaller benefits for the engineers—such as the unsuspected Earth fault line that appeared in one high-altitude infrared photo. The line intersected a dam that impounded a reservoir. The dam had been leaking for some time, but no one could tell where before the photo revealed the secret.

Because of the precision with which geological structures, bodies of water, and vegetation can be mapped at the infrared end of the electromagnetic spectrum, infrared photos and sensors are certain to become a fundamental policy-making tool for the Interior Department. A single application of the sensors alone has already paid the cost of many future years of distant environment exploration. The result of that one employment is a new official appreciation of the extent of geothermal steam basins underlying the states west of the Mississippi River [see "Clean Power from Inside the Earth," *SR*, Dec. 5, 1970]. Another sizable economy in public affairs is expected to result from infrared studies of irrigated lands and grazing ranges, both under Interior supervision. Better estimates of the worth of mining reserve leases, tougher enforcement of strip mine restoration regulations, stronger protection for the national parks through more stable placement of parking lots for visitors' automobiles, more accurate estimates of the proper size for a given year's kill of antelope or the right length for a particular duck hunting season—all these are actual examples of the gains Interior expects from infrared exploration.



Apollo 9 photograph gave land planners first precise boundaries for wetlands along Georgia's Atlantic coast. Water always appears black on infrared film.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The full potential of distant sensing of the environment reaches far beyond the confines of any government department's authority. Ultimately, if not immediately, the White House Council on Environmental Quality and the Environmental Protection Agency will have to take cognizance of the importance of the infrared spectrum in policing air and water pollution. A properly instrumented satellite of Earth can monitor the formation of smog clouds and (because the usual blackness of the water on infrared images gives way to a lighter hue when sediments are present) trace the sources of wastes dumped into streams and lakes and even into the sea. Particular chemical pollutants cannot yet be distinguished, except for one type of pulp and paper mill effluent, which luminesces.

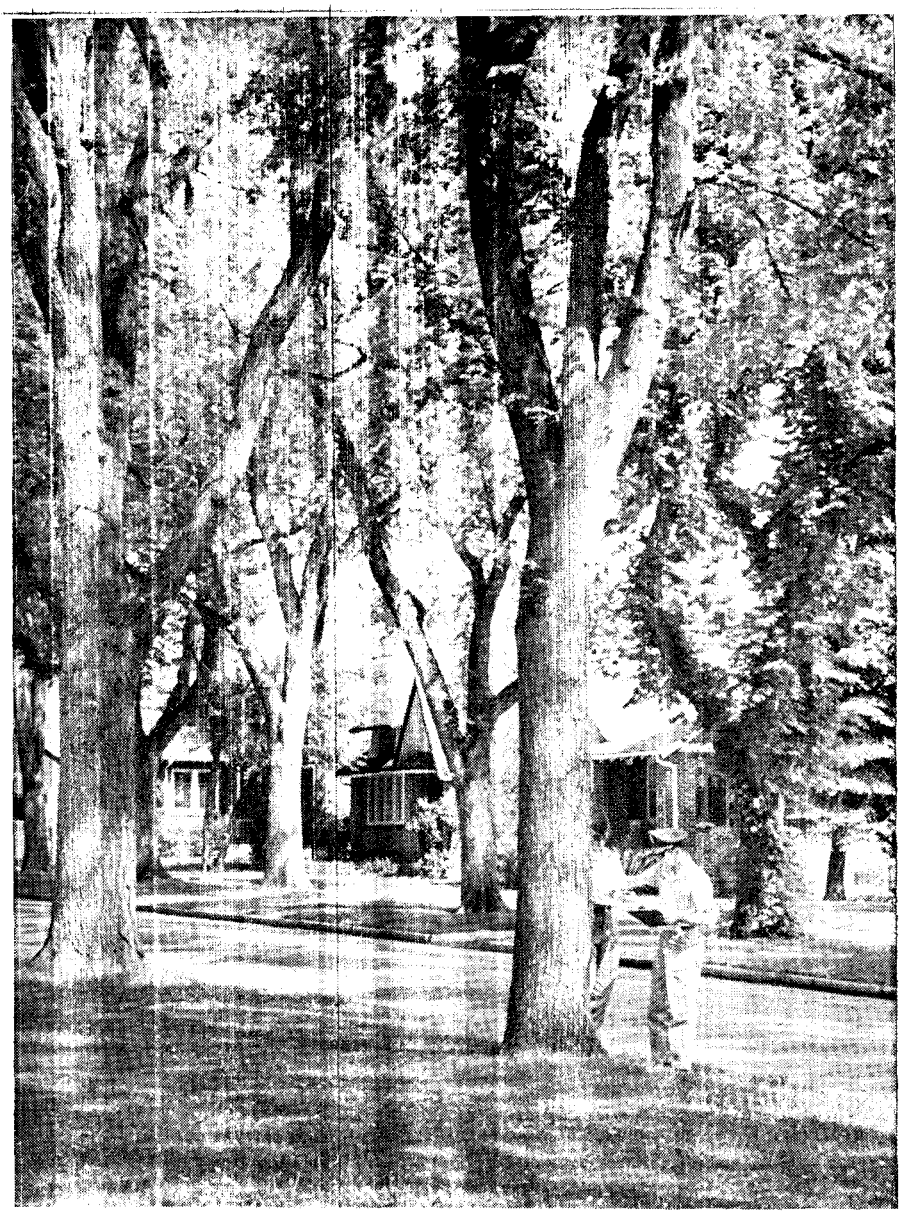
Just as weather forecasting is now slowly being perfected by analysis of what is happening beneath the clouds at the moment when the weather satellites report particular patterns in the cloud tops, so hundreds of "ground truth" seekers will have to match real conditions on Earth's surface against the advice sent down by the environment observers overhead. "Ground truth" is a photo-interpreter's phrase, invented on the assumption that every kind of rock, every variant of soil, every family of tree and vegetable and moss and shrub, has an individual signature exclusively its own. Wheat signs differently from barley, barley differently from corn, corn differently from rice. Recognition of a signature will vary with the time of day, the season, the amount of shadow, the angle of observation. But once the identity is determined, the signature can be picked surely out of a multitude of other signatures, recorded, stored, and run through computers—all automatically. A bank for preservation of such automatically prepared documents is to be constructed as part of the Earth Resources Observation System. Citizens of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, have chipped in to a $200,000 kitty to purchase a site for the institution and so assure their neighborhood a master key to the future. The real estate will be deeded as a gift to the Interior Department, which will spend $4.8-million on the bank building and supporting facilities. Eventually, 50,000 images will be added to the bank vaults every year. Where these documents concern other countries, copies will go to their governments on request, under agreements to be negotiated preliminary to the United Nations symposium on the environment scheduled for Stockholm in 1972. About three dozen nations have expressed interest in signing up.

To guarantee the validity of the bank vault contents, William Fischer and his staff are now arranging for massive deposits of "ground truth." Infrared photography missions are scheduled to be flown by EROS planes over designated areas of Arizona, Chesapeake Bay, California, the Pacific Northwest, the Great Plains, and the Everglades; identical flights will be made every eighteen days in simulation of the path fixed for the first environment-observing satellite, and the particular signatures appearing on those pictures will be checked against each other so that a repeatedly verified set of signatures will be ready for use when the satellite begins to return its observations.

South Dakota State University is poised for whatever consequences ensue. It already houses on its campus a Remote Sensing Institute, directed by Dr. Victor Myers, a pioneer in application of infrared photo technology to rural problems. The Willow Run Laboratories of the University of Michigan have been engaged in infrared research for a quarter of a century and periodically play host to national and international symposia on the subject. Other schools actively concerned with distant sensing of the environment are the Colorado School of Mines, Cornell, Kansas, Penn State, and Stanford. A sizable industrial complex has sprung up in response to their intellectual seeding.

NASA is still trying to annex remote environment sensing to its man-in-space extravaganza. Earth resources surveys have been announced for the project Skylab. The special appeal of this vehicle will be that men will be on hand to repair the cameras and the sensors and to ferry film back to Earth. But the Skylab crews will have many simultaneous jobs to do, and it seems exceedingly doubtful that they will be able to match the impact of repetitive imaging from the EROS satellite at a distance that will enable man to see the forest in spite of the trees and to picture the immensity of his own dependence on the life around him.

—JOHN LEAR
Science Editor.

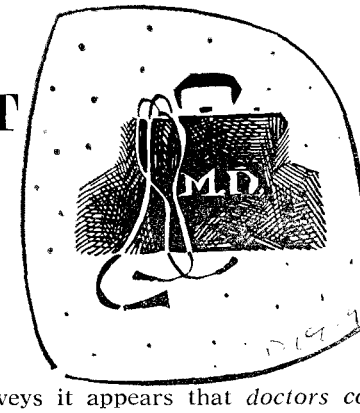


—405th Intelligence Detachment, U. S. Army Reserve

U. S. Army research team examines dying elm tree spotted on street in Denver by infrared photography from aloft. Tree was removed in fight against blight.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRESCRIBED ENVIRONMENT



Physicians determine it largely with drugs. A medical authority questions the results.

by HARRY F. DOWLING, M.D.

When students graduate from medical schools, their training in the use of drugs for the prevention and treatment of illness is spotty and often scanty. During the subsequent hospital internship and residency training, systematic study of drugs is rare. And although the recent graduate tries to plot a course of rational therapy based on the principles taught by pharmacologists, he tends to be blown off his route by the gusty gales of advertising and the cross winds of opinion among his colleagues. Such is his plight as he sails out of the protected harbor of internship and residency into the open seas of medical practice. How does he react to the sources of information available to him there?

Several surveys have been made in which physicians were asked where they obtained their first information about a drug or what source persuaded them to use it. These studies are open to several criticisms: The samples have not always been large enough nor the experiments properly designed so as to eliminate chance variation; the doctors may not always have recalled correctly the reasons for their actions or admitted to the real reasons; and finally, the way in which the questions were asked may have influenced the answers. Still, these studies provide the only information available, and they do give a rough idea of the various forces acting upon doctors.

I shall give the results of three studies in which physicians were queried regarding their first information about a new drug. The detail man, the drug salesman who visits doctors' offices to push his company's products, was the source of the initial notice in 31 to 52 per cent of cases; medical journals in 9 to 25 per cent; and direct mail advertising in 16 to 22 per cent. If we assume that one-fourth of the first notices from journals came from the advertising columns (and my own observations lead me to believe the figure should be much higher than that), it appears that from one-half to three-fourths of the time the first information about a new drug came from promotion by the drug company—whose interest it was to make the doctor use it.

Perhaps this is as it should be. Perhaps where the initial information comes from is not important. What about the sources that convince doctors to try drugs the first time? Here we see more disparity among the answers, which probably reflects the way in which the questions were phrased. In one survey, 21 per cent of doctors were persuaded to prescribe the drug on the basis of direct promotion by a pharmaceutical company, and 21 per cent because of what they read in a drug firm's periodical. A second study found that at least 39 per cent were induced to use a new drug by pressure from the seller, while in a third study the figure was 67 per cent.

In the last survey, when doctors were asked which two or three sources they considered the most important for familiarizing themselves with new drugs, 68 per cent of doctors specified detail men, 32 per cent journal advertisements, 25 per cent direct mail advertisements, and 22 per cent drug samples. This can be compared with 35 per cent who named medical meetings, 24 per cent who indicated conversations with colleagues, and 20 per cent who specified journal articles. In a more recent survey, 62 per cent of physicians listed sources in the pharmaceutical industry among the first three sources of information they preferred, while only 35 per cent named medical journals or meetings and conversations with their colleagues as their choice of sources. From the two surveys it appears that *doctors consider promotion by the company selling the drug twice as important as information reaching them from their professional colleagues.*

A British committee chaired by Lord Sainsbury investigated the reactions of 437 British general practitioners to information about drugs. The doctors were given the names of four drugs that had recently been placed on the market and were asked whether they first prescribed the drug after hearing about it from a single source or from several sources. The percentage prescribing after learning about the drug from only one source varied from 31 per cent for indomethacin, a pain-relieving drug, to 61 per cent for fluocortolone, a variant in the long series of corticosteroid compounds that began with cortisone. Most amazing was the admission by the doctors queried that of those who prescribed a drug after hearing about it through one route, 9 per cent wrote the initial prescription after reading about the drug in advertisements, and 39 per cent after being told about it by detail men.

That the doctors were often captives of the drug firms' promotional methods was further shown by their responses to the question whether there was usually enough information in the literature promulgated by the drug firm to enable a general practitioner to decide whether or not to use a new drug. Among doctors below the age of thirty-nine, 27 per cent thought that there was enough information. This percentage increased progressively to 47 per cent for those fifty years of age or above.

Finally, 46 per cent of the British general practitioners believed that they were able to decide whether to use a new drug solely on the basis of seeing a detail man. It is interesting that this figure is almost the same as the 47 per cent of American doctors who thought that meetings held by drug firms were useful in getting to know about drugs. Clearly, general practitioners in England also have great respect for—or a naïve trust in—the promotion of drug companies.

If approximately half of the average

HARRY F. DOWLING, M.D., recently retired as head of the Department of Internal Medicine of the University of Illinois College of Medicine. He is an authority on infectious diseases and drug therapy. He has been a member of the Medical Advisory Board of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration since 1965, and has served on the Revision Committee of the *U.S. Pharmacopoeia* since 1956. He was also a member of the American Medical Association Council on Drugs for six years, being chairman from 1963 to 1966. His observations here are taken from his first book for laymen, *Medicines for Man*, published by Alfred A. Knopf.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doctor's decisions about drugs rest on the shifting sands of promotion, upon what does he rely for the other half? The conductors of one study were particularly impressed with doctor-to-doctor contacts and how they influenced the use of a new drug. It was found that some doctors began to use new drugs earlier than others. Such men were likely to be highly interested in medicine as a science, and were intimate socially with other doctors. The drug these authors investigated was introduced first through professional relationships among doctors and later through friendship ties; finally, the relatively isolated physicians adopted it for a variety of reasons. These authors found that reading medical journals was an important source of information about a new drug but, surprisingly, that medical meetings were not. In the two other studies already referred to, medical colleagues and medical journals appeared to have had less impact. In one of these, only about one-fourth of the doctors were stimulated by a source within their profession to use a drug for the first time.

In view of the plethora of drugs on the market, the even larger number of brand names attached to them, the many different and sometimes conflicting sources of information, and the considerable dependence of the physician upon the promotion of drugs by the companies that sell them, how good is the doctor's selection? How well are the people of the United States being treated with drugs? The answer we must reluctantly give is "not nearly as well as they should be."

The number of reported deaths in the United States from what is called "therapeutic misadventure in the administration of drugs or biologicals" increased from 445 for the five-year period beginning in 1951 to 735 for the next five-year period, and to 890 for the five years beginning in 1961. These figures certainly understate the actual number of deaths.

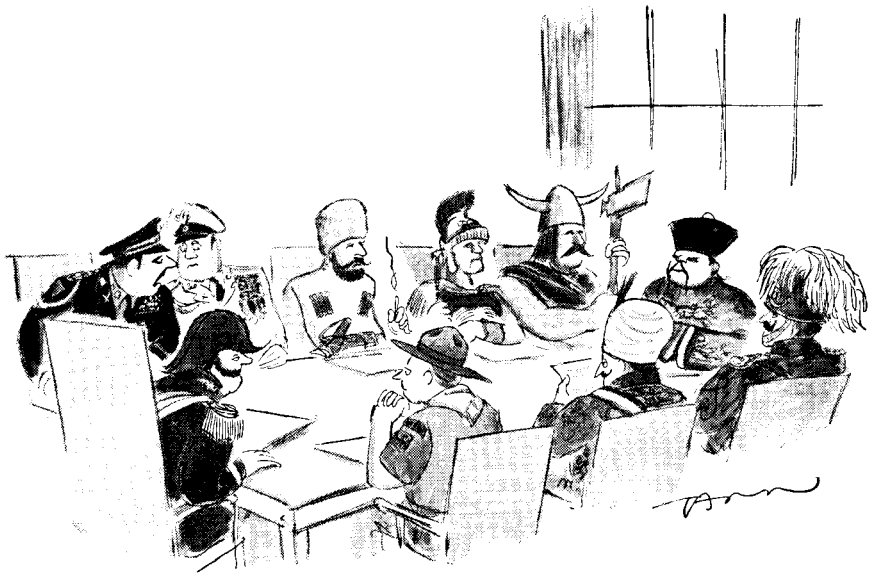
Since the criterion of outcome is of limited value in determining the quality of medical care, the criterion that is most used is the *process* of medical care. This requires setting standards for proper medical care, determined either by prevailing practice or by panels of qualified practitioners.

In one study patients' hospital charts were reviewed by three internists, one of whom was a senior member of the hospital staff. Among 488 orders for individual drugs, sixty-six, or 13 per cent, were considered to have been improper. In one case the dose was considered too high, in seventeen too low, and in three cases another drug was judged to have been preferable. In twenty-nine cases the diagnosis did not justify the use of any drug. Finally, in sixteen cases, or 3 per cent of the total, the drug was considered to have been contra-indicated; that is, its use not only would not help the patient but would probably do him harm.

A survey of the use of antibiotics in seventy-six community hospitals showed that 33.1 per cent of the patients were given antibiotics during January 1959, and 30.5 per cent in January 1961. But a search of more than 85,000 patients' charts revealed a justifiable reason for the use of antibiotics in only 54 per cent of the patients who received them; more than 39,000 patients in these hospitals received antibiotics unnecessarily during a single year.

Another study also uncovered improper practices in the use of antibiotics. From the records of 1,490 operations for the repair of uncomplicated inguinal hernia performed in twenty-four hospitals in seven states, it was found that 38 per cent of the patients had been given antibacterial drugs. In 476 cases (84 per cent of those who received these drugs, or 32 per cent of all patients on whom this operation was performed), the antibiotics were given to prevent infection. But since infection should not occur following this operation if proper techniques are employed, these patients were subjected to needless risk and expense. Furthermore, when the entire group of 1,536 operations for both complicated and uncomplicated hernias was considered, the proportion of patients who received antibiotics varied from hospital to hospital all the way from 3 per cent to 82 per cent. Clearly, if the doctors in the first hospital were right, those in the last were guilty of gross mismanagement, and vice versa.

Perhaps the most flagrant example of bad therapeutic judgment has been the failure of some doctors to desist from the unnecessary use of chloramphenicol. Within two years after this antibiotic was placed on the market, cases of aplastic anemia were reported. In 1952, a survey by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration of records of hospitals in the larger cities revealed that among 539 persons with blood disorders, 143 persons had received chloramphenicol, along with one or more other drugs, and fifty-five persons had received chloramphenicol alone. More than half (53 per cent) of the patients with this disorder died. I was a member of a committee convened by the National Research Council to consider the problem at the request of the Commissioner of Food and Drugs. We recommended that chloramphenicol remain on the market because it was necessary for the treatment of typhoid fever and certain other diseases, but that each package bear labeling warning doctors that its use had been associated with blood disorders. As a result of this and other publicity, the sales of chloramphenicol fell sharply, but after 1954 they rose again, until in 1960 it was estimated that enough chloramphenicol was being sold to give a course of treatment with this antibiotic to more than three-and-a-half million persons. Stronger warnings were required in the labeling early in 1961. Again the sales dropped, only to be followed by another rise. The new



"If you can't put together a better junta than this, count me out."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peak was essentially unaffected by minor changes in the labeling required in 1966, but as a result of the hearings of a committee chaired by U.S. Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin and the attendant publicity, accompanied by still more stringent labeling required in 1968 by the FDA, the quantity of chloramphenicol produced has fallen again—for how long, no one can say.

Was the chloramphenicol used properly? Among 408 cases of blood disorders following the administration of chloramphenicol reported to the AMA, the disease for which it was given was specified in the case of 288 patients. In 12 per cent it was prescribed for the common cold (which is not affected by any antibiotic). In 15 per cent it was given for infections that would have responded better to another, less toxic antibiotic. In only 6 or 7 per cent of the cases was chloramphenicol the drug of choice, representing better therapy than other drugs that were less toxic.

This is the way doctors used a dangerous drug, in spite of repeated warnings by experts, editorials in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and other medical publications with wide distribution, stringent warnings on the labeling, and wide publicity in newspapers and magazines. Dr. James Goddard, who then was U.S. Commissioner of Food and Drugs, professed to be baffled by this method of practicing; Senator Nelson called it incredible. How does one account for this apparent lack of knowledge on the part of so many doctors? It cannot be explained, except that the facts were obscured by a fog of advertising and by the smooth talk of detail men.

Pressure to prescribe unwisely may come from patients also. I have been told frequently by practicing physicians that they give an antibiotic to a patient with a common cold, even though they know that it has no therapeutic effect, because the patient insists upon it and would go to another doctor, if necessary, to obtain it. One observer found that doctors occupy a spectrum all the way from those who are closely attuned to what their professional colleagues think and do to those on the other end who relate very little to their colleagues and are thus much more dependent upon their patients' attitudes and opinions. A physician in the latter group is less able to resist the importunities of his patients, and therefore less likely to treat his patients on the basis of the best professional judgment.

A doctor's use of drugs also depends on how well he performs his other functions. A drug prescribed for the wrong disease is worse than no drug at all. Treatment rests squarely upon an understanding of disease processes, and a diagnosis (at least a tentative diagnosis) of the patient's illness is necessary before treatment is begun. Observations of thirty general practitioners in one city led to the conclusion that only five of them were "what their teachers in medical school wished them to be"; the other twenty-five made no serious attempt to establish a diagnosis, but prescribed on the basis of symptoms. In other words, unlike the doctor in Matthew Arnold's poem who gave the illness he could not cure a name, these doctors gave the illness they could not name a drug.

These observations might be dismissed as one man's personal opinion if they had not since been substantiated by two thoroughly documented studies. The first consisted of observations of the work of eighty-eight general practitioners in North Carolina. Each doctor was rated on the various skills of general practice by an internist who watched him at work for three days, in the office, in the hospital, and in patients' homes. Therapeutic skills were assessed for six common disease categories. Proper treatment was judged to have been given for anemias by only 15 per cent of doctors, for emotional problems by 17 per cent, for congestive heart failure by 25 per cent, for upper respiratory infections or obesity by 33 per cent, and for hypertension by 43 per cent.

Although at first glance these judgments might seem too severe, the examples of faulty practice that were cited would be considered substandard by any good physician. Some of these were: giving penicillin for the common cold; treating anemia by "shot-gun" preparations that were claimed to have a therapeutic action in many varieties of anemia but actually were effective in few or none; prescribing an assortment of drugs for non-existent organic disease in patients whose problems were emotional; shifting from drug to drug in treating high blood pressure rather than adjusting the dose of a drug or the intervals between doses before deciding the drug was ineffective; and finally, in heart failure, an inexact or completely unscientific use of digitalis—a drug that has been thoroughly studied and the properties and uses of which have been carefully taught to the last two generations of medical students.

The observers found that doctors who practiced good therapy were likely to excel in other areas: diagnosis, prenatal and child care, surgery, and obstetrics. They concluded: "There was a remarkable consistency in the performance of the individual physician. That is to say, if he scored high on history-taking, his performance in the other categories tended to be of the same order. If he did not perform a careful examination, it was unlikely that he would obtain a good history or prescribe rational treatment."

The same method was used to survey the practices of forty-three general practitioners in Ontario and forty-two in Nova Scotia. Ratings were made by a pediatrician, an internist, and a specialist in public health. The findings were distressingly similar to those of the first study.

What can we conclude from these revelations? Are doctors practicing abysmally poor medicine, including therapeutics? Does the patient take his life in his hands every time he consults a physician, even for a minor ailment? Or have the faults of a small fraction been attributed to the medical profession as a whole? Are we dealing only with the minimum of error that cannot be eliminated because all humans err sometimes?

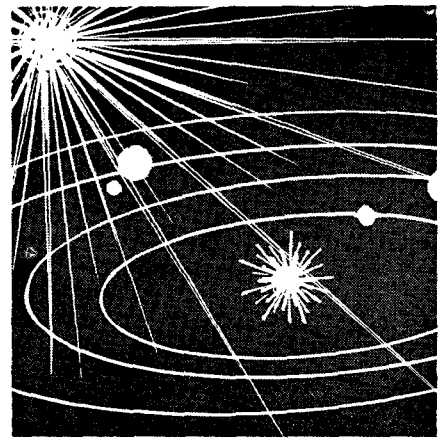
It is true that an investigation of the performance of any professional group would reveal a spectrum extending all the way from those whose work was excellent to those who were careless, lazy, ignorant, or just plain stupid. Then, too, some doctors complain that the academicians making the assessments are like the officials in a track meet who start the bar so high that only a few of the jumpers can qualify. Yet, we must expect more of doctors than men of any other calling. Compared with other professions, their training is the longest; they are more highly selected than most; and their actions affect the health, happiness and life of everyone at one time or another. Under the circumstances, the number of doctors whose performance does not meet reasonable criteria of quality is too great to be tolerated.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 42: staired, astride, tirades.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HEAT BARRIER

Earth's atmosphere can absorb only so much thermal pollution before life is extinguished.



by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Thermal pollution, as the term is applied most often today, refers to waste heat from the generation of electrical power. The adverse consequences of ejecting such heat into rivers, bays, and estuaries is indeed a matter for serious concern, but it is only one aspect of a more fundamental problem. Specifically, *all* human activities—from metabolism to driving (and stopping) an automobile—result in the dissipation of energy as heat. In the case of a power plant, the heat delivered to the environment ultimately includes not just the waste heat at the site but all the useful output as well: The electricity itself is dissipated as heat in wires, filaments, the bearings in electric motors, and so forth. That all the energy we use—electrical and otherwise—is eventually degraded to heat is a consequence of the second law of thermodynamics. No technological gimmickery or scientific breakthrough can be expected to remove this constraint. Thus the thermal load imposed upon the surroundings where energy is consumed can be moderated only by manipulating the number of consumers or the per capita consumption of energy. The thermal loads where electricity is generated and where it is transmitted, on the other hand, can be reduced by devising more efficient power plants and transmission systems. [See "Clean Power from Inside the Earth," *SR*, Dec. 5, 1970.]

The consequences of man's introduction of heat into his environment can usefully be classified as local, regional, and global. On the local level, the principal effects are the disruption of aquatic ecosystems by the heated effluent from power-plant condensers, and climatic effects ranging from ground fogs (associated with evaporative cooling towers at power plants) to the urban "heat-island" phenomenon. The effects associated with power plants have been well publicized, and we will not pursue them here. On the other hand, the heat that man dissipates in his cities is neither as widely appreciated as a problem nor as well understood scientifically in its effects. [See "Is Man Changing the Climate of the Earth?" *SR*, Apr. 1, 1967.] We know that our cities are, on the average, somewhat warmer, rainier, and foggier than their rural surroundings. We also know that the rate of energy dissipation by man in the Los Angeles Basin, for example, is equal to nearly 6 per cent of the solar energy absorbed over the same area. This is undoubtedly a significant perturbation. However, it is difficult to sort its consequences from other man-induced effects that accompany it, including the city's surface structure and heat-transfer properties and the usual haze of pollutants.

The most serious reason for concern over our apparent capacity to alter urban climates today is the warning it provides of intervention on a larger scale in coming decades. The possibility that man will become a climatic force to be reckoned with over large areas (coastlines, river basins, megalopolises) cannot be dismissed lightly. According to one recent estimate, the Boston-Washington megalopolis in the year 2000 will contain fifty-six million people on 11,500 square miles. Their dissipation of heat will be equal to 50 per cent of the solar energy incident on that surface area in the winter, and 15 per cent of the corresponding figure in summer. Nor can it be safely assumed that serious effects will not occur even before man's energy contribution reaches so large a fraction of the sun's over appreciable areas. Those who make that assumption—and many technologists have done so—overlook the fact that regional climates are often the result of numerous powerful forces operating in a rather finely tuned balance. In other words, the climate we perceive often represents a small difference between large numbers. Thus the important determinants of regional climate include the variation of solar heating with latitude and the winds and ocean currents driven by these differences, the variation in the heat balance on land and adjacent bodies of water, the role of river systems, lakes, bays, and oceans as thermal buffers, and so forth. Man will be an important force on these sorts of scales well before his energy dissipation is comparable to the total solar impact.

Our knowledge of the detailed operation of the meteorological system is as yet inadequate to predict the exact consequences of such human impact, but the onset of instabilities seems a distinct possibility: Local perturbations of sufficient size could trigger disproportionate fluctuations or semipermanent changes on a continental or perhaps even hemispheric scale. It should be noted that the first casualty of sudden climatic change of any sort is likely to be agricultural productivity.

On a global scale, many other environmental problems loom larger than thermal pollution for the decades immediately ahead. Last summer's MIT-sponsored Study of Critical Environmental Problems identified some of the most serious ones: climatic effects of increasing loads of carbon dioxide and dust in the atmosphere, the accumulation of persistent pesticides and toxic heavy metals in terrestrial and oceanic food webs, and the rising input of oil to the oceans. Nevertheless, it is to be emphasized that large-scale thermal pollution is in principle (and in the long term) less tractable than any of these. For even if we should be clever enough and lucky enough to ameliorate or evade every other threat accompanying continued population growth and increasing consumption, the laws of thermodynamics would finally force a halt.

If the present global rate of increase in energy consumption—approximately 5 per cent per annum—should persist for another century and a half, man's dissipation then would be equal to 10 per cent of the solar energy absorbed over the entire surface of the globe, or one third of the solar energy absorbed over land. Simple calculations suggest a corresponding mean global temperature increase of about 13 degrees Fahrenheit. Not all climatological authorities agree that thermal input can be translated into temperature change with any such degree of precision. However, all accept the inevitability of climatological and ecological disruption by the growing thermal burden.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes

Legal Watchdogs Fight Pollution

HARRISBURG, PA.

SIX ENERGETIC young lawyers on the payroll of the state of Pennsylvania are demonstrating that the quickest way to stop pollution is through the courts. The attorneys comprise the professional staff of a unit called the Environmental Pollution Strike Force, set up last August by the then Governor, Republican Raymond P. Shafer, and maintained by the new Governor, Democrat Milton J. Shapp, to enforce the state's laws on air, water, and solid-waste pollution.

In the seven months of its existence, the strike force—the oldest member of which is thirty-one—has initiated forty-five lawsuits against industries and municipalities. Among those cited have been the Crucible Steel Division of Colt Industries, Inc., the Townsend Division of Textron, Inc., and the cities of Philadelphia and Harrisburg. Approximately 100 additional cases are in the works.

The principal instrument the lawyers use is the injunction. A typical case starts with suit for an injunction and ends with a consent decree under which the defendant agrees to acquire and install appropriate anti-pollution equipment by a given date, to repair, if possible, the environmental damage already done, and to pay fines for past misdeeds as well as for the pollution inevitably caused before the control equipment is installed.

Of the forty-five cases filed so far, ten have actually gone to trial. Twenty have been settled out of court, and the rest are pending. In the process, between $75,000 and $100,000 worth of fines have been collected, more than offsetting the strike force's estimated cost of about $50,000. But adding money to the state treasury is not the unit's primary purpose. "What we want to do," says William M. Eichbaum, the strike force's mustachioed, twenty-eight-year-old director, "is to stop the pollution."

Thought to be the only group of its kind in the country, the Pennsylvania Environmental Pollution Strike Force has been operating as an independent unit under the supervision of the commonwealth's attorney general and in close cooperation with the state's seven regional environmental offices, where 400 technicians and environmental specialists gather the information required to bring suit. Although the strike force may soon come under the authority of the state's new Department of Environmental Resources, which has a post for a Deputy Secretary for Enforcement, the lawyers on the whole feel optimistic about their future. As one of them put it, Governor Shapp and his advisers have made a commitment to safeguard the state's environment.

The Gas Station Syndrome

DETROIT.

CITIZEN PRESSURE lies behind a new ordinance temporarily banning further construction of gasoline service stations in this automobile-oriented city. One of the most popular measures recently enacted by the nine-man city council, the ordinance was passed by unanimous vote.

There are already more than enough gas stations here, it is generally agreed, even though the city's one-and-a-half million residents overwhelmingly prefer driving their own cars to riding the public buses. A survey made in the last year counted as many as eighty to ninety gas stations within a single square mile, eight or ten stations sometimes being clustered within five blocks. The intense concentration, concurrent with runaway competition, led to a high rate of failure, especially in locations away from major intersections. Evidently finding it uneconomic to tear down the buildings and remove the pumps at bankrupt stations, oil companies simply abandoned them and let the sites go to seed. The proliferation of abandoned stations finally reached crisis proportions that provoked citizen action.

Two old-line community organizations protested to the city council that the abandoned gas stations were an environmental eyesore; that they attracted trucks, construction equipment, junk cars, and other unwanted vehicles; that they blighted the value of nearby residential property; and that the residue of gas left in underground tanks represented a hazard, particularly to children playing at the sites. A further criticism was that new and unneeded stations often drove out needed drugstores, dry cleaning establishments, and other community service outlets.

The temporary ban on new gas stations will end next June 30. Meantime, representatives of the gasoline service station franchising business are meeting with members of the city council to try to work out a comprehensive program that will cover both the establishment of new stations and the satisfactory disposal of abandoned ones.

—The Richardson Associates

MONORAIL UNDERGROUND: Artist's sketch of rapid automated transit to accommodate airplane passengers at rebuilt Seattle-Tacoma jetport.

Airport Ends the Long Walk

SEATTLE.

SEASONED AIR TRAVELERS know that getting themselves and their luggage from terminal to plane is something less than half the fun. That situation may change, however, at the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, where a $194-million expansion program is currently under way and scheduled for completion sometime in 1972. The airport's passenger capacity will be increased from its present volume of about five million to an ultimate volume of twenty million, roughly comparable to the present capacity of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York.

To cope efficiently with the increased traffic, Richardson Associates of Seattle, the project designer, will install two innovative automated underground systems: one for moving people, one for moving baggage.

In a departure from the usual practice, all baggage will be handled by a single integrated master system regardless of the airline it is ticketed on. Outbound passengers arriving by car will, before they park and without having to leave their seats, check their luggage through to its destination at one of several baggage stations in a new eight-story garage adjacent to the main terminal. The luggage will be conveyed underground in miniature plastic cars—one per passenger—that are guided by computer to the departing planes at speeds up to 1,000 feet per minute. Baggage from incoming planes will be conveyed by the same integrated system to conventional carrousels for retrieval.

The direct-from-the-automobile baggage checking system is said to be the first of its kind installed at any major airport. At a cost of $5-million, it is probably the most expensive baggage handling operation ever contracted for.

Passengers at the rebuilt Seattle-Tacoma Airport will find that the long walk characteristic of today's facilities has been eliminated. An underground transportation system consisting of two tunnel loops and a connecting shuttle will link the expanded main terminal to two free-standing satellite terminals now being constructed. Nine electric-powered, automatically driven, rubber-wheeled, carpeted, air-conditioned vehicles capable of carrying 106 passengers each will run on monorails at speeds up to 25 miles per hour between six stations within the system. These cars will be programed to pass each station every two minutes at peak hours; they will be on call when traffic slackens. It is calculated that no ride will exceed four minutes and no passenger will have to walk more than 450 feet.

The passenger transportation system is being designed and built for the Port of Seattle, the airport owner and operator, by Westinghouse Electric Corporation, which has already installed a similar, but elevated, system at the new Tampa International Airport. Basically one system that can operate underground, at grade, or above ground, it has been tested by the company for five years on a short trial track in Pittsburgh to determine its suitability as a high-speed municipal line to connect that city with its southern suburbs.

On Editorial Bias

TOKYO.

THE NEW CONCERN in this country over environmental pollution has filtered down into the school system. Six textbooks approved by the Ministry of Education for use in fifth-grade social studies classes have been revised to redress their former bias toward all-out industrial growth. Comparison of a set of "before" and "after" paragraphs reveals the subtle shift in environmental emphasis:

Before: "The prevention of pollution costs a great deal of money. A small factory in particular, if it were to install facilities for pollution control, might go bankrupt because of the costs involved. For such reasons, factories and companies find it difficult to install the equipment. . . ."

After: "The prevention of pollution costs a great deal of money. Even so, it is above all important that the factories and companies take the initiative in devising various ways of preventing pollution that menaces the health and life of people."

Poles Reclaim Wasteland

KATOWICE, POLAND.

FOR ALMOST 150 years, an area of about 1,500 acres here in the heart of Poland's largest industrial region, the Upper Silesian Basin, was used as a dumping ground for waste from nearby coal mines and slag from neighboring blast furnaces. All plant and animal life disappeared.

In the mid-Fifties the government of the Polish People's Republic decided to restore the region and turn it into a people's park. The first stage of redevelopment involved the planting of sturdy shrubs and trees such as poplars that require little attention. Then coniferous trees were planted, followed by rhododendrons and magnolias, which can cope with the harsh Polish climate. Finally, rose gardens and a horticultural exhibition grounds were put in. Regrowth ultimately became sufficiently complete to enable the Polish Academy of Science to conduct plant experiments in the formerly desolate area.

Gradually, as the land recovered its vitality, bird and animal life returned. Partridges, wild ducks, hares, rabbits, and foxes are now seen in the park.

Every year, the government adds a new element to the complex. A zoological garden housing more than 200 animal species has been built. A sports stadium seating five thousand spectators was constructed. A tourist center consisting of a hotel, restaurant, and moviehouse was put up. A large swimming compound of five separate pools, in which waves are artificially generated, was installed. A planetarium and an observatory were built. A hall called the Center of Progress was put up to house technical and industrial exhibitions. An open-air folk museum and a children's play center are presently under construction.

Today the Upper Silesia Park, as the region is now known, serves as a recreation area for about two million persons from five neighboring cities and is considered Poland's leading environmental success.

British Call for Noise Control

LONDON.

THE Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution, established a year ago to advise the British government, has made its first report. Among the priorities singled out for prompt action were control of the dumping of noxious materials into the seas surrounding the British Isles, and the reduction of noise.

The report noted that surrounding ocean waters are treated as "an open drain and dumping ground" for the discharge of industrial waste and warned that "urgent decisions" regarding pollution of the seas may have to be made.

Concerning noise, the report said that "large numbers of the British public have reached the limits of their tolerance and demand that they should be protected from this sort of disturbance, especially noise from aircraft and traffic.

"Noise from aircraft," the report continued, "is causing even more public disgust than noise from road transport." The nuisance will increase, the report cautioned, "if supersonic flight is added to sonic flight."

Marine Garbage Collector

PARIS.

A SCALE MODEL of a ship designed to pick up all kinds of flotsam and jetsam floating on the water's surface has won the grand prize at a competition held here for French inventors.

Described as a large "marine rake," the ship is equipped to scoop up debris and to sort it.

Mindful of complaints about the ever more visible littering of the world's oceans, lakes, and rivers, the jury in making the award said that the utility of such an anti-pollution device "no longer needs to be publicly demonstrated." —SALLY LINOSAY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"LIFE-STYLE" EDUCATION

Learning takes place wherever the urge is—school can be an abandoned supermarket.

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

What with rising local taxes, voters rejected half the school building bond issues proposed at local elections throughout the United States in 1970. With ever more inflated construction costs, the money that is available for schools buys less and less. How, then, are we to educate our children?

A persuasive new economy is the open-plan school, which is designed to accommodate team teaching, ungraded classes, learning centers, flexible grouping of students, and multimedia instruction. I recently visited an open-plan elementary school, the Bryant Woods neighborhood school in Columbia, Maryland, and I recommend the experience to anyone who still doubts that environment has a decisive influence on human behavior. The spaces in this exceptionally handsome building, designed by McLeod, Ferrara and Ensign, seem to sing with bright color and light. They are carpeted and unbelievably quiet, though they were teeming with children clustered in small groups, sprawling on the floor, or sitting on chairs around informally arranged tables, some working with teachers, others quite by themselves.

By all accounts, the idea seems to work. The kids seem happy and are learning. It is the teachers who often find it difficult to learn the new and demanding methods of teaching without classrooms. That is why the open plan is still controversial and is already undergoing a transformation—away from total openness to an understanding that children also need some privacy. So the latest trend in school design, while retaining the open plan, seeks to give the children secluded spaces in which to hide and retreat as well as to mingle. These spaces can be created with some of the clever, new, movable school furniture that is just coming on the market.

Another way to cut school building cost is to industrialize construction. Most school board members and administrators still shy away from systems building because they don't understand what it means. It means simply that prefabricated building components—from posts and beams to light fixtures and wash basins—are designed to fit together so that they can be assembled quickly and in a systematic manner. It does not mean that all systems-built buildings look alike. On the contrary, the system can be used in literally hundreds of variations, and the architect, largely freed of structural and mechanical problems, can concentrate on good architectural design if he has the talent.

—Courtesy Educational Facilities Laboratories

Classroom in a warehouse.

School construction systems development was started by the Educational Facilities Laboratory, a Ford Foundation-sponsored clearinghouse for school design, in California in 1961. Ezra D. Ehrenkrantz designed the system, and EFL got eleven school districts to work together. This created enough of a market for different manufacturers to cooperate in making the components. Eleven schools came out of the effort. They were much admired but little imitated. Aside from two Canadian cities, Toronto and Montreal, and a few scattered efforts elsewhere, only Florida is seriously adopting the system. EFL is now publishing a catalogue of available systems components to encourage more widespread use of the innovation.

Still another strategy school officials are learning much too slowly is joint occupancy. A public school need not be a publicly built, separate building but can be part of a structure that serves other purposes and helps pay for the school. The other purpose can be residential, office, shopping, recreation, or even automobile parking.

The oldest example of such a venture is Boston's Faneuil Hall, built in 1761 to house public meetings on the upper floor while butchers carved up carcasses on the ground floor. Boston's English High School began in 1821 by sharing a building with the Town Watch and the Hero Fire Engine Company. More recently New York City, Chicago, Boston, and Pontiac, Michigan, have adopted the idea. The first of twenty-three joint-occupancy schools to be built in New York—P. S. 126 in the Bronx—is nearing completion. This elementary school for 1,200 children is, as it were, tucked under a high-rise slab with 400 apartments.

But the most obvious resource of space for learning is just being discovered—old schools and all sorts of other old buildings: warehouses, storefronts, factories, and such that can be remodeled at relatively little cost.

School director Mary Willis found space for Newark's Day Care Council Community School, shortly after the black uprising of 1967, in a two-story furniture store and warehouse. Architects Ron Bedford and Bart Kaltenbach, together with architects Brown and Halle, turned it into an open-plan school, subdivided by brightly colored movable partitions that also serve as storage and play units. The place is used around the clock, not only for what Mary Willis calls "life-style education" but also for parents' meetings and other community activities.

In Harlem, an old supermarket has been turned into a preparatory school for dropouts. In the Bronx, an old movie theater is being transformed into an "educational environment center" that is to contain a museum and children's theater. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, a former refrigerator warehouse was remodeled into a bright and spacious day-care center—the KLH Child Development Center—for some seventy children of industrial workers employed next door.

Such use of "found spaces" usually begins as a matter of economy and expediency. But teachers soon find that the improvised quarters often serve the children better than carefully planned ones. Besides, everyone is proud that the new life revives not only the old building but the entire neighborhood.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Environment Editor

Slim Chance

I WAS ATTRACTED by Glenn Seaborg's sentiments ["Those Good New Days," SR, March 6], but appalled by his naïveté. His solutions for the future were scarcely more than platitudes. Worse, though, is his acceptance of the present state as historical inevitability. If our scientific leaders refuse to come to terms with the causes of our problems and the scientists' own share of responsibility, then our chances of doing better in the future are slim.

G. SOUTHON,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

No Fooling

IDAHO WOULD BE A groovy place to live ["Land: Making Room for Tomorrow," SR, March 6], but, from what I hear, before we civilized them, Ohio and New York weren't so bad themselves. They were two stunning landscapes that looked nice for living. Instead of pioneering to Idaho too fast, shall we stay here and fool around with the mess we've got? Then, for a breather, we can visit Idaho, maybe swipe some seeds, and return with enough stimulation to improve our own nests. Be sad, indeed, if the Salmon River inherited the fate of Lake Erie. And never returned. Icky, even.

JULIE GIBSON,
Hudson, O.

The Mercury Story

I HAVE READ with great interest Peter and Katherine Montague's article on mercury ["Mercury: How Much Are We Eating?" SR, Feb. 6]. It is most interesting and informative. As a high school biology teacher, I do question the sequence of the passing of the mercury in the aquatic environment. As explained on p. 52, "Algae ate the bacteria." This would seem impossible. Algae are photosynthetic and do not "eat" bacteria or other organic material. I would appreciate an explanation of this seeming error.

MIRIAM LOME,
Evanston, Ill.

PETER AND KATHERINE MONTAGUE got carried away by their enthusiasm over the abuse of mercury in the United States. They claim a factor of 40 as the ratio of the American and Swedish use of mercury per acre. On the basis of their immediately preceding figures, this factor is not 40 but 5.

American: 400 tons/300 million acres = 1.333 tons per million acres. Swedish: 2 tons/7.5 million acres = 0.2666 ton per million acres. 1.333/0.2666 = 5.

BERT J. VOS, M.D.,
McLean, Va.

PETER AND KATHERINE MONTAGUE mention the high mercury content of seals shot in the waters off the Pribilof Islands. The information I have is that the livers came from seals that were killed on land in these islands.

LESLIE W. SCATTERGOOD,
Arlington, Va.

The authors reply:

MIRIAM LOME raises a good question. Our use of the word "ate" may have been misleading. Certain algae—the Euglena—do eat bacteria. However, most of the mercury that moves into the food chain leading to man most probably does not travel through Euglena but through other algae, which either absorb the mercury or simply assimilate it from the water in which they live.

To recapitulate: Relatively harmless inorganic mercury becomes poisonous organic mercury in the food chain through a process that begins with digestion of the inorganic mercury by bacteria. One by-product of this assimilation is methylmercury, which is soluble in water. The methylmercury spreads through the aquatic environment and is absorbed directly into other bacteria, phytoplankton, zooplankton, and higher plants. These primitive water plants and animals are eaten by insects, small fish, and larger fish, which in turn are eaten by still larger fish, which are eaten by birds and by people. The methylmercury is concentrated as it moves up the food chain.

Dr. Vos is right. But we do not feel that his criticism vitiates the point we were making. Even if American use of mercury had merely equaled Swedish use, the consequences in Sweden should have been a warning to us.

Concerning the Scattergood letter— we got our information from the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. We fail to see why it makes any difference whether the seals were killed on land or in the water. Either way, their livers contained poisonous organic mercury.

PETER MONTAGUE,
KATHERINE MONTAGUE,
Albuquerque, N.M.

Safe for Pets

I WORRY about my pet cat as other people worry about their children. What, if any, is the mercury content of the red-meat tuna used for canned cat food? Commercial cat foods also claim to contain salmon, mackerel, and other fish, yet no mention of these has been made in any report I've seen on this subject. Is it safe to continue feeding pets these foods?

MRS. J. M. JOHNSTON,
Computer Science Center,
University of Maryland,
College Park, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR passed Mrs. Johnston's question along to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration and received the following official reply:*

On December 18, 1970, the Bureau of Veterinary Medicine of the Food and Drug Administration requested FDA's field offices to sample cat food which contained fish products and determine the mercury content of these samples. The Denver district office complied by analyzing five name brands of cat food. The results were: Kal Kan, 0.21 part of mercury per million parts of food; Kitty Salmon, 0.04 ppm; Nine Lives, 0.18 ppm; Friskie Buffet, 0.23 ppm; and Prince, 0.20 ppm.

On January 29, 1971, the FDA Bureau of Foods sent to all FDA districts a request to sample, at the wholesale level, nineteen different species of fish—among them fish used in pet foods. The Bureau of Foods will report weekly on the findings and will send copies to the Bureau of Veterinary Medicine, which is responsible for the safety and wholesomeness of pet foods.

Fish-containing pet foods come under the same requirements and regulations as fish food for humans.

Uncritical?

WOLF VON ECKARDT'S review of the Museum of Modern Art's recent exhibition of the latest work of architects Philip Johnson, Kevin Roche, and Paul Rudolph in "Humanizing the Cities" [*SR*, Nov. 7] reads like a public relations release rather than the criticism or analysis readers of *SR* deserve. Didn't Mr. Von Eckardt find anything to doubt or to question in the projects exhibited, or anything to criticize in the lack of pertinent information offered in the museum's presentation?

Are the three glass-walled, forty-story buildings of Roche's U.N. addition "humanizing"? Is the connecting forty-story-high, glass-roofed plaza related to some human scale, or is it a further expression of a dehumanizing culture?

What about Roche's design of a group of individual and separate structures to

Sterling School

is pleased to announce that due to the success of its initial cycles

THE ACADEMIC SHORT-COURSE IN OUTDOOR LEADERSHIP will be expanded this spring for both boy and girl cycles. The principal vehicle of challenge will be white-water canoeing and backpack camping.

The short-course will continue to maintain home-school studies and include academic work in ecology and conservation leadership for 8th, 9th, and 10th Grade students enrolled in public and independent schools.

In addition, the School, in response to many requests, is now accepting applications for a special spring cycle for 11th and 12th Grade students involved in independent study projects.

All cycles are 21-days in length; tuition: $375.

Sterling School is a non-profit boarding school, Grades 9-12, which offers a college-preparatory course in Conservation Leadership. For further information, write Sterling School, Craftsbury Common, Vermont 05827.

ATHENIAN SCHOOL SUMMER PROGRAM

On Campus and in the field. 4 separate courses—*Intensive Spanish:* 27 days on Campus, 19 in Mexico. *Art Workshop:* 3 & 5 weeks, drawing, weaving, macramé, printmaking, sculpture, potting & film; extensive field trips. *Drama Workshop:* acting, set design, production, back stage field trips, five weeks. Begin June 20. *Wilderness Training:* 5 weeks begin July 11, backpacking and climbing Wind River & Tetons of Wyoming, river rafting down Colorado. Boarding, co-ed ages 13-18. Beautiful campus at foot of Mt. Diablo. Write Brian Harvey, The Athenian School, Danville, Calif. 94526.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house office space for an insurance company—all identical in simplified form and orientation and all equally spaced? Does Von Eckardt really believe that this monotonous absence of "contrived complexity" will produce pleasant cities?

Are there no questions to be asked about the design of a glass-walled, glass-roofed Museum of Technology? How are the sun's radiant heat and light controlled and at what cost? What is the purpose of the disturbing vertigo effect of "striping" the double-glass exterior wall? Is this really a space created for people to use and enjoy or an architect's statement?

Is there any functional raison d'être in Johnson's design of a pair of office buildings where the top portion of each building's volume has been diagonally "sliced off"? How are the small floors at the top utilized? What about the additional weatherproofing problems of the sloping exterior facade?

How would interior office space be efficiently and flexibly planned in the odd-shaped floors of Johnson's proposed office building for Lehman Brothers? Are there positive reasons for this shape, or is it just an exercise in expensive self-indulgent individual expression?

What is the detailed architectural relationship of Johnson's ubiquitous glass-roofed plazas as they connect with the building facade?

There is no denying that in any work of architecture strict functional and economic requirements must be compromised to some degree in order to serve a total architectural concept or esthetic. However, it seems to this observer that in too many of these projects an excessive sacrifice in both utilization and cost has been made for an esthetic that is at best irrelevant and at worst inappropriate in any attempt to "humanize" our environment.

JACK FREIDIN,
AIA/Architect,
New York, N.Y.

Letter from the Editor

PHYSICS PROFESSOR John A. Day, of Linfield College in Oregon, complains that editing of a letter published over his name in the March 6 Environment Supplement misrepresented what he intended to say about temperature inversion in the atmosphere. What he intended to say is approximately as follows:

> The norm is for the atmospheric temperature to decrease with increasing height. A reversal of this mode (i. e., increase in temperature with height) is referred to as an inversion. Since cool air is heavier than warm air, and the heavier air seeks the lowest possible level in response to the pull of gravity, the cooler air underneath the warm air is trapped as though it were held down by an invisible lid. Particles in the cool air concentrate in the trap, decreasing visibility and increasing smog.

JOHN LEAR.

"Liselotte"

Continued from page 36

of Hanover. She was nineteen when she went to France to become the second wife of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, younger brother of Louis XIV. A more unfortunate marriage would be difficult to imagine. Philippe, or "Monsieur," as he was known, preferred men to women, and constant revelry and debauchery to the quiet domesticity she craved. He adored fashions (women's as well as men's), perfumes, and cosmetics; her dowdy appearance made her a laughingstock at the French court. He indulged in every vice imaginable; she deplored the immorality and frivolity of the royal entourage.

And, as if a miserable marriage weren't enough, Liselotte (now called "Madame") found herself plunged into an atmosphere filled with intrigue. In addition to the royal family's backbiting, she had to contend with the King's mistresses—Louise de la Vallière, Athénaïs Marquise de Montespan, and the woman who would become Liselotte's implacable enemy, Madame de Maintenon.

Troubled, bewildered, and infinitely lonely, Liselotte took refuge in letter-writing. ("Not a day passes when I don't write at least four, and on Sundays often twelve.") Words poured from the pen of this unhappy woman, whose intelligence and perspicacity rivaled and possibly surpassed those of many of her contemporaries, but whose penchant for sausages, sauerkraut, and outdoor exercise contributed as much to her isolation as did her rigidity on matters of sodomy, adultery, and overindulgence in wines and tobacco.

Her views were honest to the point of bluntness; she was prejudiced, opinionated, dogmatic, bawdy, vulgar. Yet, beneath it all, we sense the beating of a warm and compassionate heart. Her letters abound with common sense and humor, for very little escaped the sharp eyes and still sharper intelligence of this royal paradox, who was at once the King's sister-in-law and an outsider.

She writes of personalities and scandals, of fashion, food, theater, music, and current events, and discusses the efficacy of Epsom salts and the tedium of church services. If her judgments of others were often unflattering, she was equally harsh in assessing herself. "The older I grow the uglier I expect I shall be," she writes to her Aunt Sophie, and she is not fishing for compliments. She comments, confides, and chronicles in missives addressed to her old governess, Madame de Harling, and her two half-sisters, the Raugravines Luise and Ameliese. Other correspondents include Liselotte's two step-daughters, the Queens of Spain and Sicily; her own daughter, the Duchess of Lorraine; the Queen of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, and Caroline, Princess of Wales.

Misfits are often more interesting than those who follow a conventional pattern, and such is the case with Liselotte, whose voluminous correspondence has been extremely well edited and vividly translated by Maria Kroll from the original German. The introduction and the explanatory paragraphs between letters enhance, illuminate, and complete a fascinating picture of the French court during the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

Barbara Levy is the author of two novels dealing with events in French history, "Adrienne" and "Place of Judgment," and of the forthcoming "The Shining Mischief."

"After years of meeting secretly like this do you realize there's no one left for us to hide from?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.40 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers; Phone Numbers count as two words. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.20 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.25 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.30 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.35 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING, editing, rewrite. Marye Myers, 507 South Madison, Pasadena, California 91106. 213-796-6726.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Old-fashioned quality work. Reasonable rates. 212-OR 9-2089.

RESEARCH, WRITING, EDITING, all subjects. Three published authors. Box A-408.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

RESEARCH, writing professionally done. Seneca Research, P.O. Box 74485, Los Angeles, 90004.

WRITING, research, editing by Chicago professional. Box A-406.

LIBRARY INFORMATION and research service. Literature searches by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies furnished. Box A-301.

AUTHORS' PRINTING SERVICE—From manuscript to first proof in 30 days or less! Advanced production methods. Highest-speed computer typesetting. Economical printing. Complete marketing and distribution services. All costs estimated in advance. Graphic Communications Center, Inc., Box 229, Appleton, Wisconsin 54911.

BOOKS

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

QUALITY USED PAPERBACKS. Free listings worldwide. Harco, Box 52-SR, Carmel, Indiana 46032.

COLLECTORS! Our worldwide contacts help build your collection. All fields, A to Izzard. Book Lande, 1615 Montana, Santa Monica, California 90403.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, Rowe Road, RFD 3, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE—$3.25 postpaid. Saturday Booksellers, 507A Fifth Avenue, NYC 10017.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

FOREIGN BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

UNIQUE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

CINEMA CATALOGUE MONTHLY. 40¢ (stamps). Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

ART

SHOWSTACK ORIGINALS. Oils $20.00, inks $6.00. 4" x 6" +. P.O. Box 8555, Boston, 02114.

STAINED GLASS—Handmade, painted. Recreating medieval animals, scenes, herbs. Catalogue 25¢. Glass Masters, Box 272S, New York, 10009.

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, Rouault, Soyer, Landau and Florsheim. Free illustrated catalogue and Master Print Supplement. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

ONE ARTIST'S ORIGINAL linoleum prints. $5 to $25. Free illustrated price list. Box A-552.

RECORD MART

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-SR, New York, New York 10023.

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in "Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC 10017.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from North America's leading makers. For brochure send 25¢ to SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, Burton Jacks (patented), $195 to $650. Write Herbert W. Burton, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222 (S), Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

JOHN MORLEY English Classical Harpsichords, Clavichords, Antique Pianos/Harps. Safe shipment. Free catalogue. Write 4 Belmont Hill, London, S.E. 13, England.

PIANO MUSIC you can play well you can play better on a Bechstein. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

NEUPERT AND SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS. Financing available. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

LEARN POPULAR PIANO—Short, interesting course. Bernard Spencer, M.A., Steinway Hall, COlumbus 5-1418 NYC.

MUSIC

PLAY STRING QUARTETS—under tutelage internationally acclaimed Fine Arts Quartet. June 28th-July 24th. Undergraduate, graduate credit available. Write: Dean Suppan, University Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

PERIODICALS

BRITISH MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS—Also specialized journals. Free catalogue listing nearly 1,000 British periodicals with dollar prices. Tel. 212-695-3715 or write British Publications, Inc., SR, Subscription Dept., 545 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

SKI THE QUIET WORLD with ski touring equipment and clothing. WOODY'S CRACKER BARREL, South Londonderry, Vermont 05155. Trails, rentals, ski school. Free manual and catalogue.

LIGHTWEIGHT BACKPACK and mountaineering equipment. Imported, Domestic Canoes and Kayaks for day trips, voyageuring, or whitewater. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 42, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-41, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

STUDY THE ARTS AT TANGLEWOOD. Programs in music, dance, drawing and painting at Boston University Tanglewood Institute, faculty from School of Fine and Applied Arts, Boston University, members of Boston Symphony Orchestra and distinguished guest artists. College credit courses on graduate and undergraduate levels and special courses for teachers of the arts. All participants may attend rehearsals and performances of Boston Symphony Orchestra. Write Boston University Tanglewood Institute, S-71, 855 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02215. (State area of interest.)

TEACHER INSTITUTES

ESALEN INSTITUTE invites you to its New York weekend. April 16th, 17th, 18th. Hotel Diplomat, 108 West 43rd Street, NYC. For complete information, call Esalen Weekend, 212-260-0909.

MONTESSORI TEACHER TRAINING—Next course June 22nd-August 6th. Live, learn on beautiful campus. Fully approved. A.M.S. Certified. Write: MMTTC, 1010 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60622.

MONTESSORI INSTITUTE OF ATLANTA teacher training course for teaching children 2½-7 now accepting applications for September 1971. Accreditation and diploma granted: Association Montessori Internationale. Write P.O. Box 12054, Atlanta, Georgia 30305.

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL Teacher Training Course in MIAMI offers A.M.I. diploma—worldwide recognition. Write: Director of Admissions, Southern Montessori Institute, 1517 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida 33129.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

BLAIR SUMMER SCHOOL for Journalism—June 27th-August 1st. Enrichment program for motivated students interested in writing. Liberal arts and journalism combined in five week program with university and secondary school faculty. Tri-weekly press conferences with top newsmen. Extensive field trips, including three-day visit to Washington, D.C. For catalogue, write: Duncan W. Alling, Director, Blair Summer School for Journalism, Blair Academy, Blairstown, N.J. 07825.

READING AND STUDY SKILLS . . . a noncredit program for high school juniors and seniors from July 5th to August 6th. Designed to make the transition from high school to college easier and to provide the reading and study skills necessary for successful scholarship at the college level. Students will be housed in special dormitory facilities with counselors in charge. Application deadline June 1st. For application forms, write Summer Reading and Study Skills, Cornell University, B-37 Ives Hall, Ithaca, New York 14850.

(Continued on page 68)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 67)

BURNHAM-BY-THE-SEA, Newport, Rhode Island. Co-educational Summer School for students 12-18 on beautiful oceanfront estates. All subjects. Small classes. Reading skills, study habits, typing. Music, art, drama. Olympic pool. All sports. Delightful social life. 22nd summer. Bulletin. George Waldo Emerson, 57-R Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Massachusetts 01060.

FOUR WEEKS IN NEW YORK CITY at The Finch College Summer School in the Arts special program for high school sophomores and juniors. Art History, Studio Art, Dance, Drama. Resident or Day. Two sessions. *July 6th-30th, August 3rd-27th. Trips to museums,* theatres, cultural centers, also recreational activities. Write or call: Director, Summer Session, Finch College, 52 East 78th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021, 212-BU 8-8450.

ART FOR H.S. JUNIORS . . . Exploring the Visual Arts is a five-week noncredit program for high school students completing their junior year in June, 1971. Designed to familiarize the student with methods of individual studio work with emphasis on creativity. No formal training required. Weekly critique sessions, trips to galleries and museums, outdoor classes and planned weekend recreational activities. Program starts July 5th. Students will be housed in University dorms with counselors in charge. Application deadline May 15th. For further information, write Summer Art Studios, Coordinator of High School Programs, B-38 Ives Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York 14850.

SUMMER COLLEGIUM in early music. Emphasis musicianship and performance. Old and contemporary instruments. Brochure: Windham College, Putney, Vermont 05346. August 1st-28th, 1971. 7th Season.

SCHOOLS

PARENTS—FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 347-page 30th Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

SANFORD. A well organized coeducational boarding and day school offering a sound background for college. Country campus. Advanced courses. Special study help. Art, drama, music, sports, riding. Accredited. Box 110, Hockessin, Delaware 19707.

PIONEER YEARS (3rd) preparatory school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Salting Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexican village) into standard pedagogy. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth . . . magnificent scenery . . . thirty horses . . . all secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

CUSHING ACADEMY. Coeducational since 1875. Grades 9-12. College prep. Classes average 12. Trimester basis. Senior seminars. Scholarships. Honor societies. Teams in major sports. Skiing, riding and tennis. Film and Art Festivals. Field trips. Choir, modern dance. Nondenominational. Write: R. D. Klarsch, Admissions Director, Box S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430. Tel: 617-827-5911.

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY. Coed college prep boarding school for students in grades 9-12. Specialized education in Art, Dance, Drama, Music, Writing. Full modern academic program. Ample field study and performance opportunities. Distinguished resident and visiting faculty. Catalogue: Director of Admissions, Room 307, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan 49643.

DARROW SCHOOL—Coeducational boarding school. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents, responsibility, freedom. College preparatory. New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

ACCREDITED HIGH SCHOOL Ecology Expedition. Informal Travel/Study adventure throughout U.S.A. A challenging environmental encounter socially, physically, academically. Coed, Grades 9-13. Trailside Country School, 58 Perry Street, NYC, 10014. 212-989-2224.

DUBLIN SCHOOL. Dublin, New Hampshire 03444. Established 1935. Fed up with mass education? Consider Dublin: small classes, faculty-student ratio 1:6, enrollment 70. Grades 9-12, coeducational. Strong college preparation, counseling; excellent placement record. Full programs in Art, Music, Dramatics. Sports include skiing, sailing, soccer, squash. Write Michael N. Lehmann, Headmaster, for catalogue.

COLLEGES

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND—SCHILLER COLLEGE, Liberal Arts. See "STUDIES ABROAD."

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—undergraduates, college transfers, medical, law, veterinarian, graduate, dental. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

SMALL CAMPUS ENVIRONMENT for the student of serious purpose. 600 acre, coed, northeast country campus offering two-year terminal/transfer programs in Business Administration, Liberal Arts and Secretarial Science. Nationally accredited by ACBS. Contact Mrs. Fortune, Stevens College, Hubbardston, Massachusetts 01452. Tel. 617-928-4771.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE IN OLD ENGLAND—Arundel campus to open in Arundel, Sussex, England, September, 1971. Four year Liberal Arts programs available. Transfers accepted for year abroad. 4-1-4 Academic Calendar. Coed. New England College accredited by NEAC&SS. Write Director of Admissions, Box R, New England College, Henniker, N.H. 03242.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711, Dept. SR.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont 05346, offers self-selection of curriculum, self-designed study projects, and self-and-staff evaluations.

FOR THE GOURMET

"SEA GOLD" (AMERICAN) CAVIAR. Superb! Ask stores. Norton Sales, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

ENJOY NATURE'S ENERGY DRINK: Yerba Mate, a deliciously invigorating, healthful herbal tea of unique bouquet and robust flavor. Send $1.00 for "The Wonderful Story of South American Mate" and generous supply of tea bags. Turet Importers, Dept. S-3, Box 457, West Chester, Pennsylvania 19380.

FAMOUS NEW YORK CHEESECAKE. Box 498, Lenox Hill Station, NYC 10021.

PERSONALS

CAROL BROWN has cottons too: bleeding madras and rajah, Metsovaara Finnish, Dutch-African, India prints and plains. And of course spectacular Irish tweeds and blankets. Putney, Vermont 05346.

COLORMIX makes Kodacolor prints from your treasured home movies. Box 55, Monett, Missouri. Write!

PERSONALIZED STATIONERY—Handsome, reasonable. For details, write SherKate Enterprises-SR, 2572 Lenox Road, Atlanta, Georgia 30324.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

PERSONALS

BILL BENTON WANTS a top assistant in his New York office.
THE SALARY? You name it. From $100 to $1,000 per week or $2,000. Probably should start around $500. How much can you make yourself worth?
THE QUALIFICATIONS? Can you write? You must have reasonable skill as a writer. Have you ever written a poem? Are you interested in business? Benton is the owner of two worldwide educational businesses, the Encyclopaedia Britannica, the world's biggest seller of books, and the Encyclopaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, the world's largest producer of classroom films. If you can add and subtract, this could be helpful but not essential. Benton needs help on his personal investments. Have you ever sold anything?
AGE? What do you think? Benton is seventy. What does *he need? It is illegal to suggest age in this ad. Sex is* illegal too. Indeed, the law says this ad must carry the admonition "Equal Opportunity Employer."
ARE YOU INTERESTED in Education and Public Service? Do you have academic interests or background? Benton is on 25 or 30 college and university boards of trustees and public affairs committees. Don't apply unless politics interests you also.
WORKING FOR BENTON can be frustrating but the work is provocative, you can learn much, and the rewards are sure. No one telephoning or calling in person will be considered.
WRITE TO SR Box A-546.

FLORIDA'S FINEST CITRUS. Shipping 47 states, Canada, Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

PEACE CARDS, stickers, etc. Sample 25¢. International McClelland, SR, Beverly Hills, 90210.

EXOTIC INCENSES, Domestic and Foreign. Free catalogue. 2029 Woodbridge Road, Toledo, Ohio 43615.

WE COPY AND RESTORE old photos and documents. Repro Associates, Sonith Building, Pine and Daly Streets, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

FREE CATALOGUE: Wholesale prices, diamonds, sapphires, imported silks and wools, crystal, Tiffany lamps, hunting, fishing, camping, clothing, foods and winemaking supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

HEX SIGNS—20 traceable designs, $1.00. Hexaway, 3 Burke Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder. Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder *Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue.* 4-1-A, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC 10018.

AUTHENTIC EDWARDIAN beautiful embossed labels and seals. Unlimited decorative uses. 12 different, $1.00. Write Edwardiana, 245 New Kings Road, London, S.W. 6, England.

TIE DYE KIT, 6" x 45" silk, dye, instructions, $2.00. I-DYE, 3 Burke Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

MACK'S EARPLUGS, SLEEP, study, work. Pillow soft. Guaranteed. $1.00 ppd. Eyeshade $2.98. McKeon Products Company, Dept. R, 23220 Ithaca Street, Oak Park, Michigan 48237.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

"BATTLE" OF ARMAGEDDON not biblical. Brochure mailed free. The Crawfords, Box 42, Sun City, California 92381.

OUTRAGEOUS THINGS by mail. Catalogue 25¢. Durgin, Box N 2065A, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

BEER, like bread, is better homemade. New Homebrew kit makes it for 2¢ a bottle. Easy step-by-step manual and hydrometer for perfect carbonation. $3 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Evinco R, Box 1432, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

I'M RICHARD. I write Books, publish myself. Samplers 25¢. Want one? Richard Liebow, 948 Market, #512, San Francisco, 94102.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

HARPSICHORD—Completely new design six feet long with either one, two, or three sets of strings. Kits from $175; also completed instruments. Clavichord kit from $100. Write for free brochure: Zuckermann Harpsichords, Inc., Dept. S, 160 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10013.

FINE ARTS. PHOTOGRAPHY-FILM. Poetry-Prose Workshops—8-week Summer. Plus Graphics, Ceramics, Jewelry—Metalwork. (Former renowned "Aspen School".) At beautiful, cool St. John's College campus, Santa Fe. Inquire: 949 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

MAKE PEOPLE SMILE . . . with our historical bumper stickers. Free Catalogue! Write: Hobby, Box 93-AD16, Lafayette, California 94549.

ROGER WILLIAMS IS ALIVE! New England contemporary college, 3,000 foot water frontage. Wide range abilities served. Write: Admissions Director, Dept. E, Roger Williams College, Bristol, R.I. 02809.

RAMSEY CLARK, '72—More than ever, America needs Ramsey Clark. Help us organize this growing effort. Citizens for Ramsey Clark, Box 5022, Raleigh, N.C. 27607.

CHINACRAFT OF LONDON, the fine china and crystal specialists, have in their three centrally located stores in Oxford Street, Knightsbridge and Burlington Arcade, the finest choice of tableware, crystal and gift items. You'll find such famous names as Wedgwood, Doulton, Worcester, Aynsley, Crown Derby, Minton and Coalport. If you can't come to London, we'll come to you. We'll send our full colour catalouge, together with information on ordering by mail and our guaranteed delivery service. Chinacraft Limited, 499 Oxford Street, London, England.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER, formerly at Goddard College, now at Lyndon State College, June 27th-August 21st. Chamber music, visual arts, crafts, dance. Find old friends and new in Vermont hills. Write: Bluma Jacobs, Director, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

CLEANER, COOLER SMOKING—any cigarette, filter or regular, smokes cleaner, cooler, smoother with FLIPS, tiny, disposable filter tip. Try some. $1.00. FLIPS, 205 Lake Street, Elmira, N.Y. 14901.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS—Testing, evaluation, recommendation of an Independent School for your son or daughter. John H. Emerson, 12 Summer Street, Hanover, N.H. 03755.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year, bimonthly training course free. Write: MEDITATIONS, Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

AMAZING NEW WAY to own your own business. Send for free copy. Modern Franchising Magazine, 1033-SR First Avenue, Des Plaines, Illinois.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc., bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, 620 Bristol, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS and hundreds of unique leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

POSTERS (over 200, many antiwar), buttons (over 200), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

PERSONALS

COMPOSER, WIFE seek cozy quarters 20-50 miles NYC. 212-657-4532.

HOUSESITTING — Professor, wife seek quiet study, Colorado, western states. Box A-570.

MONTESSORI-ELEMENTARY TEACHER available as governess for summer. References requested. Box A-572.

SITUATIONS WANTED

1971 Ph.D. POLITICAL SCIENCE, fascinating 30 year resume, wants challenging, responsible academic position. Box Z-642.

KENT SCHOOL GRADUATE seeking summer employment interesting location: tutor, sports, driver, sailing. Box A-470.

COLLEGE GIRL, children's family aide, professional swimming, sailing qualifications, experienced traveler. Box A-571.

27-YEAR-OLD PHOTOJOURNALIST seeks meaningful work. Box A-543.

NONFEMINIST GIRL, 23, M.A. Middlebury, French, seeks challenging position, London, England, September. Office and banking, secondary, college teaching experience. Top references. Box A-560.

ART TEACHER, experienced, seeks position Eastern U.S.A. or Arizona. Box A-555.

DISILLUSIONED RESEARCH BIOCHEMIST, Ph.D., 28, wants more teaching opportunities, other creative position. West, foreign. Box A-533.

INTELLIGENT, EXPERIENCED mother's helper, 15, seeking summer job. References available. Box A-564.

COMPETENT, SENSITIVE young man wants to live/work in rural environment. Box A-588.

HARVARD M.B.A., 25, seeks financial planning and administrative position for eastern educational institution. Box A-584.

CAMPS-SCHOOLS-ORGANIZATIONS. Coed, 19, experienced handling children's recreation, sports, crafts, fine arts. Also "special children." Will tutor. Cheerful, flexible, circumspect, responsible. May 15th-September 15th. Box A-580.

U.S.A.F. CAPTAIN—July civilian, B.A. English, (some graduate work) seeks writing, advertising, P.R. job in small town. Box A-583.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EDITOR-EXECUTIVE—Leading El-Hi textbook publisher has outstanding opportunity for Executive Social Studies Editor. Good salary, executive profit-sharing bonus. Need successful editorial-executive experience plus high creative ability. Replies confidential. Send resume, Box A-369.

COUNSELORS-TOP MAINE BOYS' CAMP. Swimming (WSI), canoeing, riflery, nature, tennis, crafts, dramatics, fencing, general (younger boys), 20+, single. Beautiful surroundings, excellent salaries. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025. 212-UN 5-0925.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Keep your U.S. citizenship. New Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment opportunities, business, farming, teaching, etc. $1.00. Employment Directories: Australian businesses, $1.00. U.S. businesses there, $1.00. All three, $2.00. Buckeye, Box 1032CD, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 150,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $6.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1971 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COMPETENT TYPIST-SECRETARY required for unusual business in attractive midtown office. No steno. Must be accurate, efficient, good speller. Work never boring. Friendly atmosphere. Salary $125. Phone weekdays, 212-RE 4-3902. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher Pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-MS, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

GUARANTEED JOBS IN EUROPE. Many summer and year-round paying jobs in over 15 countries. Established placement service provided by nonprofit Belgian Educational Student Travel Service. Send $1.00 for information: BESTS, 22 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

MATH AND SCIENCE TEACHERS: A number of excellent independent schools are seeking experienced teachers and chairmen with good references. Some fee-paid positions. Write today: Placement Service, Independent Educational Services, 80 Nassau Street, Princeton, N.J. 08540 (a nonprofit corporation).

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1971 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on employment, business, taxes, education, teaching, housing, ranching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

HOW TO GET JOBS OVERSEAS—Europe, Asia, Worldwide, lists, hiring organizations. 253 pages inside information. $2.98, refundable. Staydrysr, Whitestone, New York.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P43, Orinda, California 94563.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades, Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

LONDON—secretaries/typists—work: Spring, Summer or Autumn. Applicants pay own fare. Send 30¢ in stamps, Miss Liberty, Inc., 705 Stoneleigh Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21212. (Add 30¢ for work/study literature.)

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C.

NURSING ADMINISTRATION. Hospital seeks Assistant Director, In-Service Education. Master's degree required. Write to Director of Nursing, Centinela Valley Community Hospital, P.O. Box 720, Inglewood, California 90307.

EDITOR, ASSISTANT. Early Childhood. A leading educational publisher of books, magazines, records and film strips seeks person to write teachers' guides, research innovative early childhood programs, explore new media concepts and generally become involved in a growing early childhood department. Teaching and publishing background in this area necessary. Send resume stating salary requirements to: Box 0319SS, Suite 502, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. An equal opportunity employer m/f.

JOBS! OVERSEAS-U.S.A. Year-round and Summer Jobs. Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. Write: JOBSCOPE, Box 746, (SR), Woodbridge, California 95258.

(Continued on page 70)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 69)

HORSE MAGAZINE needs editor-manager to direct all operations except ad solicitation. Established, national weekly. Away from NYC. Detailed resume to Box A-579.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, small village art center in college town. Open May 1st. Planning program, exhibitions and classes. Responsibility for management of funds, including long-range planning. Salary negotiable. Address inquiries, Kirkland Art Center, Clinton, N.Y. 13323.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

VERMONT—Farms, Acreage, Country and Town homes. Free photo lists. Andersen Realty, Realtor, 27 South Main Street, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

For Sale—Furnished

SOUTHERN SPAIN—Fishing village. Beachfront. Sleeps 6, 2 baths, furnished. $29,500. Near Almeria airport. 203-536-3444.

For Rent—Furnished

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—EDGARTOWN—Private oceanfront home in a community of individually owned homes unlike any other family resort. You have your own private 3 bedroom, 2½ bath, year-round home, complete in every way. Nearby Edgartown offers busy harbors, fine shops and gourmet restaurants on one of New England's most scenic unspoiled islands. When you rent a home at Mattakesett for a week or longer, you enjoy a membership in the Mattakesett Tennis Club (7 championship clay courts). Other facilities, including a large, heated pool, bicycles, kayaks, hibachis and sailboats, are yours for the asking. The 20 mile long unspoiled South Beach is at your doorstep. If you are looking for New England at its finest, send for the Mattakesett brochure: Stanmar, Inc., Box 0-43, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776, or call 617-443-9922.

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff, three. Ideal six persons. $400 per week until December 15th. SR Box A-481.

NEAR AVIGNON: large Provencale 5 bedroom house in charming, isolated village. Fully equipped, Bechstein grand. $685 monthly, beginning April. References. 714-624-9912, or write Kubik, 586 West 11th, Claremont, California 91711.

NEAR WEEKAPAUG, R.I.—*Land, sea, sky, boat,* 3 bedrooms, large kitchen, 2-car garage, heated, comfortable. April-May-June $175 month, weekends $40. Owner, 914-967-3739 evenings.

ENCINO, CALIFORNIA—Custom 5 bedrooms, 4 baths. ½ acre, pool. Excellent schools. June 1st, year's lease, $900 monthly. 213-788-5245 or P.O. Box 534, Encino, California 91316.

CUERNAVACA—3 bedrooms, 2 baths, pool, vista. $300. SR Box A-553.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Shelburne, Vermont, Architect's cliffside residence. Private beach. 3 bedrooms. Elegant. Available from June. Call 802-658-1925.

CLEMENTSPORT, NOVA SCOTIA—Furnished house, 3 bedrooms. Ideal sabbatical retreat September-June. Professor Buszek, Kirkland College, Clinton, N.Y.

For Summer Rental

FRENCHMAN BAY, MAINE—Architect-designed two cottage complex, completely furnished, modern. July-August, $2,500. SR Box A-358.

ASPEN (SNOWMASS), COLORADO — Music festival, trout fishing, golf, tennis, horses, wilderness area. Fully equipped chalet, sauna. Inexpensive/ideal for families. By week or more. Folder. SR Box A-550.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MOOSELOOKMEGUNTIC LAKE, MAINE. Waterfront log cabin. Conveniences, privacy. 203-342-2680.

FURNISHED, 3 BEDROOM Manhattan townhouse. Air conditioning, appliances, garden. Box A-544.

CASCO BAY—2 and 4 bedroom cottages. All conveniences. Golf, beaches, boating. $400-$600 monthly. V. Schroeder, Chebeague Island, Maine 04017.

VERMONT COTTAGES, LAKE BOMOSEEN. Furnished. Lakefront; swimming, boating. Private spacious grounds. $95-$110 weekly. Seasonal, monthly discounts. Box 167, Killington, Vermont 05751.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Summer Rental

NEW YORK—4½ rooms, East side, July-August. Write Michael Cole, Rockefeller University, New York 10021.

MANHATTAN—Spacious 6½ rooms, vicinity Columbia University. References. 212-UN 6-8139 or SR Box A-541.

NYC—Spacious apartment, doorman, near Columbia. June-August, $250. Box A-535.

STUDIO FOR RENT

IMMENSE STUDIO—24' wide, equipped, quiet, sunlit. Private or share. 203-266-7741.

LAND FOR SALE

100' X 750' exquisite wild beach lot on uninhabited La Costa Island, West Florida. Reached only by your private boat. $30,000 cash. Box A-585.

DUNNELLON, FLORIDA—2.7 acres on paved road, conveniently located. $5,990. SR Box A-578.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY CO., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr. Barrows).

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—3 wooded lots on Sunset Mountain, overlooking city and facing Smokies. Only $6,000. SR Box A-577.

LAND, VACATION PROPERTIES, *restored farm homes.* Franklin G. Hovey, Broker, 11 Eastern Avenue, St. Johnsbury, Vermont 05819. 802-748-9571.

CONSERVATIONISTS: Private wilderness 160 acres unspoiled mountain land. Expensive. Wilson, El Rito, N.M. 87530.

WOODED ½ ACRE year-round homesites, with lakes, mountains, privacy. Lakefront acreage for "common use" plus adjacent Country Club activities. Approved by: Environmental Resources Commission, Water Resources Commission, Public Health Commission. Write, call EDGEWOOD LAKES, Livingston Manor, N.Y. 12758. Phone 212-LO 4-7546.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BAHAMAS, GREAT EXUMA, Breakwater Drive lot, beach opposite. Pictures. SR Box A-549.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Birdwatcher's delight! 1½ water view acres. Also choice 8 acre tract. Private owner. Box 128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535. 617-645-2839, 617-645-9712.

100 ACRES on Cape Breton Island. $3,000. Donald Rowe, 1029 Mohawk Drive, Bowling Green, Kentucky 42101.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" *listing lands available throughout U.S., send* $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CALIFORNIA RETAILERS ASSOCIATION with terrific potential and hundreds of active members can be yours immediately. Your gross salary past fifteen years would have averaged over $12,000 annually. $35,000 cash takes it over completely. Box A-566.

INTERESTED IN OWNING a franchise? Or business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 601, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

CAMP FOR RENT

HIGH SIERRAS, near Tahoe. Ideal for private schools. Director available. Box A-384.

CAMPS

WOODSMANSHIP AND WILDERNESS SURVIVAL taught in the Idaho primitive area. Boys 12-15. Wilderness Ventures, Box 481, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. Adventurers' Camp for Boys. A seven-week experience in wilderness camping emphasizing ecology. All land and water sports including tennis, riding, riflery, sailing, soccer, water skiing. Flexible program stresses individual needs. Member A.C.A. Lance Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

ALASKAN WILDERNESS TRIP—10 adventurous girls. Grades 9-12. Experienced campers. G. K. Leinbach, 1039 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

INTENSIVE TALENT DEVELOPMENT plus full camp program. International, democratic, integrated. Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

LAZY A RANCH—*Small coed group, individualized program,* Colorado Mountains, horsemanship, pack trips, crafts, ranching, open discussions, wilderness camping. Ages 9-18. Catalogue. Charles S. Arnold, 201 East Chestnut, Chicago, Illinois 60611. A.C.A. accredited.

FREE, VALUABLE GUIDE to 50 midwestern camps for boys and girls. Write Midwest Private Camps, 1945 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN. Travel-camping and outdoor adventure for high school youth: wildwater kayaking; wilderness pack and canoe trips; mountaineering; wild-river raft trip; fine fishing; wildlife, ecology, and survival. Small coed group. 8 weeks. Professional adult staff. Dr. Richard S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

FOOTLIGHT RANCH Summer Theatre and Performing Arts Workshop. Music, dance, drama, June 20th-August 14th. Footlight Ranch, RD 1, Wellsville, Pennsylvania 17365.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

CAMP BIOTA. Outstanding Natural Science. Boys 8-14. Six weeks. Small enrollment. Horses, canoes. Dr. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

BRITAIN'S BEST Summer Camps—Ages 8 to 18. Five to seven weeks, $750 to $950 including airfare from New York. BRITISH INTERNATIONAL CAMPS, 310 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10017. 212-877-6052.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

PACK 'n' SACK Wilderness Backpacking camp. 11-15; adults. Box 503-E, Hoopa, California 95546.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for 8th, 9th or 10th grade students. Combine a summer at camp with a chance to learn a new language . . . or polish one you already know . . . and live with a family abroad. Learn French in Vermont, speak it in Canada or France. Learn Spanish in Mexico, speak it there. For details, write: Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

YOUNGER BOYS ONLY, 8-12. 50% discount second boy same family. Skills stressed for all land and water sports. Horses, tutoring. Southern Wisconsin. Day Cho Lah. 1430 Granville, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

THEATRE SUMMER. Lots of experience, new ideas, work. Little recreation, few trips. Live on campus. High School Theatre. Towson State College, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-736-1660.

"THE STOWE WORKSHOP"—Community of practicing craftsmen and woodsmen. Seventy boys, ages 9-13. Brochure, Tom Hirchak, Box 73, Stowe, Vermont 05672. Phone 802-888-4662 or 802-253-7731.

OCEAN PARK SEASIDE CAMP—Maine Coast. Coed. Oriented to exploring relationships: God, Man, Environment. Lifestyle development, Ecology, Marine Biology, Creative Crafts, Expressive Arts, Surf and Pool Bathing. Nondenominational. Grades 4-9. Leadership Development Grades 10-12. New England Baptist Council, Ocean Park, Maine 04063.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coed. Boarding. Ages 9 through 16. Excellent language skills instruction. Under direction of professors. Reading and testing specialists. Fine camping and recreational program. June 27th through August 7th. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963. Phone: 215-862-5505.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories Unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar, Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Combines creative cultural athletic camp program with travel. Enrollment limited to 28. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-337-4394.

INNOVATIVE COMMUNITY for teenagers seeking a challenge in ecological and service projects. 5 weeks. Grades 9-12. Northern Michigan. Innisfree Project, G. K. Leinbach, 1039 Olivia, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

ESCAPE TO VERMONT? Write Lyons Associates, Box 561, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

LESLEY FROST has rooms with board or kitchen privileges for families, couples, single persons wishing to vacation in SPAIN. Language study and travel available—not included in cost. Write 129 East 10th Street, NYC, 10003.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing. Fasting. Rejuvenation. Delightful foods. Pool. Solariums. Boats. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita, Florida 33923-SR.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly-no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel: 215-297-5661.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat, Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

JACKSON HOLE. Dude ranch bordering Grand Teton National Park. Riding, fishing, hiking. Secluded! FLYING V RANCH, Box 69, Kelly P.O., Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83011.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

GRAND TURK, B.W.I.—Oceanfront apartments. Tropical, serene, private, white sand beach, clear waters. Excellent bathing, fishing, skin diving, birdwatching. $10.00 each. Write Sunset Manor, Box 1.

WE'RE STATIA'S LARGEST INN. (We have five rooms.) Almond Tree Inn, St. Eustatius, N.A.

VACATIONS

CORAL STRAND HOTEL, Aruba, N.A.—64 luxury rooms a few steps from beach and poolside. Gourmet dining. Cocktail lounge. Nightly entertainment. Complete resort. Contact Robert Reid Associates, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, NYC 10020.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skin diving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND. Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Brochures. Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA, Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 45 Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

OGUNQUIT—Famous summer vacation center. Finest beach on coast. Majestic cliffs. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, restaurants, tea rooms. Reserve NOW for cottage rentals by the season. For information write Dept. 15, Information Bureau, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

ON FORESTED LAKESHORE. Private, nonhousekeeping cottages on Long Lake. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals, lobster bakes. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

THOUSAND ISLANDS FAMILY VACATION, meals, congenial, reasonable. Brochure, McGarry, 45 Callingham, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 716-467-2164.

WHALER'S INN, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

HOUSEBOAT ADVENTURE — Explore Upper Trent Waterway, Georgian Bay, 106 Windsor Crescent, Sudbury, Canada.

HOTEL VILLA SAN JOSE. Reduced rates for writers and artists during spring and fall. Sylvia and Jack Fox, Apartado 162, Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico. Tel. 2-25-81.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

RENTAL SAILBOATS, lessons, beginners, advanced. Brochure. Mystic Wharf, West Mystic, Connecticut 06388, 1-203-536-3332.

(Continued on page 72)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 71)

A SEA ISLAND GOLF RESORT—Ideal for family vacations, romantic, subtropical Hilton Head Island, on the South Carolina plantation coast, is easily reached. Here both air and water are always clean and clear. The ocean-front Sheraton-Adventure Inn on this lovely island is noted for luxurious accommodations, superb cuisine and gracious service. Guests enjoy special reduced greens fees on the challenging course of the Hilton Head Golf Club and on four other championship courses; also on the Inn's Par 3 Executive Course, lighted for night play. Other sports include tennis, cycling, boating, horseback riding, fishing and crabbing; ocean and pool swimming. There are miles of wide, clean, sun-kissed beach. Menus feature local seafoods and famed plantation recipes. Request color brochures. SHERATON-ADVENTURE INN & BEACH VILLAS, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. 29928.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

WAY OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS—A guest ranch (run by dudes) in the middle of Teton National Forest. Fifty miles from the nearest town; transportation by bush plane; maximum of fourteen guests; communications by radio. Brain-child of Harvard grad '64—the last straight class in the history of the institution. Entire staff under 30, so we're still completely trustworthy. Darwin Ranch, Jackson, Wyoming 83001.

EXCITING NORTH WOODS meets man-made luxury at resort lodge and motel. Swimming pool, golf. Excellent meals, cocktails. Airstrip adjoins. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

TURTLE BEACH HOTEL, Tobago, W.I.—52 lavish rooms a few steps from beach and crystal clear waters. *Complete resort facilities and entertainment.* Hetland & Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd Street, NYC 10017.

ECHO VALLEY—Secluded housekeeping cabins near Mount Rushmore, Keystone, South Dakota 57751.

BEACHCOMBER'S "TROPIDISE"—"a get away from it all place." Housekeeping motel rooms, efficiencies, cottages; no tipping. Endless beach. Write Rod & Ruth Happel, CARIBE ADVENTURE INN, Box 158, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

BLISSFUL VACATIONS FOR PARENTS (AND Children). Unique 165 acre resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages, Heated Pool, Riding, Water Skiing, Sailing, Tennis (nearby Golf) AND Complete Programs. Separate Dining, Teens to Toddlers. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 26, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean, ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

VACATION ON YOUR OWN ISLAND—Drake's Anchorage in Virgin Gorda Sound, British Virgin Islands. An unspoiled, privately-owned, 125 acre island paradise. Secluded beaches. Swimming. Sailing. Scuba diving. Big-game fishing. Accommodations limited to 24 guests to insure a relaxed, informal vacation. Phone 617-969-3235 or write Drake's Anchorage, Box 423, Newton Upper Falls, Massachusetts 02164.

ST. MAARTEN, CARIBBEAN. Oceanfront efficiency apartments. $100 week for two. SR Box A-574.

MONTANA WILDERNESS—Guided backpacking, climbing, camping. Overnights or expeditions. Families, individuals, groups. Jim Huffman, 2609 Highland Boulevard, Bozeman, Montana 59715.

TROPIC AIR RESORT—Box 69, Islamorada, Florida 33036. Efficiencies. Beach. Pets.

OCEANOGRAPHIC EDUCATION, my island, Bahamas. $400, 2 weeks. Children. Information, Dr. Thomas Long, Jacksonville University, Jacksonville, Florida 32211.

CURACAO, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES—2 bedroom home overlooking bay; private dock. 215-342-4126.

FAMILY CAMP WORKSHOP: at JOHNNY APPLESEED, a nonprofit, interracial camp in the Poconos, Pennsylvania. Nine days, August 29th through Labor Day. Reasonable, wholesome, creative vacation. Write: 50 Lincoln Avenue, Eastchester, N.Y. 10707.

WORKSHOPS

EXPLORE, CREATE, BE—Center for Creative Living, N.H. Workshops in awareness, theatre, arts. Brochure: Box 458, Newton Centre, Massachusetts 02159.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

EXODUS TO WILDERNESS—Ecumenical Retreat Center summer seminars. Solitude, conversation, worship. Riding, hiking, camping. Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

STUDY IN ASPEN, Teachers, July 26th-July 31st. Guitar in Elementary Classroom; Materials and Techniques. Jr., Sr. High Choral; using Rock Music in Teaching. Two hours credit. Write Aspen Workshops, Colorado University, 970 Aurora, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

MIME—Summer Workshops. Write Box 239, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 26th-July 17th. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

WHAT'S A MORRIS DANCE? Write for brochure on English country, morris, and sword dance camp near Cape Cod for one or more weeks during August. American squares and contras, too. In forest setting (2 lakes). Live music. Country Dance and Song Society, 55 Christopher Street, NYC 10014.

HARPSICHORD WORKSHOP featuring lectures on "Scarlatti," "The 'French Suites' of J. S. Bach," "Fitzwilliam Virginal Book," pedagogy and interpretation; keyboard history and design. Marilyn Olsen, Joseph Payne, Larry Palmer, Dale Peters. June 29th-30th, July 1st-2nd. Write: Dr. Leroy Lewis, Director of Special Courses, Box 30815, Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, Texas 76129.

OZARK FOLKLORE WORKSHOP—June 7th-12th, Jimmy Driftwood, others. Ozark Folklore, Arkansas College, Batesville, Arkansas 72501.

EXPERIMENT IN ART HANDCRAFTS and Living. Write for free catalogue. Asgard, Ydby 7760 Hurup Thy, Denmark.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

DRAMA STUDENTS 17 to 22. American Repertory Theatre in Europe offers eight weeks practical onstage and backstage experience. Intensive classes, rehearsals. Productions presented in English in Italy, France, Switzerland. Based on campus American School in Switzerland, Lugano. Experienced American drama faculty. Drama references required. Brochure: W. Rea, 326 East 69th Street, New York City, N.Y. 10021. 212-988-5462.

INTERNATIONAL SUMMER ECOLOGY PROGRAM—Gain a whole earth perspective traveling around the world studying ecological problems and still photography with Harvard graduate students. Hawaii, Japan, Thailand, Nepal, India, Tanzania, Kenya, Ethiopia, France. Ages 16-20. For information, write Summer Studies, Stedman Road, New Hartford, Connecticut 06057. 203-482-8308 or 617-491-7190.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

"I TOOK THE ROAD less traveled" . . . Exploring Anthropology/Archaeology-Theatre-Dance-Tennis-Art-Ceramics-Languages-Homestays-Baltic Cruise. YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO/EUROPE, 47 Stephanmarc, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. 516-GE 7-7154.

STUDY CINEMATOGRAPHY at Mexico's beautiful Lake Chapala this summer. Write Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

HAWAII-JAPAN-ORIENT-South Pacific-South America-Circle World. Summer travel programs for adults offering optional 3-7 upper division units in humanities, social sciences and the arts through San Francisco State College and other accredited institutions. $540 and up. Educators may qualify for tax deductions. Apply to: Travel/Study Programs; Howard Tours, Inc., 526 Grand Avenue, Oakland, California 94610. "The Originator of Study Tours in the Pacific and Orient."

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Exceptional travel plans in Western Europe—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia—Greece and Turkey—Russia. Get off the beaten track and become involved in European life. Speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer. Or stay in a Soviet youth center; sail with Breton fishermen; climb glacier-covered Alps; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; hike with Czech students; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. 20th year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

SUMMER STUDYTRAVEL. Africa, Alaska, Mexico, South America, Scandinavia, U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia, World. High school and college students, adults. For world understanding and personal growth. STUDYTRAVEL, Dept. S, Friends World College, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-248-2616.

GREECE-PAINTING IN THE SUN. Pythagoreion Institute's third annual Fine Arts Workshop on beautiful Samos. June-August. 4 weeks' tuition: $200. College credit. Inquire: Aegean Summer, Mount Saint Scholastica College, Atchison, Kansas 66002.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM—One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

SUMMER IN FRANCE—July 1st-August 12th, 1971. French-Art History-Painting-Music-Theatre-Dance. Apply: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIES—July-August 1971: London, Copenhagen, West Berlin, U.S.S.R., East Africa, Central America, Mexico. University credit programs: Literature, Humanities, Psychology, Education, Reading, Political Science, Theatre. Write: Director, International Summer Study Program, 2816 C.L., University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

SUMMER SCHOOL—Monterrey, Mexico. High Schoool-College-Graduate credits. Richard Martin, 11811 West Ohio, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SPAIN—BARCELONA. Accredited program in English and Spanish, June 21st-July 30th. Write Professor Warren Beck, California State College, Fullerton, 92631.

LONDON—GENEVA—MEXICO CITY: Temple University graduate seminars—Film in Britain; Photography in Britain; International broadcasting in Geneva; Mass media in Mexico. Programs run from July 5th-August 13th; Mexico from June 14th-July 23rd. Applicants must be 21 and have B.A. May audit or enroll for 6 credits. Contact Dr. Gordon L. Gray, Communications Seminars, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

ROME, ITALY: stimulating curriculum, faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. $960 inclusive. June 9th-July 29th. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

LANGUAGE-STUDY-TRAVEL-EUROPE — H.S. Coed (14-18), 4-6 weeks. From $595. Includes jet flights, lodging, meals, tuition, trips, festivities, supervision. Programs in France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Switzerland. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

SUMMER ON GREEK ISLAND: Aegina Arts Centre. Study painting, music, archaeology, poetry, Greek language and literature, attend music and drama festivals, dancing, bouzouki, the real sea and sun on unspoiled Aegina. One month sessions July or August: Tuition $250, travel arranged, write: John Zervos, c/o DePaul University, 25 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

AIMS-INTERNATIONAL—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, programs of Language Study or Comparative Cultures and Lifestyles, Classical Civilizations, Eastern and Northern European Studies, Mediterranean Cruise. Scandinavia, England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, Israel. Chaperoned; Academic Credit. Write: Registrar, AIMS-International, 1054-31st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

SIX WEEKS of Travel and Study—Separate High School and College programs in London, Paris, Rome or Vienna. Academic credit. $975 all inclusive. Brochure. Box 96R, Educational Programs Abroad, Westbrook, Connecticut 06498.

SUMMER STUDY ABROAD describes 550 university-level programs in 70 countries. Send $2 to Institute of International Education, 809 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonnigheim Castle (near Stuttgart), Paris, Madrid, London, American credit system. Special programs in music, theatre, fine arts. Stimulating European travel. Choice of graduate and undergraduate summer courses; string instrument summer workshop. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

STUDY IN SPAIN—University credit programs: teachers, college, high school students. TOTAL COST: $685 (summer) to $1,985 (year). Professor Anderson: Tel: 914-238-4306, Box Z-935.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY." 9th Grade through B.A. In Alpine setting above Lake Geneva: (1) Leysin American School: 4 year university preparatory high school semester system; Advanced Placement. College Testing Center; full guidance program, small classes, high academic standards; affiliated with but on separate campus from (2) American College of Switzerland: member AJCA! B.A., A.A., B.S., and A.Sc. degree programs, quarter system: liberal arts college stressing humanities, languages, arts, international business administration. Both schools: Coed, American administration and faculty (native language professors). Curriculum-related tours, winter sports. Excellent transfer record to U.S. universities, College VA benefits. Applications now being accepted for all terms. Write Registrar (respective institution): 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

STUDY ABOARD FORMER QUEEN ELIZABETH. World Campus Afloat semesters sail September and February for South Pacific, Asia, Africa, Latin America. January Interterm visits Caribbean; two summer '72 terms, Far East and South Pacific. New lower rates. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTS—Studies in cinema and photography, PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY COLLEGE---Challenging alternative to present forms of higher education; schools in Austria, Denmark, France, Ireland, Italy. 1019 Gayley Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90024.

EXPERIMENTAL ENVIRONMENTAL EDUCATION. Student investment program in ecologically oriented projects —returns relative to involvement and the group decision process. EARTHGAARD, Box 12, 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

WORLD CITIZENS, PROFESSOR-COUPLE specialized in Humanities, Arts, and Peace Research seeks four mature inquisitive individualists, male or female, for Travel-Study program Berlin, Munich, Geneva, Florence, Yugoslavia. Eight months only $4,200 all inclusive except travel to and from Europe. September 1971 through April 1972. Interview May, New York City. Reply not later than April 25th: P.O. Box 164, 7000 Chur, Switzerland.

SPANISH LANGUAGE and Latin American Studies in recognized binational institute with 20 years' experience. Write: Instituto Cultural, Tolsa 300, Guadalajara, Mexico.

TRAVEL

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-35. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent twelve country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks $1,595; six weeks $1,395; four weeks $1,075, WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 313 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-WA 1-7898.

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries, "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

SINGLES CRUISES & TOURS—Bachelor Party, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$844. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS for college credit. Ecology, backpacking, mountain climbing. Box A-540.

VIRGIN ISLANDS YACHT CHARTER. My 41' Reliant auxiliary yawl is ready for active sailors or lazy escapists. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

TRAVEL

FRENCH FAMILY WELCOMES PAYING GUESTS—18th century mansion, 50 acres woodland, meadow, near quaint village central France. 12th season. Rates $25 daily include room, private bath, notable home style meals, wines, drives, chateau tours, theatre tickets, etc. Write Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

SUMMER TRAVEL CAMP—Coed, ages 12-14. See National parks, zoos, museums, etc., from Maine to California. Write: Leonard Behr, Box 334, Philmont, New York 12565.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

AUTO BABYSITTERS OF NYC. INDOOR parking. Rates LOWER than outdoor airport/pier parking. Pickup/delivery —airports, piers, hotels. Branches throughout NYC. Savoy Garages, 827 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. 212-493-9800.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZHK Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

GREECE, Pleasure Planned Cruise Tour, including all the wine you can drink with every dinner. And if that's not enough, we'll throw in your air fare, hotels, meals, tips, taxes, transfers, transportation, sightseeing, a Tour Director, and a unique pleasure plan including restaurants, night clubs, and evening entertainment. Two weeks from $696. For free folder, contact Department SRG, The Gramercy Travel System, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Telephone 212-PL 8-2433.

ENGLISH PRIVATE HOMES—Hospitality at its best as guests of English families in gracious homes in parts of England that you will most enjoy. Transport if required. Brochures from English Private Homes, 127 Birmingham Road, Sutton Coldfield, England.

COLORADO BACKPACKING TRIPS. San Juan Wilderness. Brochure. Colorado W.E.T., Inc., 2912 Aspen Drive, Durango, Colorado 81301.

GREECE: THE MAGIC SPRING, John Crow, Harper, $8.95. Ideal travel gift. Fascinating survey, Homer to 1971.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

EXPLORE A PIECE OF THE WORLD this summer with The Experiment in International Living. You can have an in-depth, person-to-person experience in any one of 35 countries. You can learn a language or improve one you already know. Travel to the country of your choice with a small group of U.S. students. Live with a native family. See the country with new friends. Even get involved in work or service projects, if you wish. Interested? For details, write: Summer Abroad, The Experiment, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate your age and year in school.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece and Yugoslavia. 14th year. Students Abroad, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

BIOGEOGRAPHICAL STUDY TOUR of the Galapagos Islands. Summer 1971, July 12th-July 28th. Explore and study botanical and zoological wonders of the Galapagos biota. Three semester hours credit or audit. Colorado University, 970 Aurora, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

TRAVEL

EAST AFRICAN NATURE SAFARI. Andy & Alice Colquhoun specialize in arranging and accompanying Photographic Safaris for one or two married couples. Box 168, Thomson's Falls, Kenya.

RIDE, HIKE, CANOE, CYCLE—Alaska by minibus, camping. Small coed teenage groups. Other unique trips worldwide. Metropolitan New York Council of American Youth Hostels, 535 West End Avenue, NYC 10024.

WE WILL SUPPLY a guide for a small group of friends, to assist in planning and accompanying you anyplace in the world. Berlowitz, 132 West 80th Street, New York City, 10024.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); in Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

STUDENT SAILING EXPEDITION—aboard three masted Barquentine, Scandinavia, Europe, Africa, Caribbean. THE PRIDE, P.O. Box 22069, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33315. Tel. 305-523-7090.

LONDON, ENGLAND. Fashionable Royal Borough of Kensington, central and quiet; good middle-class accommodation with light housekeeping facilities, all with private bathrooms, central heating, phones, and all hotel services. 2 room Family Suite from $17 daily; Double $14; Single $8. Licensed bar and restaurant, friendly, informal atmosphere. Clearlake Aparthotel, 19 Prince of Wales Terrace, London W.8.

THE CARIBBEAN. Your own schooner; live shipmates, crew. Great grub, grog, ports of call. Skin-dive, navigate, explore; limbo till dawn. 10 days, $245. Windjammer, Dept. 122, Box 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

STUDENT PHOTO SAFARI—6 weeks in East Africa. Boys 13-17 and coed 18-23. $2,250. W. S. Kershaw, Wilderness Travel Camp, 259 East Evergreen, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19118.

EUROPE—SKI OR SEE by VW Campmobile. $107 week unlimited mileage. Camperent, 8 Munich 95, Postfach 950304B, West Germany.

CIEE STUDENT TRAVEL SERVICES 1971. Save on European travel with the International Student Identity Card. Book on intra-European student charter flights. Write for free booklets on study, travel and work programs abroad; student travel services. Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. G-8, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

AFGHANISTAN—Step beyond Europe in '71. Round trip jet Paris-Kabul, $280. Nepal, Kashmir and India $20 overland via Khyber Pass. Real adventure! Box A-545.

SEE THE BEST of the unspoiled West. Naturalist-guided tours of the Enchanted Wilderness, including adventure river trips through Grand Canyon and Canyonlands. Free packet. NHI, 445 East 2nd South, Salt Lake, Utah 84111.

ADD THE UNUSUAL to your European vacation. Bicycle Holland's country roads. Stay in Austrian village, hike, climb Grossglockner with expert guide. PEREGRIN, INC., Box 1044, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

ISRAEL AND EUROPE by train and steamer. Small, coed, teen group camps and hostels four weeks in Israel, four weeks in Europe. $982. Brochure HS, Metropolitan New York Council, AYH, 535 West End Avenue, NYC 10024.

FRANCE, Pleasure Planned, including all the wine you can drink with every dinner. And if that's not enough, we'll throw in your air fare, hotels, meals, tips, taxes, transfers, transportation, sightseeing, a Tour Director, and a unique pleasure plan including restaurants, night clubs, and evening entertainment. Two weeks from $557. For free folder, contact Department SRG, The Gramercy Travel System, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Telephone 212-PL 8-2433.

CRUISE WINDWARD, LEEWARD, or Virgin Islands. 8 or 12 days aboard popular Windjammer "MAVERICK." From $190, everything included. Airmail for folder. WESTINDIAMAN CRUISES, Box 2131S, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1930

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

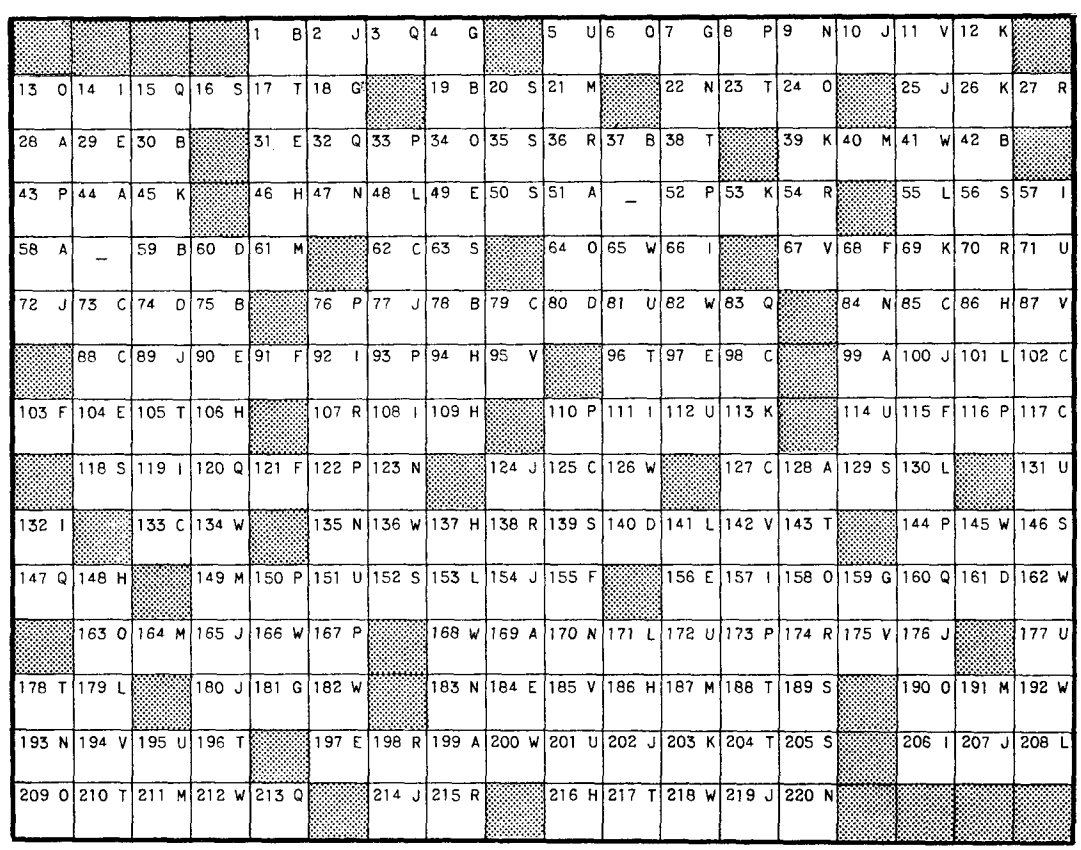
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Weapons of Henry's men at Agincourt	28 44 51 58 99 128 169 199
B. Manipulative sort of woman	1 19 30 37 42 59 75 78
C. "That same eye whose bend doth ———/Did lose his lustre," says Cassius. (3 wds., "Julius Caesar")	79 88 98 102 117 125 62 73 85 127 133
D. *Astron.*: the Hare, a small southern constellation	140 161 60 74 80
E. Hart Crane's most ambitious work (2 wds.)	90 97 104 156 184 197 29 31 49
F. Ancient Chinese "Book of Changes" (2 wds.)	68 91 103 115 121 155
G. Largest of the Cyclades	159 181 4 7 18
H. Frightful; huge; outrageous	46 86 94 106 109 137 148 186 216
I. In general (3 wds.)	14 57 66 92 108 111 119 132 157 206
J. Common occupation of the party out of power (3 wds.)	207 214 10 25 72 154 176 124 165 202 219
	2 77 89 100 180
K. Government in which all have equal political power	203 12 26 39 45 53 69 113
L. Seat of the Dutch electrical industry	130 153 171 48 55 101 141 208 179

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Stoops low	187 191 211 40 149 164 21 61
N. Fabulous, the most, the greatest (3 wds.)	135 193 220 47 84 123 170 183 9 22
O. Rob Roy's real surname	13 34 163 190 209 24 64 158 6
P. Way to enlightenment in Buddhism (2 wds.)	33 93 122 144 8 43 167 173 52 76 110
	116 150
Q. One that withholds or removes something enjoyable from another	160 213 147 32 120 15 83 3
R. Deep desires	54 36 70 27 198 174 215 107 138
S. Turncoat, renegade	35 63 50 205 16 129 139 146 152 56 118
	189 20
T. Study of the development of cultures	17 38 188 204 196 23 217 143 96 178 105
	210
U. Author of "Son of the Great Society" (full name)	112 71 131 5 81 177 195 114 151 201 172
V. Prominent South Dakotan	87 194 95 185 67 142 11 175
W. Searches or forages for something, esp. in haphazard way (2 wds.)	168 166 41 192 136 212 218 65 162 145 82
	134 200 182 126

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

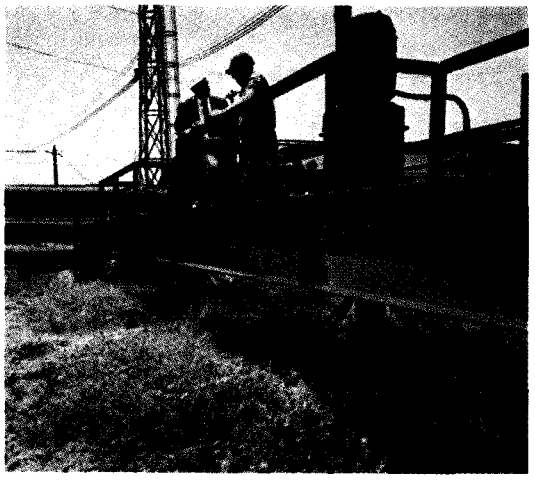


Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul Kostenbader's bacteria eat the phenols in polluted water

Working with fuel engineers of our Bethlehem, Pa. plant, Paul Kostenbader, Environmental Control Engineer, helped develop our "bacteria cafeteria," where bacteria feast on phenols. Here, Paul demonstrates how it works to some youngsters interested in pollution control.



Phenol-eating bacteria need oxygen to live, so we aerate the waste liquids.

When we turn coal into coke for use in our blast furnaces, we can't avoid making waste liquids that contain phenols. Phenols, if present in water in sufficient quantities, can kill fish. And if they're in water that's been chlorinated, they make it taste and smell terrible.

These chemicals were difficult to dispose of, until we discovered bacteria that consider phenol their favorite food.

We built these mighty mites a "bacteria cafeteria" to live in—a biological oxidation plant for the treatment of coke plant waste liquids. Harmless to man, the bacteria happily devour the phenols, and convert 99.9% of them into carbon dioxide and water.

So it's goodbye to the phenols. And soon we will eliminate the other contaminants in coke plant waste liquids. Clean water is our goal. And clean water it will be.

We're in the fight against pollution to win. We're determined to be good neighbors.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's nothing like a good label of wine.

Property of
BASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

B & G. It's the label th
French have been
taking home or giving to
friends for give or take
two centuries.

B & G. Two simple
syllables that have stood
a whole vocabulary of
36 great reds and whites
since 1725.

B & G. Just say the wo
and you're there.

B&G. French made easy.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company, Browne-Vintners Division, NYC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED